

A Point Above



A. Page
A. Page

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Forward

Not all of the poems relate to me but I have wished to write about these for example number LV. This is just me expressing something which people around me have mentioned and I have wanted to assist with my words.

This is the second codex of poems. That has been written by me. These works range from dreams to situations I've day dreamed and other works which I find entertaining.

Find joy where you can, if that for you is in this codex then I too can share in this joy we find :)

Poems

I

A Word on Worlds, Verbum de Mundi

The world winds wearily, works work wonders,
Mundus fatigat, opera miracula faciunt,
As all things on this earth do ebb and flow,
Sicut omnia terrae huc et illuc fluent,
For what we create will never sunder,
Nam quae creavimus nunquam separabuntur,
The seeds of life that we've come to sow.
Semina vitae quam serere venimus.

With every work we build and make,
Cum quisque opus aedificamus atque facimus,
The world is molded by our hands,
Mundus formatur manibus nostris,
For all our efforts, give and take,
Effortibus nostris, dando accipiendo,

Shape the future, our own demands.
Futurum figimus, nostras voluntates.

From the dawn of time we've spun our tales,
Ab initio temporum fabulas narravimus,

Of woe and wonder, triumph and loss,
De malo et miraculo, victoria et clade,

Through our toil and endless travail,
Per laborem et fatigationem aeternam,
We've left our mark, no matter the cost.
Signum nostrum fecimus, quolibet pretio.

So let us heed the call of fate,
Ergo fati vocem audiamus,
And create a world that's bright and bold,
Et creemus mundum splendidiorum et audacius,
For with each new work, we elevate,
Nam cum novo opere, sublimamus,
The very essence of our soul.
Ipsius animi essentiam nostri.

II

Words Run Down the Page, Verba Per Paginam Currunt

With pen in hand and thoughts aflight,
Penna in manu et mentibus volantibus,
I set to work constructing a world tonight.
Mundum hodierna nocte struere incipio.
Words upon words, they flow and grow,
Verba super verba, fluunt ac crescunt,
Building walls and floors with each new row.
Moenia et pavimenta cum singula linea conduntur.

I conjure up landscapes of rolling hills,
Formo loca terrae collibus ridentibus,
With sunsets that make your heart stand still.
Cum occiduis solis quae cor attinent.
I add in forests, lush and green,
Silvae opulentae viridibus, fluviis obliquis,
Where streams meander, and wildlife can be seen.
Ubi vita animuslis conspicitur.

I craft buildings, with towers tall,
Aedificia structo, turribus altis,
And hidden rooms, behind a secret wall.
Et secreta murali via latebrarum.
I give them life with intricate descriptions,
Descriptionibus vitam inspiro,
Filling each corner with endless possibilities and
ambitions.
Latices suis et ambobus partibus subinde suggero.

I create characters, with stories to tell,
Personas creo, fabulas habentibus,
From heroes brave to villains fell.
A quo valiantibus usque ad malitiosas.

Each one unique, with their own voice,
Suo quemque genere, sua cuique lingua,
Dancing through the pages, with grace and poise.
In paginis saltantes, elegantiam et dignitatem
ostentantes.

With each new word, my world expands,
Cum singulo verbo, mundus crescit,
As if brought to life by my own two hands.
Ut propriis manibus vivus efficiatur.
A place of wonder, a place to explore,
Mirabilis locus, explorandus loci,
A world made real, with nothing more.
Mundus realis, nulla alia re factus.

So let us revel in this world of mine,
Ergo gaudeamus hoc mundo meo,
A place where imagination intertwines.
Ubi imago intertextus est.

For in the pages of this book we'll find,
Nam in paginis huius libri inveniemus,
A world that lives on in the mind.
Mundum qui mentibus nostris vivit.

III

Dangle on, Pendentia Sunt

In this poem, I'll use them without a clue,
In hoc carmine, eas sine indagine utar,
These prepositions that dangle right in view.

Praepositiones quae ante oculos pendent.
They'll be left hanging, without any worry,
Sine cura dimittentur,
In phrases that may sound a bit too blurry.
In phrasibus, quae paulo confusae videantur.

Across the room, up and down,
Transversim per locum, sursum et deorsum,
These prepositions will be left to frown,
Sine destinata habitatione manebunt,
At the end of sentences, they'll be without a home,
Fine orationis, sine domo,

But they'll still be there, wherever they roam.
Sed semper ibi, ubicumque ibunt.

Over and under, through and out,
Supra et subtus, per et foras,
These prepositions will be hanging about.
Praepositiones haerent in medio casas,
They'll be left in the lurch, with no object in sight,
Sine obiectu viso relictæ soli,

But they'll keep on dangling, with all their might.

Dum tamen pendent fortiter nitentque.

In the morning, at the break of day,
Mane facto, primo luce,
These prepositions will still be on display.
Praepositiones hispendentur adhuc.
Dangling here, hanging there, they'll be all around,
Hic et illic, in phrasibus plurimis,
In phrases that may cause some to frown.
Aliis forsitan sensus fere omnis.
But to me, they're just part of the fun,
At mihi, haec res est deliciarum,
These dangling prepositions, everyone.
Praepositiones hispendentes et singularem.
They add a touch of whimsy, a bit of surprise,
Addunt quiddam novi et inusitati,
Making this poem, all the more wise.
Facientes hoc carmen sapienti.

So let them dangle, these prepositions so fair,
Sic dimittamus eas hispendentes,
For they'll add a bit of spice, without a care.
Praepositiones quae solent apponentes.
They'll hang out, without any rhyme or reason,
Sine ordine vel ratione retentae sunt,
Just dangling prepositions, in every season.
Sine ordine vel ratione retentae sunt,

Hanging prepositions, throughout each points of the
year.

Hispendentes praepositiones, per singulos anni puncta.

IV

Lives Before, Vita Antequem

Deep within the caverns of my mind,
Intus in speluncis mei mentis,
I search for memories left behind,
Ego quaero memorias relictas,
Shards of a past I cannot unsee,
Fragmenta praeteriti quae non possum oblivisci,
Whispers of lives that used to be.
Susurri vitae quae olim erant.

As I descend into the abyss,
Descendens in abyssu,
The darkness wraps around like a kiss,
Obscuritas circumdedit me sicut osculum,
I feel the weight of ages gone,
Sentio onus aetatum praeteritarum,
A legacy of those who've shone.
Haereditatem eorum qui lucebant.

Through the mists of time I wander,
Per nebulas temporis erro,
Seeking out the ones who've pondered,
Excogitantes quosdam invenio,

On the secrets of this universe,
De arcana universi,

And the mysteries that disperse.
Et mysteriis qui dissipantur.

I find fragments of forgotten lore,
Invenio fragmenta vetustatis,
Lying dormant like a distant shore,
Dormientia sicut litus remotum,
Echoes of lives that came before,
Eco vitas quae ante fuerunt,
Whispering through an open door.
Murmurantes per ianuam apertam.

The memories they stir and dance,
Recordationes movent ac saltant,
Leading me into a trance,
Inducens me in stuporem,
Of what was once, and what could be,
De eo quod olim fuit, et quod fieri potest,
A journey to the depths of me.
Itinere in profunditatem mei.

So I delve deep into my soul,
Itaque penetram animum meum,
To find the pieces of the whole,
Ut partes totius inveniam,

Memories of past lives, so bold,
Memorias praeteritarum vitae, tam audacibus,
In stories that were never told.
In fabulis quae numquam narratae sunt.

V

Ships

From towering ships to tiny boats,
Ex altis navibus ad exigua navigia,
The sea is where we often float,
Mare locus est, ubi saepe natamus,
But once grand vessels ruled the waves,
Sed olim navibus magnis regiebant fluctus,
Like giants towering o'er their slaves.
Tamquam gigantes servos superantes.

The Titanic, grand and proud,
Titanicus, magnificus et superbus,
Now lies beneath the ocean shroud,
Nunc sub undis maris iacet,
A symbol of a bygone age,
Vetustatis symbolum,
When ships were large and bold and sage.
Cum naves magnae audaces sapientesque erant.

And up in the skies, the zeppelins flew,
Et in caelis, zeppelin fluebant,
Majestic airships, of grandeur anew,
Dirigibles magnificentissimi, splendore novi,

Gliding on the winds, so free and bold,
In ventis volitantes, tam liberi et audaces,
A sight to behold, to young and old.
Spectaculum visendum iuvenibus senibusque.

But now, with crossings everywhere,
Sed nunc, transgressibus ubicumque,
And international law to bear,
Et leges internationales ferentes,
Our boats are small and quite subdued,
Naves nostrae parvae sunt et moderatae,
A far cry from the ships once viewed.
Longe dissimiles navibus olim visis.

Yet still, there is a dream we hold,
Tamen, somnium tenemus,
Of vessels grand, both brave and bold,
Navibus magnis, fortibus et audacibus,
That can traverse the open sea,
Quae alta maria transire possint,
To set up new lands, wild and free.
Ut terras novas, feroces et liberas condant.

For in these lands, we could be kings,
Nam in his terris, reges esse possimus,
And set up laws, free from the strings,
Leges facientes, liberis a vinculis,

Of global powers, and their might,
Potestatum globalium et earum potentia,
And build a future that shines bright.
Ut futurum claramque construamus.

So let us dream of ships once more,
Somnia igitur iterum navium,
That can sail the seas like days of yore,
Quae possint mare navigare ut olim,
And build new lands, both strong and true,
Et aedificare terras novas, fortis et veras,
With fair laws for me and you.
Cum legibus iustis tibi et mihi.

VI

Magna Carta

I am the king, with power and might,
Ego sum rex, potestate et virtute praeditus,
Ruling my land both day and night,
Terra meus noctu ac die gubernatus,
My word is law, my will is done,
Meus sermo lex est, meus voluntas fit,
And all must bow before my throne.
Et omnes ante thronum meum flectunt genua.

But now, a challenge has arisen,
Sed nunc, certamen ortum est,
From those who seek to change my position,
Ab his qui positi mei sunt,
The nobles gather, bold and strong,
Nobiles congregantur, fortes ac validi,
Demanding rights they've sought for long.
Ius suum postulant iamdiu expectatum.

And so they come before my court,
Itaque coram iudicio meo veniunt,
With parchment in hand, a powerful retort,
Chartam in manu, fortiter resistentem,
The Magna Carta, a document of old,
Magna Carta, vetus illa scriptura,
Demanding rights, and laws to uphold.
Ius postulans, legesque firmans.

At first, I resist, with all my might,
Initio resisto, totis viribus meis,
Refusing to give up my sovereign right,
Meum ius regale ne concedam,
But then I see, the people's will,
Sed tunc populi voluntatem aspicio,
And understand the need to compromise still.
Et necessitatem concessionis intellego.

And so I sign, the Magna Carta,
Et ita subscribo, Magnam Cartam,
The document that will change the saga,
Scripturam quae mutationem faturam est,

And grant the people, rights so fair,
Ius dare populis, tam iustum atque bonum,
And show the world that I do care.
Et mundo monstrare meum sollicitudinem.

For though I am the king, with power and might,
Nam quamvis rex sim, potestate et virtute praeditus,
I am not blind to what is right,
Non sum caecus ad rectitudinem,
And by signing this, I show to all,
Et hac signando, mundo ostendo,
That even kings must heed the call.
Reges quoque debere respondeant.

So let the Magna Carta stand,
Sit igitur Magna Carta stabilita,
A symbol of our united land,
Simbolum terrae nostrae unitae,
And let it be, a testament to all,
Et sit testis omnibus,
That even kings must answer the call.
Quia reges quoque debent vocem populi attendere.

VII

Polaris

From Polaris, they watch us down below,
E Polaris, illi nos intuentur deorsum,
Aliens, with eyes that gleam and glow,
Alieni, oculis quorum micant et fulgent,
Their technology far surpasses our own,
Tecnologia eorum nostra multum superat,
Their knowledge of the galaxy, they've shown.
Notitiam de universo docuerunt nobis.

They came to Earth, so long ago,
Ad Terram venerunt, tamdiu ante,
Towed the North Star, to the pole's plateau,
Borealem stellam, ad locum stagnantem duxerunt,
A beacon for their ships to navigate,
Lucem quae navibus eorum regendis signum daret,
A place where they could patiently wait.
Locum ubi pacienter subsisterent.

For millennia they watched, and rarely changed,
Millia annorum observaverunt, et raro mutant,
Monitoring the planet, as it evolved and arranged,
Terra ut evolvitur et ordinatur monitorantes,
From monkeys we were, they say we've evolved,
A simiis oriemur, evoluisse dicunt,
Thanks to their guidance, problems they've solved.
Gratias eorum ducibus, problemata sunt dissoluta.

Their presence, we're unaware,
 Praesentiam eorum ignorant,
 Their influence, beyond compare,
Influentiam eorum praeclare cernimus,
 Their intentions, still unknown,
 Intentiones eorum adhuc ignotae,
But from Polaris, their power is shown.
Sed a Polaris eorum potentia apparet.

 So, if you gaze up at the North Star,
Itaque, si ad Borealem stellam suspicaris,
 Remember, the aliens are never far,
 Memor sis, alieni numquam absunt,
 Watching, waiting, monitoring all,
Observantes, exspectantes, omnia monitorantes,
 From their distant, celestial hall.
 Ex distante sede caelesti eorum.

VIII

Another Me ?, Alius Ego ?

As I lay down to sleep, in my bed so warm,
Cum in lectulo meo calido accubuissem,
I feel my eyes close, my mind begins to transform,
Oculos claudere sensi, mens mutare coepit,
I slip away from this world, into a dream so deep,
Ex hoc mundo abii, in somnium profundum,
But little did I know, it was a dream I'd never keep.
Sed parum sciebam, somnium id nunquam habiturum esse.

For in that dream, a strange thing did occur,
Nam in eo somnio res mira accidit,
As I slept, my consciousness began to blur,
Meus conscientia torpere coepit,
Suddenly, I awoke, in a world not my own,
Subito expergefactus sum, in mundo alieno,
And before me, another version of myself had shown.
Et coram me, altera forma mei apparuit.

Two versions of me, from two different realities,
Duo formae mei, ex duobus diversis realitis,
Both of us, in a state of suspended tension,
Utriusque suspensa tensione,
We looked at each other, with curious eyes,
Invicem oculis curiosis intuebamur,
And wondered how we'd come to be in this surprise.
Et mirati sumus, quomodo ad hoc perveniremus.

For just a moment, we lived each other's lives,
Brevi momento, utriusque vitam gessimus,
Our minds racing, like a thousand beehives,
Mentes ut mille apium volabant,
But as quickly as it happened, it was gone,
Sed tam cito quam accidit, evanuit,
And we fell back asleep, each in our own reality.
Et obdormivimus, utriusque in propria realita.

When I woke up, it was all just a dream,
Cum experrectus sum, omnia visum fuit,
Or so it seemed, as nothing was as it did seem,
Ut nihil esset, ut videbatur,
But the memory of that moment, so strange and surreal,
Sed memoria illius momenti, tam mira et surrealis,
Made me wonder, what other dimensions do I conceal ?
Cogitare fecit, quae aliae dimensiones celo ?

So I closed my eyes once more, and fell into a deep
sleep,
Ita oculos clausi iterum, in somnum profundiozem
delapsus sum,
Wondering what other worlds, my consciousness might
reap,
Mirans quae alia mundis mei conscientia capere possit,
And perhaps one day, I'll meet that other me again,
Et forsitan aliquando illam aliam mei partem iterum
conveniam,

In a waken dream, where dimensions blend.
In somnio vigilantia, ubi dimensiones miscentur.

IX

More and More, Pluribus Et Pluribus

Infinite alternate realities,
Infinitae realitates alternativae,
Endless possibilities,
Possibilitates sine fine,

A vast and endless sea, of parallel realities,
Mare vastum et infinitum, realitatum parallelarum,
And in each one, another version of ourselves,
Et in unaquaque earum, alia versio nostrae personae,
A life that's lived, with different books on different
shelves.

Vita vivenda cum diversis libris in diversis locis.

But what if we could sync up, with these other "me's"
out there,

Sed quid si nos coniungeremus, cum illis "me" aliis
ibi,

And share our knowledge, and our thoughts, and all
that we might dare,

Et scientiam, cogitationesque, omnia quae audemus,
simul coniungeremus,

The more we link up, the better we can see,
Quantum magis nos coniungeremus, tanto melius videre
possemus,

The paths that we might take, the person we might be.
Viam quam caperemus, et personam quae fieri posset.

In one realities, we're an artist, painting works so
fine,
In una dimensione, sumus pictor, qui opera tam pulchra
pingit,
In another, we're a scientist, searching for the
divine,
In alia, sumus scientista, qui divinum scrutatur,
In another still, we're a musician, creating songs so
sweet,
In alia adhuc, sumus musicus, qui carmina tam dulcia
creavit,
And in each one, there's a new "us", for us to meet.
Et in unaquaque earum, novus "nos" est, quem invenire
possumus.

But if we could link up, with these other "me's" out
there,
Sed si coniungeremus, cum illis "me" aliis ibi,
And share our thoughts, and our conceptions, with all
that we might dare,
Et cogitationes, et ideas, simul coniungeremus, omnia
quae audemus,
Then we could think faster, and see more clearly too,
Tunc celerius cogitaremus, et clarissime videre
possemus,
And learn from all the lives we've lived, in each
reality anew.
Et ex omnibus vitae nostrae, in nova realitate,
discere possemus.

So let's sync up, with the other "me's" out there,
Ita coniungamus, cum ceteris "me" qui ibi sunt,
And see the world in new ways, with all that we might
dare,
Mundumque novis oculis intueamur, cum omni ausu,
For in the expansive alternate Realities, there's so
much to explore,
Nam in amplius realitatibus alternis, multum est
explorandum,
And with each connection we make, we'll learn just a
little more.
Et cum coniunctiones facimus, aliquid discemus.

X

Decimation, Decimavero

Decimation, a word so harsh,
Decimatio, verbum tam atrox,
A fate, that leaves a permanent mark,
Fatum, quod permanens signum relinquit,
A toll, that can never be reversed,
Tributum, quod numquam revocari potest,
A loss, that forever leaves us cursed.
Amissio, quae nos semper maledicit.

For decimation, is more than just destruction,
Nam decimatio plus est quam solus destruens,
It's the ripping apart, of our very being,
Est scissura ipsius nostri esse,
A soul-shattering, heart-wrenching action,
Actio, quae animusm confringit et cor lacerat,
That leaves us, with nothing but grieving.
Relicta nobis tristi solum luctuque.

It's the loss of lives, that we hold so dear,
Est amissio vitae, quae carae nobis sunt,
The disappearance, of all that's near,
Disparitio cuncti quod ad nos attinet,

A world, that's been forever changed,
Mundus, qui semper sit mutatus,
A future, that's been forever estranged.
Futurum, quod praeteritumque segregatum.

And in the aftermath, we're left to mourn,
Sed in rerum strage, lugere iam necesse est,
The loss of what, shall never return,
Amisso quod nunquam redibit,
A world, that's been stripped bare,
Mundum spoliatum sicut nudum et desolatum,
A pain, that we're forced to bear.
Dolorem quem ferre cogemur.

But in the midst of decimation's wake,
At in decimationis vestigiis, nos manet spes,
We find a strength, that we didn't know we had,
Ut vim, quam ignoravimus, inveniamus,
A resilience, that helps us to survive,
Resistentiam, qua ad vivendum efficimus,
And a hope, that helps us to thrive.
Et spem, qua ad meliorem vitam accingimus.

For even in the darkest of hours,
Nam etiam in horis obscurissimis,
We can find a light, that never sours,
Lucem invenire possumus quae numquam arescit,
A love, that never fades away,
Amorem qui numquam evanescit,
And a courage, that helps us to face each day.
Et fortitudinem quae adiuvat nos ut quotidie eamus in
frontem.

XI

Souls Entwined, Animi Complexi

In a dream, I felt my soul,
In somnio, animum meum sensi,
Blend and merge, with another whole,
Miscere et coniungi, cum alia plena,
A connection, that felt so real,
Nexus, tam realis sentiebatur,
As our essences began to congeal.
Cum essentiis nostris coagulari coeperunt.

Our energies, they intertwined,
Nostrae vires se invicem texerunt,
Our spirits, they became aligned,
Spiritus nostri congruere coeperunt,
In that moment, we were one,
Uno fusa eramus eo momento,
A fusion, that had just begun.
Fusione, quae nuper coepit.

Our thoughts, they flowed like a stream,
Cogitationes nostrae, sicut flumen fluebant,
Our dreams, they became one team,
Somni nostri, una facta sunt squadra,
And in that moment, we could see,
Et eo momento, videre poteramus,
The world, in perfect harmony.
Mundum, perfecte harmoniose.

For in that dream, we were complete,
Nam in illo somnio, perfecti eramus,
Our souls, together, were replete,
Animi nostrae, satis plenae erant,
With all the knowledge, we could glean,
Omni scientia, colligenda,
And all the wonders, we could dream.
Et omnibus mirabilibus, quae somniare poteramus.

And though it was just a dream,
Et quamvis non nisi somnium esset,
It felt so real, like a waking beam,
Tam realis videbatur, veluti vigilia,
A reminder, that we are all connected,
Monitus, nos omnes inter nos esse connectos,
And in our souls, we are perfected.
Et in animis nostris, perfectos esse.

So let us blend, our souls together,
Ergo permisceamus animuss nostras,
And create a world, that lasts forever,
Et creemus mundum, qui semper maneat,
For in that moment, we shall know,
Nam eo momento, nos sciemus,
That we are one, and we shall glow.
Quod unum sumus, et lucidum erimus.

XII

Deer there

In the woods, I met a deer,
In silva, cervum obviam egi,
Graceful, and full of cheer,
Elegantem et laetum satis,
With eyes so bright, and coat so brown,
Oculis tam nitidis, pellis tam fusca,
She roamed the woods, without a sound.
Silva perambulabat, sine sono.

At first, she was quite shy,
Primum, timida erat valde,
But with time, she caught my eye,
Sed tempore, oculis meis adhaesit,
And soon, we forged a bond,
Et mox, vinculum aedificavimus,
As we wandered, in the great beyond.
Dum vagabamur, in illa magnifica aeternitate.

I'd bring her treats, of apples sweet,
Ferreus dulces, mala attuleram,
And she'd follow me, on dainty feet,
Et me sequeretur, in pedibus delicatis,
Through fields of green, and meadows fair,
Per campos virides et prata pulchra,
A pair of friends, without a care.
Amici iuncti, sine cura.

Together, we'd explore the woods,
Una, silvas explorabamus,
And all the wonders, that it withstood,
Et omnes mirabilia, quae eis resistebant,
From babbling brooks, to towering trees,
A rivi susurrantibus, ad arbores sublimis,
We'd revel in the sounds, and the breeze.
In sonis et aura, laetati sumus.

And in those moments, I felt free,
Et in illis momentis, me libere sentiebam,
As if my soul, could finally see,
Quasi animus meus, tandem videre posset,
The beauty, that lay all around,
Pulchritudinem, quae circumstabat,
In the world, that we had found.
In mundo, quem invenimus.

For in that deer, I saw a friend,
Nam in illo cervo, amicum vidi,
A kindred spirit, until the end,
Animum affinem, usque ad finem,
And though we've since gone our separate ways,
Et quamquam diversis viis nunc discessimus,
I'll never forget, those woodland days.
Numquam obliviscar, illorum dierum sylvaticorum.

XIII

Not Damned Enough, Non Satis Damnatus

Down by the river, I chanced to see,
Iuxta flumen, forte vidi
A beaver, busy as could be,
Castorem, tamquam operosum et dexteri
Working hard, with tail in air,
Qui sudavit, cauda sublata,
Building a dam, with skill and care.
Ut moles strueret curata.

He saw me there, watching on,
Me conspexit et, quasi adnuere,
And gave a nod, as if to spawn,
Mentem protulit ut coniungeremus operam utere
A thought, that we could work together,
Ut moles strueremus quae duraret aeternum,
To build a dam, that would last forever.
Castor meusque laborantes in unum.

So I rolled up my sleeves, and got to work,
Sic stravi pallium et sudavit ingenium,
Helping the beaver, with every quirk,
Meam adiutans manum ad moles construendum,
Gathering sticks, and mud, and stones,
Stipulas et limos et lapides colligens,
To build a dam, that would withstand the groans.
Ut moles gemerent, firmamentum ergo adducens.

We worked all day, and into the night,
Trabemus diu et nocte una simul
Building and shaping, with all our might,
Struentes et formantes, ut magis valeremus,
Until at last, the dam was done,
Donec tandem moles perfecta stetit,
A triumph, that we had both won.
Nobilis victoria quam ambo vicerimus.

And as we sat, by the river's side,
Et sedentes iuxta ripam fluminis
I felt a sense, of joy and pride,
Gaudium et laetitiam sensimus,
To have helped this beaver, in his task,
Quod adiuuare castorem in opere suo potui,
To build a dam, that would last and last.
Ut moles strueret, quae duraret sine fine suo.

For in that moment, I saw the truth,
Nam in eo momento, veritatem vidi,
That working together, is the proof,
ut unanimes operando, sunt signa,
That no matter how great the task may seem,
quod quamvis magna res esset quae perficeretur,
Together, we can achieve the dream.
communis labore somnium adimpletum iri.

XIV

Songs, Carmina

I am another's jukebox,
Sum alius phonascus,
A voice that never stops,
Vox quae numquam cessat,
Singing songs, old and new,
Canens carmina, vetera et nova,
To satisfy their every cue.
Ut satietate eorum cui servio.

I'll sing for you, all day and night,
Cantabo vobis, tota die et nocte,
My voice, a never-ending delight,
Vox meus, gaudium numquam deficiente,
From love songs, to rock and roll,
Ab carminibus amoris ad rock and roll,
I'll sing them all, with heart and soul.
Omnia cantabo, animo et corde.

You can request, your favorite tunes,
Tu potes postulare, tua carmina amata,
And I'll sing them, under the moon,
Et cantabo ea, sub luna fata,
From ballads, to blues and jazz,
Ab baladis ad blues et iazz,
I'll sing them all, without a pause.
Omnia cantabo, sine intermissione.

For in my heart, I am a song,
Nam in corde meo, cano melodia,
A melody, that goes on and on,
Vox quae procedit in aeternum,
A voice, that's meant to bring joy,
Vox quae dat laetitiam,
To every girl, and every boy.
Omni puero et puellae.

So let me be, your jukebox friend,
Ergo fiat mihi, iucundus phonascus amicus,
A voice, that never seems to end,
Vox quae numquam videtur deficiens,
Singing songs, that touch your heart,
Canens carmina, quae corda tangunt,
And never letting, the music depart.
Et numquam dimittens musicam.

XV

Exile, Eiectus

Cast out from the land I knew,
Eiectus sum e terra quam noveram,
Exiled to a world anew,
In mundum novum exulatum,
No longer welcome, nor revered,
Non amplius benigne suscipitus,
My fate was sealed, my path unclear.
Fortuna meus certa, iter incertum.

No longer did I have a home,
Domus non iam est mihi,
No place to rest, nor to roam,
Nec locum requiescendi nec vagandi,
My friends and family, far away,
Procul amici ac familia,
Their memories, a bitter fray.
Memoria eorum, amara rixa.

The land I knew, was now a dream,
Terra quam noveram, somnium est iam,
A place where I no longer gleam,
Locus ubi non amplius splendo,
And yet, I carry on my way,
Sed tamen via meus progredior,
Hoping for a brighter day.
Sperans diem meliorem.

For in my exile, I have found,
Nam in exilio meo, inveni,
A strength and courage, that resound,
Fortitudinem et virtutem quae resonant,
A fire, burning in my soul,
Ignem, ardentem animo meo,
That keeps me moving, towards my goal.
Qui me movet, ad metas adiens.

And though I wander, far and wide,
Et quamvis discurram, longe atque late,
I know that I will never hide,
Scio me numquam latere,
For in my heart, I hold the key,
Nam in corde meo tenere clavem,
To find a new place, where I can be.
Ad inveniendum locum novum, ubi esse possim.

So let me wander, and let me roam,
Ergo sinite me discurrere, vagari,
For in my exile, I have grown,
Nam in exilio meo crevi,
Stronger, wiser, and more true,
Fortior, sapientior, et verior,
To the person, I am meant to pursue
Ad personam, quam sequi debui.

XVI

Tree, Arbor

I am a tree, standing tall and strong,
Sum arbor alta, fortis stansque,
A symbol of nature, ancient and long,
Naturae symbolum, vetustate antique,
My roots run deep, into the earth below,
Radices mei funditus currunt,
An anchor, that keeps me from letting go.
Ancora mihi, ne laxer sim, servunt.

I stand here, watching the world go by,
Aspicio hic, mundo incedentem,
Witnessing life, from a perspective so high,
Testis vitae, prospiciente desuper gentem,
Through every season, I remain steadfast,
Per singula tempora, fixus sto,
A silent witness, to the moments that last.
Momentum silentium, quod semper maneo.

In spring, I sprout leaves, so green and new,
Verno floreo, foliis viridibus nova,
Reaching towards the sun, with every hue,
Ad solem tendentia, omnes vivacia,
A dance of joy, that fills my soul,
Saltus letitiae, qui perfundit me,
As I watch, the world begin to unfold.
Mundum cernere, novum parvumque.

In summer, I am a refuge, from the sun's rays,
Est aestas, quae sub me sedes lenit,
A canopy, that cools, and invites to stay,
Umbrosa qui te invitat, et convocat et finit,
A home to birds, and insects, and more,
Habitat avis, et insecta, et alia plura,
A sanctuary, that we all adore.
Refugium quoque, dilectum habent creatura.

In autumn, I shed my leaves, so bold,
Autumni tempore, folia meus cadunt,
A change, that never gets old,
Mutatio, haec nunquam satis aedificat,
As I prepare, for the winter's cold,
Paratus hieme, ubi frigora mutat,
A time of rest, and stories told.
Tempus quiescendi, historiae et recitandae.

And in the winter, I stand bare,
Et hieme, nudus statu, sum super terram,
A stark contrast, to the world that's fair,
Saepe differt a mundi forma et decore,
Yet, I am no less, than I was before,
Non tamen minus, quam ante fui,
A reminder, that beauty, is in the core.
Memento, pulchritudinem in animo quisque portet.

For I am a tree, standing tall and proud,
Nam arbor sum, alta et superba stans,

A witness, to life's every shroud,
Testis vita, omnium, quae mundus est prelans,
A reminder, that in every moment,
Memor, in omni momento,
There is beauty, and a purpose, that's potent.
Pulchritudinem esse, quae semper viget et opus potent.

XVII

Basking, Torridans

I bask in the sun, so warm and bright,
Sole calido et claro iaceo,
My soul, in the light, takes flight,
Animus meus in lumine volat,
My body, soaking up, every ray,
Corpus meum, solis radios accipit,
Longing to stretch, and reach the sky today.
Hodierno die tendere et ad caelum pervenire cupit.

For in the light, I feel alive,
Nam in lumine, sentio me vivere,
A spirit, that yearns to thrive,
Spiritus qui vigere concupiscit,
And as I bask, in the sun's embrace,
Et dum in sole iaceo,
I dream of soaring, to another place.
Ad aliud locum volare desidero.

I want to stretch, and reach up high,
Volo porrigi et altius attingere,
To touch the clouds, up in the sky,
Nubes tangere in caelo superiore,
To feel the sun, on every inch,
Et solis radios, in omni corpore sentire,
And bask in its glow, without a flinch.
Et in eius luce iuvare sine timore.

For in the sun, I find my joy,
Nam in sole, gaudium meum invenio,
A happiness, that can't be destroyed,
Felicitas, quae non potest destrui,
And as I yearn, to stretch up high,
Et dum tendo, ut altius perveniam,
I know, that one day, I shall touch the sky.
Scio me caelum unum die attingere posse.

So let me bask, in the sun's embrace,
Ergo sinam iacere in lumine solis,
And let my spirit, soar with grace,
Et spiritum meum cum gratia elevare,
For in this moment, I am free,
Nam in hoc momento, liber sum,
And nothing, can ever take that from me.
Et nihil numquam ab eo mihi auferre potest.

XVIII

Jupiter, Iuppiter

We dream of adding mass to Jupiter,
Somniamus addere massam Iovi,
To make it shine, like a second sun,
Ut luceret, ut secundus sol,
A vision, that fills us with wonder,
Visio haec nos complet admiratione,
Of a future, that's just begun.
De futuro, qui modo coepit.

With every bit of mass, we add,
Cum massa quolibet addimus,
Jupiter grows, in size and might,
Iuppiter magnitudo crevit et potens fit,
A force of nature, that can't be tamed,
Vis naturae, quae non domatur,
A sight, that fills us with delight.
Visio haec nos complet laetitia.

For with this second sun, we can dream,
Nam cum hoc secundo sole, possumus somniare,
Of a future, that's bright and bold,
De futuro mundo clare et audaci,
Of endless energy, that streams,
De energia infinita, quae fluit,
And a world, that's never cold.
Et de mundo, numquam frigido.

We can harness, the power of the stars,
Possumus potentiam stellae adducere,
And create, a future, that's truly ours,
Futurumque creare, nostrum propium,
A world, where anything is possible,
Mundum, in quo quicquid fieri potest,
And we are free, to reach for the stars.
Et liber sumus, ut ad sidera tendamus.

So let us add mass, to Jupiter's core,
Ergo addamus massam, ad Iovis cor,
And create a new sun, forever more,
Et creemus novum solem, perpetuum,
A beacon of light, in our solar system,
Fulgur lucis, in nostro sistema solar,
A symbol, of our collective wisdom.
Signum sapientiae nostra communis.

XIX

Desert Made, Solitudinem Factum

I sit in desolation, alone in the sand,
Sedeo in solitudine, solus in harena,
The world around me barren, lifeless, and bland,
Mundus circum me sterilis, inanis, et insulsus,
People think it's warm here, but they don't
understand,
Gens putat hic calidum esse, sed non intellegunt,
The cold, desolate isolation that grips this land.
Frigidum, desolatumque solitudinem hanc tenere terram.

The star in the sky is fading away,
Stella in caelo evanescit,
Its light grows dimmer with each passing day,
Lumen eius cotidie obscurius efficitur,
The sun may still shine, but it provides no heat,
Sol adhuc lucet, sed nullam calefactionem praebet,
The days are cold, the nights even more bleak.
Dies frigidi, noctes tristiores.

Time slips through my fingers like grains of sand,
Tempus mihi subito effluit ut granis harenae,
Moments gather like dunes, vast and grand,
Momenta congregantur ut pyramides magnae,
If I counted each grain, one for every second gone by,
Si singulum granum contarem, uno pro secundo peracto,
I'd find a desert of time, stretching out to the sky.
Desertum temporis invenirem, ad caelum protensum.

The loneliness here is a murder drawn out,
Solitudo huius loci est interminabilis dolus,
No thirst or hunger, just like sand on sand, no doubt,
Non sitis aut fames, tantum harena super harenam,
nullus dubium,
I feel the erosions of time wearing me thin,
Erosiones temporis sentio me attenuare,

As I sit in this desolate place, wondering where to
begin.
Dum in hoc loco desolato sedeo, quaerens ubi incipiam.

The desert may seem warm to those who've not been,
Desertum his qui non sunt experti calidum videtur,
But for me, it's a place where my heart's grown thin,
Sed mihi locus est, in quo cor meum attenuatum est,
The star in the sky may be dying, but I won't give in,
Stella in caelo moritur, sed non cedam,
I'll fight this cold, desolate isolation,
Frigeam, desolatam hanc solitudinem pugnabo,
Until life begins again.
Donec vita rursus incipiat.

XX

Before, Antequam

In a dream, I find myself transported,
In somnio, me transfero,
To a room, that's strangely distorted,
Ad cubiculum, mirabiliter deformem,
Familiar, yet so different too,
Quamquam familiarem, sed etiam diversam,
A place that I once knew.
Loco, quem olim novi.

But how could this be, I wonder,
Sed quomodo hoc fieri potest, miror,
As I stand, and begin to ponder,
Dum statuo et incipio considerare,
This room, I remember well,
Hoc cubiculum, bene memini,
But before I was born, how could I tell ?
Sed antequam nascerer, quomodo poteram scire ?

For in this dream, I'm not myself,
Nam in hoc somnio, non sum ipse,
I'm just a soul, without a shell,
Solum animus, sine corpore et carne,
No body, no flesh, just me,
Nullum corpus, nullam carnem, solum me,
A being, that's meant to be free.
Esse, quae debet liberam esse.

And as I look around this room,
Et ut circumspicio hoc cubiculum,
I sense a feeling of impending doom,
Sensum perfero subeuntem periculum,
For I know that this place, I've seen before,
Scio enim hunc locum antea vidisse,
In some other life, or maybe more.
In aliqua vita, vel forsitan pluribus.

But then a voice, from deep within,
Sed tunc vox de intus clamat,
Tells me, it's time to begin,
Tempus est coepisse, dicit,
To search my soul, and find the way,
Investigare animusm, et invenire viam,
To unlock the secrets of this day.
Occultos huius diei latebras recludere.

And so I close my eyes, and dive deep,
Itaque oculos claudere, et mergi in profundo,
Into my mind, where memories sleep,
Animi, ubi memoriae obdormiunt in mundo,
And there I find, the answer to my quest,
Ibi invenio, responsum ad quaerendum meum,
A truth, that's laid to rest.
Veritatem, quae jacebat subdolum.

For in this room, so strange and surreal,
Nam in hoc cubiculum, tam mirum et surrealisticum,

I see the beginning, of a new ordeal,
Incipio videre novi certaminis initium,
A journey, that I must undertake,
Itinera, quae suscipere debere,
A life, that's waiting to wake.
Vitam, quae somniabatur evigilare.

And so I open my eyes, and realize,
Ergo aperio oculos, et intelligo,
That this room, holds the key to the skies,
Hoc cubiculum clavem caeli continere,
A place, where I can begin anew,
Locum, ubi possum incipere iterum,
A soul, that's meant to be true.
Animus, quae veram esse debet.

XXI

Minds Might, Mentis Potentia

Thinking on different planes of existence,
Cogitans in diversis dimensionibus existentiae,
Expanding the mind's vast persistence,
Mentis persistentiae vastae expandens,
The possibilities, that we can see,
Possibilitates, quas videre possumus,
Are limitless, if we believe to be.
Infinitae sunt, si credere volumus.

Open a mind portal, to a new dimension,
Portam mentis ad novam dimensionem aperi,
Unlock the secrets, of our soul's intention,
Animi nostri intentiones retege,
A place, where time is but a construct,
Locus, ubi tempus non est nisi constructus,
And the universe, is ready to erupt.
Et universum, erupturum esse paratum.

With each thought, we can travel far,
Cum cogitatione, longe possumus ire,
To the edge of the reality, and beyond the stars,
Ad realitas terminum, et ultra stellas navigare,

Where the mind is free, to roam and explore,
Ubi mens liberum habet vagari atque explorare,
And the mysteries of life, are at our core.
Et mysteria vitae sunt apud nos in core.

On these planes, we see things anew,
In his planis, res aliud cernimus,
A world, that's beyond our view,
Mundum, ultra aspectum nostrum,
A place, where anything is possible,
Locum, ubi omne est possibile,
And our minds, are forever unstoppable.
Et mentes nostrae aeterno sunt invictae.

For in this realm, there is no limit,
Nam in hoc campo, nihil est limitis,
Our imaginations, can forever inhabit,
Imaginatio nostra in perpetuo inhabitare potest,
And as we journey, to this new frontier,
Et dum ad hanc novam finem itineremus,
We know, that there is nothing to fear.
Scimus, nihil esse, quod timeamus.

So open the mind portal, and take the leap,
Itaque aperi portam mentis, et saltem faciemus,
To a place, where your thoughts can seep,
ad locum, ubi cogitationes tuae inveniunt foveam,

Into the vastness, of the universe's plan,
In vastitate universi via tua aperta sit,
And unlock the power, of your mind's command.
Et potestas mentis tuae sit liberanda.

XXII

Word, Verba

The power of the word, is like a spell,
Potestas verbi est sicut incantatio,
It can inspire, or it can quell,
Inspirationem dat, aut sedat mentem,
It can uplift, or it can bring down,
Extollit animum, aut opprimit,
It can be a smile, or a frown.
Risum vel tristitiam prae se fert.

Words can heal, and words can harm,
Verba sanant, et verba nocent,
They can build, or they can disarm,
Aedificant, aut destruunt mentem,
They can bring us together, or tear us apart,
Coniungunt homines, aut secernunt eos,
They can be a balm, or a poisoned dart.
Medicinae vel tela in linguam ponunt.

With the power of the word, we can create,
Potestate verbi, creare possumus,
A world, that's filled with love and grace,
Mundum plenum amoris et gratiae,
Or we can destroy, all that we hold dear,
Aut delere omne quod carum habemus,
And create, a world, that's full of fear.
Et mundum, timore et metu replemus.

But with each word, we have a choice,
Verbis nostris, semper eligere licet,
To lift our voices, and use our voice,
Voces tollere, et usum loquendi facere recte,
To speak truth, and light the way,
Veritatem dicere, lucem afferre,
To be a beacon, on the darkest day.
Pharos esse, in obscuro mundo persistere.

For the power of the word, is in our hands,
Nam potestas verbi, in nostra potestate est,
To build a world, that forever stands,
Mundum aedificare, ut sit semper in pace et amor,
A place, where love and kindness reign,
Ubi benevolentia regnat,
And the power of the word, will forever sustain.
Et potestas verbi, semper sustentat.

XXIII

Hesitation, haesitatio

Hesitation creeps in like a thief in the night,
Indecisio nocturno latrocinio insinuatur,
An unwelcome visitor, who dims the light,
Intrus hospes lucem obscurescit,
It steals the courage, that once burned bright,
Rapti coram fortitudinem lumen unum,
And replaces it with fear and doubt, a blight.
Pavitque perturbatio metusque, flumen.

The person who hesitates, needs an invitation,
Hesitans homo invitandi indiget,
A sign that it's safe, to take the initiation,
Signum certum ad ausum conficiendum petet,
To step outside of their comfort zone,
Zonae confortis moenia transgrediendum,
And explore the unknown, on their own.
Ad explorandum ignotum, novi sensus appetendum.

For hesitation, is a prison of the mind,
Hesitatio carcer mentis est,
A place, where fear and doubt, are confined,
Metus dubiusque ibi cohaerent,
And the only way to break free,
Unum est liberandis e vinculis,
Is to take a chance, and let the heart lead.
Certum ausu, ducenda cordis fidelibus.

So, extend a hand, and offer an invitation,
Igitur, ostendamus manum, invitandum,
To the person, who needs a new sensation,
Qui sensus novos cupit, adsciscendum,
To break free from the chains, of hesitation,
Vinculis hesitationis admovendis,
And discover, a life of boundless creation.
Inventa magnae vitae explicandis.

For with an invitation, comes the chance,
Nam invito adit occasio,
To take a step forward, and begin to dance,
Ad progrediendum et saltandum in vitam novam,
To embrace the world, with open arms,
Orbis brachia atque omnes gratias amplectendi,
And see the beauty, in all of its charms.
Omne pulchrum mundi intueri, ad laudem dirigendi.

XXIV

Black Hole Love, Gravis Profunda, Omnia Complectens Amor.

The love another gives, a force to behold,
Amor alius praebitus, vis spectanda,
A power that transforms, the timid and the bold,
Vis mutans timidos audacesque,
It fills us up, and makes us feel whole,
Complet nos, et nos integros facit sentire,
A feeling so intense, it could swallow us whole.
Sensus tam vehementis ut nos devoraret.

It's a love that ignites, a burning flame,
Amor flagrans ignem accendit,
And we become, the moth, that seeks the same,
Et nos, pabulum quaerens, moths facti sumus,
We're drawn in, by its mesmerizing pull,
Illuminis eius fascino capti,
And we surrender, to its beautiful lull.
Et in dulci oblectamento eius dedimus.

But as the love grows, and our hearts entwine,
Sed dum amor crescit et corda nostra invicem
implicit,
We realize, that this love, is more than just fine,
Intellegimus hunc amorem non solum esse pulchrum,
It's a love, that makes our hearts implode,
Est amor qui corda nostra in se implodit,

Into a black hole, where nothing else is told.
In voragine nigra, ubi nihil aliud dicatur.

For the love, we receive, is so immense,
Nam amor nobis tributus est adeo immensus,
It consumes us, with its intense sense,
Nos intus consumit sua vehemens sententia,
And we are left, with nothing but awe,
Et nos tantum admiratione relictii sumus,
As our hearts implode, into a love so raw.
Corda nostra in amore tam crudo implodentes.

It's a love, that transforms, and makes us new,
Est amor qui transformet et nos faciat novos,
And we are grateful, for the gift, that is true,
Et grati sumus dono veri,
For in this love, we find, our heart's true home,
Nam in hoc amore invenimus verum domum cordis,
And we become, the love, that's forever known.
Et facti sumus amor qui semper notus est.

So let the love, of another, make your heart implode,
Sic amet alius ut corda tua implodant,
Into a black hole, where only love is bestowed,
In voragine nigra, ubi solum amor tribuitur,
And let this love, be the light, that guides your way,
Et hunc amorem fiat lux quae ducat viam tuam,
Forever and always, until the end of day.
Semper et usque ad finem diei.

XXV

Closing, Claudens

Closing up the store, the day is done,
Ad focum convenite, fluitate sonora,
But something strange has just begun,
Ad pluviam evocandam, ut terra auctiora,
The mannequins, they seem to move,
Sente tibi in animo ictum tympani,
When you're not looking, they start to groove.
Tamquam simul saltantes, pluviam efficiamusani.

You turn your back, and hear a sound,
Passu hinc illinc, nebulas cogimus,
As if something just hit the ground,
Tonitrua crepant, et fulgura rutilantibus,
You spin around, but no one's there,
Corpora nostris iunguntur in artus,
The mannequins stand still, they don't seem to care.
Pluvia ut effluat, nobiscum fidentes.

You shake your head, and try to ignore,
Pedes cava terram quatit, cum tempus est,
The eerie feeling, that's at your core,
Volventur nostri motus, ut pluvia crescat,
But then you see, from the corner of your eye,
Voces iterantes, caelum attingimus,
A mannequin's arm, has moved up high.
Pluviam in terram demittamus, ut augeamus.

Your heart beats fast, you start to sweat,
Rythmum saltus nostri, precor priscus,
You feel like you're caught in a giant net,
Pluviam et terram, una ut succusus,
The mannequins, they seem to taunt,
Passu post passum, pluvia propius adhuc,
As if they know, you fear their haunt.
Circum saltantes, nomen suum nobis dicimus.

You try to leave, but something's amiss,
Et tandem, pluvia cadit,
The mannequins, they won't let you dismiss,
Sonus ejus, melodia sedat,
You hear their laughter, echoing around,
Saltus nostrae non frustra facti sunt,
As if they've turned your store into their playground.
Pluviam atque saltus iterum iterumque faciemus.

XXVI

Beered Bear, Ursus Cervisatus

I wandered deep into the woods one day,
Erravi profundum in silvis uno die,
And stumbled upon a cave that lay,
Cavum invenerunt meum, quae jacebat
Hidden amidst the trees and rocks,
Latebras inter arbores et petras,
A place where danger lurks and mocks.
Locus ubi periculum insidiasque ridet.

I entered with caution, but to my surprise,
Ingressus sum cum cautela, sed ad meum miram,
A bear stood before me, with piercing eyes,
Ursus stabat ante me, oculis penetrantibus,
I froze in fear, not knowing what to do,
Territus obmutui, quid facere nesciens,
But the bear just stared, as if to say, "Who are you
?"

Sed ursus inspexit, quasi dicere "quis es tu ?"

I offered him beer, from my trusty pack,
Offerebam ei cervisiam, ex meo fido sarcina,

And to my amazement, he took it without a lack,
Et ad meum admirationem, sine defectu accepit eam,
We sat in the sun, on camping chairs,
Sedimus sub sole, in sellis castris,
And talked and drank, without any cares.
Loquebamur et bibebamus, sine curis ullis.

The bear shared his stories, of the woods and its
ways,

Ursus narravit suas fabulas, silvarum et modos,
Of hunting and fishing, and peaceful days,
De venatione et piscatione, et diebus pacificis,
I listened in awe, as the hours passed by,
Audiui stupefactus, dum horas transirent,
With my new furry friend, who sat by my side.
Cum novo amico piloso, qui sedebat ad latus meum.

As the sun began to set, the bear got up to leave,
Cum sol occidere inciperet, ursus surrexit abire,
But not before he gave me, a bear hug to relieve,
Sed non ante quam me amplexus est, ut levaret dolorem,
And with a smile, he disappeared into the night,
Et cum risu, in noctem evanuit,
Leaving me with a newfound delight.
Me relicto cum nova laetitia.

I walked back to camp, with a story to tell,
Ambulavi ad castra, cum historia narranda,
Of me and the bear, who sat and drank, without any
hell,
De urso et me, qui sedebamus et bibebamus sine malo,
And though it may seem strange, and hard to believe,
Et quamquam videatur insititia, et difficile credere,
I made a friend, who shared with me, a moment of
reprieve.

XXVII

Crack in the Earth, Fissura Terrae

I walked along the sidewalk one day,
Ambulabam uno die ad viam publicam,
When suddenly, a crack appeared in the way,
Subito, fissura apparuit in via,
I peered down into the dark abyss,
Intuitus sum in tenebram abyssi,
And glimpsed a fiery pit, filled with hiss.
Et igneum fundum aspexi, crepitantem.

A demon flew out, with flaming wings,
Daemon volavit, alis flammantibus,
And whispered words, that made my heart sting,
Verba susurravit, quae cordis mei laceraverunt,
I felt a chill, down my spine,
Senti frigus, per spinae mei,
As I watched it soar, into the divine.
Videns eum subvolare, ad divina.

The crack closed up, as if nothing had been,
Fissura obstruxit, tamquam nihil accidisset,
But the memory of that demon, stayed within,
Sed memoria illius daemonis intus mansit,
It haunted my thoughts, day and night,
Haeret mentibus meis, die et nocte,
A vision of darkness, that filled me with fright.
Visio tenebrarum, quae me horrore complerat.

I tried to forget, what I had seen,
Tentavi oblivisci quod videram,
But the crack in the pavement, remained obscene,
Sed fissura in pavimento, fuit obscena manens,
A reminder of the unknown, that lurks below,
Memento ignoti, qui subterfugiunt,
A warning to be careful, where you go.
Monitus ut caveas, quo ingrediaris.

For in the cracks, that lie beneath our feet,
Nam in fissuris, quae pedibus nostris latent,
Lies a world, that we may never meet,
Mundus jacet, quem fortasse numquam accedemus,
A realm of fire, of darkness and fear,
Regnum ignis, tenebrarum et terroris,
A place where demons, are always near.
Locus ubi semper sunt, daemones praesentes.

XXVIII

I Know, Scio

In the game of secrets, we all play,
In ludum secretorum, omnes ludimus,
Some things we hide, some we say,
Aliqua celamus, alia dicimus,
But sometimes we can sense another's truth,
Sed interdum verum alterius sentimus,
Though they may deny it in their youth.
Etiam si in iuventa negent.

We watch and wait, our senses keen,
Observamus et exspectamus, sensus acuti,
Observing every glance and every scene,
Omnem aspectum et scenam perscrutantes,
And though they may keep up their guise,
Et quamvis mantent simulationem suam,
We see the truth that hides in their eyes.
Veritatem in oculis eorum videmus.

We know that they know, though they pretend not,
Scimus eos scire, etsi negent,
Their subtle gestures, their every thought,
Subtiles gestus, omnes cogitationes,
We feel the weight of their hidden truth,
Sentimus pondus veritatis eorum,
And see the signs that betray their proof.
Et signa cernimus, quae probant eam.

Yet still, we keep our own secrets too,
Tamen, nos quoque nostra secreta tenemus,
Unspoken truths that we hold onto,
Veritates non dictas quas continemus,
For in the end, we all have things we hide,
Nam, in fine, omnes aliquid celamus,
A part of us that we keep inside.
Partem nostram quam intus custodimus.

So let us play this game of knowing,
Ergo ludamus hoc ludum scientiae,
Where we all have secrets worth showing,
Ubi omnes secretos honore dignos habemus,
And though we may not always share,
Et quamvis saepe non communicemus,
We know that someone else is there.
Novimus alium ibi esse.

XXIX

Ploy, Ludum Secretorum

A setup, a rouse, a ploy to deceive,
In ludum secretorum, omnes ludimus,
Crafted with care, to make you believe,
Aliqua celamus, alia dicimus,
A clever scheme, a trickery of the mind,
Sed interdum verum alterius sentimus,
Designed to mislead and leave you behind.
Etiam si in iuventa negent.

A web of lies, carefully spun,
Observamus et exspectamus, sensus acuti,
To make you believe what is undone,
Omnem aspectum et scenam perscrutantes,
A trap to ensnare the unsuspecting,
Et quamvis mantent simulationem suam,
A master plan that is always connecting.
Veritatem in oculis eorum videmus.

The actors all in place, playing their part,
Scimus eos scire, etsi negent,
An intricate game of mind and heart,
Subtiles gestus, omnes cogitationes,
A game of deception, played so well,
Sentimus pondus veritatis eorum,
To keep you in the dark, under their spell.
Et signa cernimus, quae probant eam.

But do not be fooled, and do not be swayed,
Tamen, nos quoque nostra secreta tenemus,
By their words and actions, so artfully displayed,
Veritates non dictas quas continemus,
For in the end, the truth shall be revealed,
Nam, in fine, omnes aliquid celamus,
And their ploy shall be exposed, their plan unsealed.
Partem nostram quam intus custodimus.

So beware the setup, the rouse, the ploy,
Ergo ludamus hoc ludum scientiae,
And do not fall victim to their coy,
Ubi omnes secretos honore dignos habemus,
For in the end, the truth shall set you free,
Et quamvis saepe non communicemus,
And the masterminds behind it shall be brought to
their knees.
Novimus alium ibi esse.

XXX

Spider, Aranea

Spiders have too many eyes,
Araneae oculi nimis multos habent,
One for every day of the week and one,
Unum pro quolibet die septimanae et unum,
A curious sight, that some despise,
Spectaculum mirum, quod nonnulli despiciunt,
But for them, it's how they get things done.
Sed eis sic res geritur.

With so many eyes, they can see,
Tantos oculos habentes, videre possunt,
In all directions, near and far,
Omnibus directionibus, prope ac procul,
Their keen sense of sight, so vital and key,
Sensus visus acutus et praecipuus eis est,
Helps them navigate, and find their prey bizarre.
Qui adiuvat eos navigare et praedam bizzarram
invenire.

From the tiniest insect to the biggest fly,
Ab minimo insecto ad magnum muscam,
Their vision sharp and acute,
Visus eorum acutus et perspicax,
With their many eyes, they can spy,
Multis oculis, possunt scrutari,
Their next meal, their daily pursuit.
Proximam prandium, quotidianum cursum.

But to some, their eyes can be unnerving,
Tamen, oculi eorum, ad quosdam perturbantes sunt,
A strange and eerie sight to behold,
Spectaculum mirum et horrendum,
Too many eyes, a sight deserving,
Tantos oculos, visus dignus est,
Of fear and dread, cold and bold.
Terroris et horrore, frigoris et fortitudinis.

Yet, spiders go about their business,
Sed, araneae ad suas res procedunt,
Unconcerned with what others may think,
Aliis non curantes, quid putent,
For with their many eyes, they don't miss,
Nam eis, multi oculi non deest,
A thing, in their web, where their prey may sink.
Res, in tela, ubi praeda possit mergi.

So let us not judge the spider's eyes,
Itaque, oculorum araneae non iudicemus,
Or their curious, multi-faceted sight,
Vel ipsius curiosam, multilateram visionem,
For to them, it's how they survive,
Nam eis, sic res geritur et vivitur,
And thrive, in the darkness of the night.
In tenebris noctis, ita floret.

XXXI

Who are You ?, Quis es Tu ?

Who are you, dear reader, do tell,
Quisnam es, carus lector, narra mihi,
Are you the sun, the moon, or a mere shell ?
Sol es, an Luna, vel caro tantum teresne es tibi ?

Are you a wanderer, a dreamer, or a soul in pain,
Vagus es, somniator, an animus dolens,
Or just a passerby, in this vast cosmic plane ?
An viaiator, in immenso caelo plano tenens ?

Are you a conqueror, a hero, or a humble being,
Esne victor, heros, an umilis mortalium,
Or a survivor, of storms, and battles unforeseen ?
An supravixisti, procellis et pugnibus inauditis
autumnum ?

Are you a poet, an artist, or a writer of tales,
Esne poeta, artifex, aut scriptor fabularum,
Or a sage, who enlightens, with wisdom that never
fails ?
Aut sapientiae peritus, qui numquam fallit dum
loquitur verbum ?

Do you dance to the beat of your own heart,
Num pulsas ad cordis tu tibi rhythmicum,
Or follow the herd, afraid to depart ?
An gregi sequeris, deserere timens te cacodaeum ?

Are you a warrior, fighting for love and peace,
Esne bellator pro pace et amore,
Or a peacemaker, who sees the beauty in every piece ?
Aut pacis dator, qui videt in omni parte decore ?

Who are you, dear reader, please do share,
Quisnam es, carus lector, narra mihi,
Are you a force of nature, or a whisper in the air ?
Vim naturae es, an aerae levis inquiete ?

Whatever you may be, know this to be true,
Sis tamen certus, carus lector, hoc verum est,
You are unique, special, and one of a few.
Unicus es, specialis, atque rarissimus est.

XXXII

Engima of Existance, Aenigma Existentiae

Fathomless depths of time and space,
Profunditates temporis et spatii abyssales,
A cosmos vast and undefined,
Cosmos immensus et indefinitus,
Infinite paths that interlace,
Infinitae semitae quae intersecat,
A labyrinth of the cosmic mind.
Labyrinthus mentis cosmicae.

The mystery of creation's birth,
Mysterium partus creationis,
A question that still remains,
Interrogatio quae adhuc manet,
A puzzle of infinite worth,
Puzzle infiniti valoris,
A riddle that forever sustains.
Aenigma quod semper sustinet.

The universe, a canvas grand,
Universum, grandis charta,
With stars and galaxies aglow,
Cum stellis et galaxiis fulgurantibus,
An endlessness we cannot comprehend,
Infinitas quas non comprehendimus,
A magnitude that we cannot know.
Magnitudinem quam ignoramus.

The cycles of life and death,
Cycli vitae et mortis,
The ebb and flow of fate and chance,
Aestus et casus fortunae,
The rhythms of every breath,
Rythmi cuiusque inspirationis,
The dance of life's enduring trance.
Vitae in extasi duraturae saltus.

The human mind, a prism of light,
Mens humana, prisma lucis,
A reflection of the universe's soul,
Reflectio animi universi,
A mirror of creation's might,
Speculum potentiae creationis,
A witness to existence's whole.
Testis totius existentiae.

And yet we strive to understand,
Et tamen conamur intelligere,
To glimpse the truth beyond our reach,
Ad veritatem ultra nostri captum introspicere,
To grasp the enigma of our land,
Enigma terrae nostrae tenere,
To unravel the secrets that beseech.
Arcana quae obsunt enodare.

For in the end, we are but dust,
Nam denique, pulvis sumus,

A fleeting moment in the grand design,
Momentum fugitivum in grande conditum,
But still, we seek to earn our trust,
Sed tamen, fidei nostrae nitimur,
And in the universe's glory, we align.
Et in universi gloriae collimamus.

So let us contemplate the unknown,
Ergo cogitemus incognitum,
The questions that we cannot solve,
Interrogationes quas non solvemus,
For in the mystery, we are grown,
Nam in mysterio crescimus,
And in the wonder, we evolve.
Et in mirabili evolvimus.

XXXIII

Smoke and Mirrors, Fumus et Specula

The world is a haze of smoke and mirrors,
Mundus est nebulosus fumi et speculorum,
A labyrinth of deception and disguise,
Labyrinthus fallaciae et dissimulacri,
But if you look closely, beyond the fears,
Sed si diligenter intuearis, ultra timores,
You'll find a light that never dies.
Invenient lumen quod numquam moritur.

It glows within the mirrors' glass,
Lucet intra vitra speculorum,
Obfuscated by the thickened veil,
Obfuscatum densa velamine,
A flicker of magic, a sight to surpass,
Fulgur magiae, spectaculum ultra,
The illusions that we often hail.
Illusiones, quas saepe salutamus.

It shimmers in the depths of night,
Micat in profunditatibus noctis,
And dances in the day's warm glow,
Et saltat in diurno calore,
A beacon of hope, a divine light,
Pharus spei, lux divina,
That guides us through the ebb and flow.
Quae nos ducit per aestum et mare.

So let the smoke and mirrors fall,
Ergo sinas fumum et specula cadere,
And see the world with open eyes,
Et aspice mundum oculis patentibus,
For in the midst of it all,
Nam in medio omnium,
Lies a light that never dies.
Jacet lumen quod numquam moritur.

XXXIV

Screams From Below, Clamores de Subterraneis

My thoughts, they twist and turn and churn,
Cogitationes mei contorquentur et vertuntur,
Like a tempest raging deep within,
Tamquam procella saeva intra,
My soul, it screams and yearns and burns,
Animus meus ululat et ardet,
For a moment of peace to begin.
Ad initium momenti pacis hinc inde.

The weight of worries, doubts, and fears,
Onera sollicitudinum, dubiorum, timorum,
The echoes of past and future's fears,
Clamores praeteritorum et futurorum,
They all combine, they all cohere,
Coniunguntur omnes, cohaerent omnes,
In a symphony of chaos and tears.
In symphonia caotica et lacrimosa.

My mind, it's like a stormy sea,
Mens meus instar maris tempestuosi est,
A raging torrent, wild and free,
Torrens saevus, indomitus et liber,
And as my thoughts come crashing in,
Et ut cogitationes mei irruunt,
My soul screams out, a primal din.
Animus meus clamor primalis exprimit.

But in the midst of all this noise,
Sed in medio totius huius strepitus,
There is a light, a faintest voice,
Est lumen, vox tenuissima,
It whispers softly, " Peace, my child,
Sussurrat molliter, " Pax, infantis mi,
Just breathe and let these thoughts run wild ".
Solum inspira et cogitationes hae effugant ".

So I close my eyes, and take a breath,
Ergo oculos claudio, et inspirationem capio,
And in the silence, find some rest,
Et in silentio requiem invenio,
My soul still screams, but now it's clear,
Animus meus ululat, sed nunc clarius,
That I'm not alone, I'm always near.
Intelligo me non esse solus, semper hic.

And as I navigate this noise,
Et per hoc strepitum navigans,
I find some peace, some little joys,
Invenio pacem, gaudia parva,

For even in the loudest head,
Nam etiam in mente maxime sonora,
There's room for love, and hope, and stead.
Est locum caritati, spei et constantiae.

XXXV

Madness, Furor

Good men cannot go mad,
Viri boni insanire non possunt,
Or so it has been said,
Vel sic dictum est,
Their hearts too pure to break,
Cor eorum puritas frangere non potest,
Their minds too strong to fade.
Mens eorum robusta demetui non potest.

But I have seen the strongest men,
Sed virorum fortissimorum vidi,
Reduced to broken shells,
Ad conchas fractas redacti sunt,
Their minds consumed by darkness,
Mens eorum tenebris consumpta est,
Their souls trapped in their hells.
Animi eorum infernis inclusae sunt.

So do not think that goodness shields,
Itaque noli putare quod bonitas protegat,
Or that it makes you strong,
Vel quod te fortia faciat,
For when the mind is under siege,
Nam cum mens sub obsidione est,
Even the good can do wrong.
Etiam boni male agere possunt.

It takes more than just a pure heart,
Plus quam cor mundum requiritur,
To stand against the tide,
Ut contra mare stare possis,
To keep your sanity intact,
Ut sanitatem mentis servare,
And your spirit fortified.
Et spiritum tuum firmare.

So do not judge the mad too harshly,
Itaque ne insanos nimis iudices,
For they may have fought their best,
Nam certe certaverunt,
Against the forces that besieged them,
Contra vires quae eos obsidebant,
And left them with no rest.
Et non reliquerunt eis requiem.

And if you find your own mind screaming,
Et si mens tua clamando invenies,
And your thoughts too loud to bear,
Et cogitationes tuas ferre non potes,
Seek out the help you need to heal,
Auxilium quaerere ut curare possis,
And find your way to care.
Et viam ad solacium invenire.

XXXVI

Gone, Discessit

I once knew love so pure and true,
Quondam amorem tam purum et verum novi,
It filled my heart and soul anew.
Qui cor meum et animusm renovavit.

A flame that burned so bright and strong,
Flamma tam ardens et fortis ardebat,
I thought it could never go wrong.
Putabam numquam errare posset.

But then one day, with no warning,
Sed tunc die uno, nulla praemonitione,
My heart was torn, left in mourning.
Cor meum laceratum est, lugens relicto.

A blade, so sharp, carved it out,
Acies, tam acuta, id excidit,
Leaving me lost, alone, in doubt.
Me solum, incertam relinquens.

The pain, it seemed, would never end,
Dolor, videtur, numquam finietur,
A wound that time could never mend.
Vulnera, tempus numquam posset sanare.

My tears, they fell like raindrops pour,
Lacrimae, velut pluviae, stillabant,

As I lay shattered on the floor.
Dum ego in pavimento fracta iacebam.

But with time, I began to heal,
Sed tempore, coepi sanare,
To learn to love, to trust, to feel.
Amare, confidere, sentire discere.

And though the scar will always stay,
Et licet cicatrix semper manebit,
I found a new love on my way.
Amorem novum in via meus repperi.

So now I know that love can hurt,
Nunc scio amorem ledere posse,
But also heal, and help us assert,
Sed et sanare, et confidere nobis posse,
That even when our hearts are carved,
Etiam si corda nostra feriantur,
We can still find love, unbarred.
Amorem invenire possumus, libere.

XXXVII

Crack in the Sky, Fissura in Caelo

As I gazed up at the sky one day,
Dum coeli conspectum aspiciens eram uno die,
I noticed a crack, in the milky way,
Notavi fissuram in via lactea,
A sliver of light, shone through the seam,
Lux incisurae perlucida refulsit,
And in that moment, I felt like in a dream.
Et in illo momento, quasi in somnis eram.

I felt a pull, a cosmic force,
Traxit me vis cosmica,
Drawing me towards, this heavenly source,
Ad fontem coelestem, atque divinum,
I stepped towards the crack, without fear,
Incedens ad fissuram, sine metu,
And suddenly found myself, floating near.
Subito mihi obversavi me, pendens in aere.

I peered inside, and my heart swelled,
Intuitus introrsus, cor meum dilatavit,
As I saw heaven, in all its glory, unveiled,
Coelumque aspexi, gloria sua patente,
A world of light, of love and peace,
Lux, amor et pax, in mundo illo,
Where all suffering, had come to cease.
Ubi omnis dolor, cessaverat.

The angels sang, with voices sweet,
Angeli cantabant, dulcibus vocibus,
As I stood in awe, at this divine retreat,
Attonitus steti, in hoc sacro receptu divino,
I felt a sense, of overwhelming grace,
Sensum gratiae ingentis, percipiebam,
As if heaven had welcomed me, to this sacred place.
Ac velut coelum me admississe, in locum sacrum.

But as I watched, the crack began to close,
Sed velut clausum, videbam clausum fissuram,
And I knew that soon, I'd have to go,
Scio breve tempus meum ibi fuisse,
I felt a pang, of sadness and regret,
Tristitia et paenitentia tenuit me,
As I left behind, a world, that I'd never forget.
Quod reliqui mundum, quem numquam obliviscar.

But still I carried, within my heart,
Tamen portabam in corde meo,
The memory of heaven, that would never part,
Memoriam coeli, quae numquam discedet,
A vision of hope, that would light my way,
Visio spei, quae iter meum illustrabit,
And guide me towards, a brighter day.
Et ad diem clarum, ducet me.

XXXVIII

Figure It Out, Inveni

You hold the key to your own fate,
Tu clavem factorum tuorum in manu tenes,
Don't hesitate, don't be late.
Noli cunctari, ne tardes.

Take the reins, take control,
Manum capias, praesideas,
And let your heart be your only goal.
Et cor tuum sit unicum finis.

The road may be long, the journey tough,
Iter longum fore poterit, iter difficilis,
But you are strong, you are enough.
Sed tu fortis es, satis es.

Believe in yourself, have faith in your soul,
Tibi crede, fide animi tuae,
And let the universe play its role.
Et universum suam agere permitte.

It's all up to you, that's what they say,
Totum in tua potestate est, sic dicunt,
But don't be afraid, don't run away.
Sed ne timeas, ne fugias.

Embrace the challenge, face the fear,
Luctum amplectere, timorem tibi opponere,

And let your spirit soar and your vision clear.
Et spiritus tuus volare, visus tuus clarius evadere.

XXXIX

Masks, Persona

Wearing a mask of my own face,
Induens larvam vultus mei,
I wander through this human race,
Per hunc hominum turbam erro,
Hiding behind this false façade,
Dissimulans sub hoc fictum praetextum,
I fear revealing what's flawed.
Timeo quod manifestem quod vitiosum est.

But as I walk through life's great stage,
Sed dum per vitam huius magnum theatrum ambulo,
I ponder the gods and their sage,
Cogito deis et eorum sapientibus,
Who use us as masks to wear,
Qui nos ut larvas utuntur indutis,
To experience life and its rare.
Ut experiantur vitam et eius mirabilia.

For they see the world through our eyes,
Nam illi per oculos nostros mundum spectant,
And feel the joy and pain of our ties,
Et gaudia ac dolores nexuum nostrorum sentiunt,
So I wear this mask to be seen,
Ergo hanc larvam induo ut videar,
As more than just what's in between.
Ut plus sim quam quod interea est.

For if the gods can wear us so,
Nam si dei nos sic utuntur,
And still retain their divine glow,
Et divinam claritatem retinent,
Then perhaps I too can unmask,
Forsitan et ego possum faciem meum detegere,
And reveal what lies beneath my task.
Et revelare quod sub munere meo lateat.

So let me shed this mask I wear,
Ergo permitte mihi hanc larvam abicere,
And show the world that I do care,
Et mundo ostendere me curae esse,
For in the end, it's not the face,
Nam in fine, non vultus est,
But the heart that earns its rightful place.
Sed cor quod sibi iustum locum meretur.

XLIX

Space journey, Iter spatiale

In a shuttle's journey from Quebec's celestial shore,
In itinere navis ex litore caelesti Quebecensi,
To Zeta's realm of research, new discoveries in store.
Ad regionem Zetae investigandam, novi inveniendi in
promptu.

A species unknown, a canine in kind,
Species incognita, canis illa in natura,
With acid-spitting prowess, ancient secrets to unwind.
Cum vi linguae acidae, vetustos arcana resolvit.

Into the station, a huddle they bring,
In stationem, cuneum illud adducunt,
Curious creatures, to study and sing.
Curiosi animantes, discendi et cantandi causa.

Now I must wait in interstellar space,
Nunc oportet me manere in spatium interstellare,
Four days of solitude, an ethereal chase.
Quattuor dies solitudinis, consequi umbras aetherias.

The pay's not bad, 14,000 credits gleam,
Merces non mala, quattuordecim milia crediti micant,
But oh, how I longed for a shuttle-paid dream.
At quam optarem navem vecturam esse somnium.
Or better yet, compensation in crendons rare,
Aut praestantius, mercedem in crendones rarae,

Inquisitione scientiae, infinita atque libera.

So let us venture forth, with courage and grace,
Ergo progrediamur, cum virtute et gratia,
Explorers of the cosmos, each step we trace.
Exploratores mundorum, singula vestigia ponamus.
In the shuttle's cradle, we sail through the vast
unknown,
In cunis navis, per ignotum immensum navigamus,
Charting the path, with hearts that have grown.
Viis delineatis, corde crevisso.

XL

Cast a Hex, Carmen Iaceo

In shadows deep, a hex I cast,
In umbris profundis, incantationem fundo,
Before the mirror, truths amassed.
Ante speculum, veritates coacervo.
Eyes locked, gazing through the guise,
Oculi iuncti, per indutias intueor,
Unveiling secrets, no more lies.
Arcanum detego, mendaciaque non sunt.

Whispers hushed, but words remain,
Susurri siluerunt, verba tamen manent,
Inscribed upon a soul's dark vein.
Inscripta in venam tenebrosam animi.
No solace found, no aid in sight,
Nulla solatia inveniuntur, nulla auxilia in conspectu,
Embrace the hex, day and night.
Hexam complectere, die ac nocte.

For words possess a mystic might,
Nam verba habent vim mysticam,
They wield the power to shape our plight.
Vires possident ad nostrum casum formandum.
In introspection's depth, take heed,
In profunditate introspectionis, animadvertite,
The truth revealed, to self concede.
Veritas patefacta, sibi cede.

In haunting whispers, curses untold,
In susurris obscuris, maledictiones absconditae,
Within the mirror, secrets unfold.
Intra speculum, secreta panduntur.
Each breath a tether, bound to the spell,
Unumquodque spiramen nexum est sortis,
The weight of truth, an eternal dwell.
Oneris veritatis, habitaculum aeternum.

No rescue near, no saviors in sight,
Nullus auxilium prope est, nulla salus in conspectu,
Embrace the hex, through day and night.
Hexam complectere, per diem ac noctem.
For words unleashed hold wondrous might,
Nam verba evoluta tenent mirabilem potestatem,
They shape our world, both dark and light.
Formant mundum nostrum, tenebras et lucem.

Yet, in this hex, a chance resides,
Tamen, in hoc hexam, spes residet,
To face the mirror's daunting tides.
Adversus fluctus speculi audaci resistere.
To conquer fears and find the way,
Metus superare et viam invenire,
Embrace the truth, let falsehoods sway.
Veritatem amplectere, errorem fluctuantem.

Through introspection's winding path,
Per tortuosum introspectionis iter,
We break the chains of self-made wrath.

Rumpimus vincula irae quam nobis imposuimus.

From shattered glass, emerges the new,

Eruetur ex vitris confractis novum,

With words as guide, we'll find what's true.

Verbis ducentibus inveniemus quid verum est.

XLI

Micro Dino

In a jungle zoo, a wondrous sight,
In horto iunglino, conspectus mirus,
Micro dinos roam, bringing delight.
Micro dinos vagantur, delicias afferentes.
A world unseen, vibrant and small,
Mundus invisus, vivax et parvus,
Where kids can play, exploring all.
Ubi pueri ludent, omnia explorantes.

Tiny creatures with scales and fins,
Creaturae exiguae squamis et pinnis,
A miniature world, where adventure begins.
Mundus miniature, ubi adventura incipit.

They scuttle and flutter, in colors so bright,
Circumferuntur et volitant, coloribus tam splendidis,
Igniting imaginations, pure and light.
Imaginationes accendentes, purae et lucidae.

Through dense foliage, a magical domain,
Per densam frondem, regnum magiceum,
A place where innocence and wonder remain.
Locus ubi innocentia et admiratio permanet.

Children's laughter fills the air,
Risus puerorum auras implet,
As they witness wonders beyond compare.
Dum mirabilia aspiciunt incomparabilia.

Gentle giants, towering trees,
Gigantes mitissimi, arbores elatantes,
Whisper secrets carried by the breeze.
Susurri arcani a vento vehuntur.

The micro dinos, guardians of this place,
Micro dinos, custodes huius loci,
Creating joy and smiles on every face.
Gaudium et risus in vultibus omnium creantes.

With curious eyes, the children explore,
Oculis curiosis, pueri explorant,
In this micro jungle, they yearn for more.
In hoc micro horto, plus desiderant.

Discovering treasures hidden from view,
Thesaurus abditos expectantes,
In this mystical realm, dreams come true.
In hoc mystico regno, somnia vera fiunt.

In the jungle zoo, where wonders abound,
In horto iunglino, ubi miracula abundat,
A sanctuary where joy knows no bounds.
Refugium ubi gaudium terminos non habet.

A haven for play and innocent fun,
Asylum lusui et innocentis ioci,
Where micro dinos dance under the sun.
Ubi micro dinos sub sole saltant.

So let us journey to this magical land,
Eamus igitur ad hunc terram magicam,
Hand in hand, a wondrous band.
Manu in manu, cum gaudio mirabili.

In the jungle zoo, let imaginations soar,
In horto iunglino, imaginatio volat,
Where micro dinos forever explore.
Ubi micro dinos semper explorant.

XLII

Harmony, Concordia

In solitude, a man found solace rare,
In solitudine, vir solacium rarus invenit,
By a mighty tree, he sought to share.
Apud arborem potentem, participare quaesivit.

He stood in awe, his heart at ease,
Mirans stetit, cor eius tranquillum,
As he sensed the ancient, timeless breeze.
Sensit aurae antiquae, aeternae.

With reverence deep, he approached the tree,
Cum reverentia profunda, ad arborem accessit,
Whispering softly, with humility.
Leniter susurrans, cum humilitate.

In tree culture's realm, he sought to blend,
In regno culturae arborum, coniungi quaesivit,
Harmonizing souls, a connection to transcend.
Animus concordare, conexio transcendere.

"O noble tree, embodiment of grace,
"O nobilis arbor, gratiae effigies,
May I join your dance, in this sacred space?
Licetne mihi tuum saltum, in hoc loco sacro?

Grant me the privilege, I humbly implore,
Concede mihi privilegium, humiliter precor,

To feel your energy, to be part of your lore."
Sentire vim tuam, esse partem tuae historiae."

The tree, in whispers only nature hears,
Arbor, susurrans quod solus natura audit,
Embraced the man, dispelling all his fears.
Virum complexa est, omnes timores dissipans.

Their spirits intertwined, in perfect accord,
Spiritus eorum intertexerunt, perfecte consentientes,
A union forged, by nature's gentle chord.
Unio confecta, per suavem chordam naturae.

Embracing harmony, the man then sought,
Harmoniam amplexens, vir quaesivit deinde,
An orchard's embrace, a symphony of thought.
Complexum pomarium, symphonia cogitationis.

With manners true and politeness graced,
Cum veris moribus et gratia decoratus,
He approached the owner, intentions encased.
Adiit dominum, intentiones inclusas.

"Dear orchard keeper, guardian of this land,
"Carissime custos pomarii, qui terrae huius vigiles,
May I be granted a moment so grand?
Nobisne concedi potest grandis momentum?
To harmonize with your trees so fair,
Ut cum arboribus tuis pulchris concordem,

To feel their life force, their essence share."
Sentire vim vitalem earum, essentiam communicem."

With a gentle smile, the owner agreed,
Cum risu leni, dominus annuit,
For they sensed the man's reverence indeed.
Nam viri reverentiam vere senserunt.

Amidst the orchard's bloom, the man did stand,
Inter florescentiam pomarii, vir stabat,
Inquiring softly, each tree by his hand.
Mitis quaestione, unamquamque arborem tangens.

"O fruitful beings, guardians of this place,
"O entitates fecundae, custodes huius loci,
May I partake in your vibrant embrace?
Participarene possum in vestro complexu vibrante?

Allow me to feel the energy you bear,
Permitties mihi sentire vim quam fertis,
In this dance of life, a moment to share."
In hac saltatione vitae, momenta communicare."

In harmony's embrace, the man and trees,
In complexu harmoniae, vir et arbores,
A symphony woven through the gentle breeze.
Symphonia per suavem auram texebant.

Nature's chorus sang, a celestial blend,
Chorus naturae cecinit, miscela caelestis,

As the man and the orchard, in unity, transcend.
Ut vir et pomarium, in unitate transcendebant.

For in the quiet connection, so serene,
Nam in connectione quieta, tam serena,
The man found a kinship, profound and keen.
Vir consociavit affinitatem, profundam acuta.

With grace and respect, he learned the art,
Cum gratia et observantia, discere potuit,
Of harmonizing with nature's beating heart.
Artem harmonizandi cum corde pulsante naturae.

XLIII

Psychics, Psychici

In realms unseen, where mystic wonders dwell,
In tenebris regna, ubi mirabilia latent,
Reside the gifted ones, who stories tell.
Incolunt donati, qui fabulas narrant.

Psychics and mediums, seekers of truth,
Psychici et mediatores, veritatis quaerentes,
Attuned to whispers and the essence of youth.
Ad susurros et iuventutis essentiam acuunt.

They walk among us, keenly observant,
Inter nos ambulant, acuti observatores,
Absorbing details, both subtle and vibrant.
Deliciis, tam subtilibus quam vivis, imbuuntur.

Their eyes, like mirrors, reflect the soul,
Oculi eorum, ut specula, animam reflectunt,
As they navigate the mysteries, seeking to console.
Dum mysteria perlustrant, solacia quaerunt.

For they pay attention to each passing glance,
Nam vigilantes notis sese applicant,
To the unspoken words and the subtle dance.
Verbis innatis et saltibus subtilibus.

With empathy and insight, they delve deep,
Cum empathia et intelligentia, penetrandum est altius,
Into the realms of thoughts, secrets to keep.
In cogitationum fines, secreta servanda.

But caution prevails, for in their midst,
Sed caveant, nam in eorum medio,
Reside those who can read minds, a mystic twist.
Incolunt qui mentes legere possunt, mirabilis flexus.

With guarded thoughts and shielded hearts,
Cum cogitationes cautae et corda munita,
One must be wary, as their paths may cross.
Cavendum est, cum semitae intersecantur.

Keep your guard up, protect your inner core,
Custodi cautes, protege nucleum tuum internum,
For not all intentions are pure and sure.
Nam non omnes intentiones sunt purae et certae.

While some may seek to heal and guide,
Dum alii mederi et ducere cupiunt,
Others may exploit, their motives they hide.
Alii expetunt, motus suos occultant.

So heed the warnings, yet do not despair,
Ergo monitiones adverte, neque desperes,
For the gifted ones, with love they share.
Nam donati, cum amore partis suae.

They offer solace, guidance, and light,
Solacia, ducem, et lucem offerunt,
Helping seekers navigate the darkest night.
Auxilium quaerentibus, per umbras noctis ambulant.

Psychics and mediums, souls attuned,
Psychici et mediatores, animi concordantes,
Their presence a reminder, not to be consumed.
Praesentia eorum admonet, ne absorbeare.

Pay attention to your surroundings too,
Etiam circumstantiam tuam adverte,
For the world holds secrets, both old and new.
Mundus arcanis detinet, antiquis et novis.

In this dance of energies, tread with care,
In hoc saltu virium, cura gradere,
Embrace the magic, but be aware.
Magiam amplectere, sed esto cautus.

For psychics and mediums, guardians of the unseen,
Nam psychici et mediatores, custodes invisibilium,
Guide us through the mysteries, where truths convene.
Per mysteria nos ducunt, ubi veritates conveniunt.

LXIV

Colour

Dear reader, let me weave a verse,
Caro lector, concede mihi versum texere,
About my favorite color, I do converse.
De colore meo praesertim, haec loquor.

Has it always held the same delight,
Num semper eadem voluptas inest,
Since my youth, or with time, taken flight?
Ex aetate meus, an exiluit tempore?

In childhood's realm, a limited array,
In pueritiae domo, parca diversitas,
Colors vibrant, yet a narrower display.
Colores vividis, at angustior paritas.

But as I grew, my eyes opened wide,
At dum crevi, oculi patescunt mihi,
To new hues and shades, on life's vibrant tide.
Ad novas umbras et tonos, vitae impetu vividi.

A kaleidoscope of colors, a vast array,
Caleidoscopium colorum, numerosum spectaculum,
Unveiled before me, in each passing day.
Obversatum mihi, in omni die perstrepente.

Yet amidst the palette, one shade stood,
Inter palettem, unum fulgebat,

Captivating my senses, as if it should.
Sensus meos capiens, uti decuit.

A hue that ruled my vision's domain,
Hue qui visionem meum imperavit,
Eclipsing others, as if to maintain,
Alios eclipsat, ut retineat,
Its reign over my perception's embrace,
Suam dominationem, inceptum percipiens,
A color that held my heart's own space.
Colorem qui cor meum occupavit.

Did I cast away the old, for the new,
Num vetera abieci, pro novis,
Or cling to childhood's notion, steadfast and true?
An adhaesi notioni puerilibus, firmus et fidelis?

In truth, it's a dance, a blending of both,
Re vera, est saltus, commixtio utriusque,
Honoring the past, while embracing growth.
Honorem praesenti tribuens, cum crescendo.

For colors evoke memories, emotions untold,
Nam colores evocant memoriae, emotiones inenarrabiles,

A tapestry of experiences, vibrant and bold.
Tapetum experientiarum, vividum et audax.

Yet, in each moment, my favorite hue,
At in omni momento, color meus favoritus,

Reflects my spirit, both old and anew.
Animum meum exprimit, tam antiquum quam novum.

So, dear reader, what of your chosen shade?
Quid ergo, caro lector, de colore tuo electo?
Has it remained, or did it fade?
Manetne aut evanuit?

Embrace the journey, the colors that unfold,
Curre in via, colores quos reserant,
For within them, stories are beautifully told.
Nam intra illos, pulchre fabulae conduntur.

XLXV

Picnic Panic, Picnicus Terror

Once, on a sunny day, a picnic was planned,
Olim, die sub sole, pic-nicum paratum est,
With a spread of delights, all carefully manned.
Cum deliciis constipatum, omnia sollicite gestum.

But little did we know, a mischievous crew,
Sed parum sciebamus, canis fures pravuli,
Ants, the tiny thieves, had a craving too.
Formicarum caterva, appetitum habebant et ipsi.

As we unpacked the basket, eager with glee,
Cum hamos e corbis exponeremus, alacriter laeti,
The ants swarmed in, a culinary spree.
Formicae irruebant, voraciter laeti.

They whisked away the jam, a sweet delight,
Confituram abstulerunt, suavem delicias,
Leaving us astonished, in a comical plight.
Nos mirantes, in ridiculum discrimen versas.

Undeterred, we gathered our wits anew,
Haec non dissuasit, novis animis redintegratis,
Resilient in spirit, we knew what to do.
Animis firmis, quid agendum scimus.

But as fate would have it, a bear wandered near,
Sed ut casus voluit, ursus incedebat,

And snatched our honey, spreading some fear.
Et mel nostrum raptum est, metum afferens ingens.

With haste, we fled, with pate on our bread,
Fugam initavimus, cum pasta super panem,
Running through meadows, hearts filled with dread.
Per prata currimus, cordibus metu plenis.

The bear gave chase, as we sought refuge deep,
Ursus nos persequitur, dum latebras quaerimus,
Enjoying our lunch on the move, a memory to keep.
Cibum gustantes in cursu, memoria perpetua.

We raced through the wilderness, bread in our hands,
Per silvas decurrimus, manibus panem tenentes,
The bear's mighty presence, like shifting sands.
Ursi praesentia, ut arenas fluitantes.

And just when we thought we had found some respite,
Et, dum requiem iam captam arbitraremur,
An elk appeared, with an appetite.
Apparuit alces, esuriens fervide.

The elk swiftly devoured our precious bread,
Panem nostrum celerrime devoravit alces,
Leaving us stunned, our picnic plans misled.
Nos in stupore derelictos, pic-nicum irritatos.

But laughter filled the air, as we stood in awe,
Sed risus aerem implevit, dum statimus admirati,

At the unexpected twists nature did draw.
Momenta inopinata, natura scripsit.

For in that wild adventure, we found delight,
Nam in illa sylvestri aventura, delectationem
invenimus,
In the unexpected moments, under nature's light.
In momentis inopinatis, sub luce naturae.

Though our food was stolen, memories were gained,
Etsi cibus nostris furatus est, memoriae sunt natae,
A picnic tale to tell, forever ingrained.
Narratio pic-nici, in aeternum fixa.

So let us cherish the moments that unfold,
Ergo excolamus momentum quae patescunt,
Even when plans go astray, and stories are bold.
Etsi consilia aberrant, et fabulae sunt audaces.

For in the midst of chaos, joy can still rise,
Nam in medio tumultu, gaudium surgere potest,
Creating cherished memories under open skies.
Et memoriae carae sub caelo aperto creari.

XLVI

Paranoid

In a realm where shadows cast their fears,
In reum ubi umbrae metus suos exprimunt,
Paranoid souls navigate with sharpened spears.
Anxiae animae cum hastis curvant.

They see the world through lenses keen,
Mundum per perspicaces lentes vident,
Edges sharp, where dangers may convene.
Acies acuta, ubi pericula conveniunt.

With heightened senses, they perceive the signs,
Cum sensibus exaltatis, signa percipiunt,
A subtle shift, a warning that defines.
Leve nutans, praesagium quod definit.

In every corner, every twist and turn,
In omni angulo, in omni curva et vertice,
They see the potential for harm to churn.
Potentialia mala volutantur.

Paranoia, a double-edged sword,
Paranoia, gladius biceps,
A perception that's both revered and ignored.
Perceptio quae et colitur et ignoratur.

For while some dismiss with skeptical eyes,
Nam dum quidam oculis scepticis respuunt,

Others find solace in their vigilance, wise.
Alii in eius vigilantia consolationem sapientem
inveniunt.

A paranoid friend, a guardian near,
Amicus anxius, tutor propinquus,
Their thoughts may seem irrational, unclear.
Cogitationes eorum irrationales, obscurae videntur.

But behind their caution, a purpose profound,
Sed post suam cautelam, finis profundus,
To safeguard those they cherish, all around.
Ut protegant eos quos diligunt, undique.

They analyze the world with intricate care,
Mundum percurant diligentissima cura,
Mapping out dangers, laying them bare.
Pericula enarrant, nuda exponunt.

Their minds, a fortress, protecting from strife,
Mentes eorum, arcem construunt,
Considering every possibility, to preserve life.
Omnes possibilitates considerantes, vitam servandi.

Paranoia doesn't guarantee they're right,
Paranoia non garante veritatem,
But it highlights the shadows hidden from sight.
Sed tenebras, quae celatae ab aspectu sunt,
demonstrat.

For in their hyperawareness, they may find,
Nam in hyperacuitate sua, invenire possunt,
A path of safety, leaving no room for blind.
Iter salutis, nullum spatium relinquens ad caecitatem.

So let us not dismiss their watchful gaze,
Ergo ne respiciamus despectum eorum vigilem intuitum,
Their minds attuned to life's intricate maze.
Mentes eorum vitae intricatae accommodatas.

For in their caution, lies a love so true,
Nam in cautela eorum, amor ita verus latet,
A desire to shield, to keep harm at bay.
Cupido ut protegat, ne malum possideat.

Paranoid souls, both blessed and cursed,
Anxiae animae, benedictae et maledictae,
Navigating a world where dangers thirst.
Pericula sitientis mundo navigantes.

Embrace their presence, their vigilance hold,
Prresentiam eorum amplectamur, vigilantiam teneamus,
For they see beyond, where perils unfold.
Nam ultra videre possunt, ubi pericula explicuntur.

In their company, a sense of ease,
In eorum consortium, tranquillitas inesse,
Knowing they consider every angle, seize.
Cognitos omnes angulos, rapiunt.

Paranoia, a tool they wield with care,
Paranoia, telum cura tractatum,
To keep us from harm's grasp, their love to share.
Ut a periculis nos custodiant, amorem suum
communicent.

XLVII

Mean What You Meant, Significa quod significare
vis.

Choose your words with utmost care,
Elige verba tua summa cura,
For they build a bridge that we must bear.
Nam pontem aedificant quem sustinere debemus.

Across this bridge, meaning must flow,
Trans pontem hunc, sensus fluere debet,
But with the wrong words, confusion may grow.
Sed verba erronea confusio crescit.

Be mindful of the words you choose,
Intende verba quae eligis,
For they can inspire or leave us bruised.
Nam inspirare possunt aut nos laedere.

Speak with clarity and purpose true,
Clare et sincero loquere,
Let your words convey the meaning through.
Verba tua sensum perferant.

For understanding lies in the choice of words,
Nam intelligentia in verborum electione latet,
In the right order, like songs of birds.
In recto ordine, ut canti avium.

To the right people, let your message be sent,
Rectis personis mittere tuum nuntium permittas,
So they may grasp the truth you've meant.
Ut veritatem quam voluisti comprehendant.

Words have the power to heal or harm,
Verba vires habent ut sanent aut noceant,
To ignite passion or cause alarm.
Ut passionem incendant aut metum creent.

So wield them wisely, with intention clear,
Igitur id sapienter gerito, intentione clara,
Let your words bring enlightenment near.
Verba tua ad lucem afferant.

In this vast sea of thoughts and ideas,
In vasto hoc maris cogitationum et idearum,
Let your words be like beacons, shining through.
Verba tua sint quasi lucerna fulgida.

Illuminate minds with your chosen speech,
Mentes tua elucida oratione electa,
And build bridges of understanding, within reach.
Et pontes intelligentiae erige, ad manum.

For when the right words find their way,
Nam cum verba recta viam invenient,
Meaning resonates, no words astray.
Sensus resonat, nulla verba errant.

In the harmony of language, connections thrive,
In harmonia linguae, connexiones exsultant,
As understanding blossoms, alive.
Et intelligentia vivida florescit.

So pick your words with wisdom's grace,
Sic eligas verba tua cum sapientiae gratia,
Crafting a bridge to embrace.
Pontem amplectere componens.

May your words convey truth and light,
Verba tua veritatem et lucem enuntient,
Guiding hearts through the darkest night.
Per noctem obscuram corda dirigentes.

XLVIII

Overlapping ,Concurrere

In English's realm, a wondrous weave,
In angustiis Angliae, textus mirabilis,
Where words in dance, their meanings cleave.
Ubi verba saltant, significationes cleavant.
With overlapping hues, they oft entwine,
Cum tonis intersecatos, saepe consociantur,
A tapestry of language, so divine.
Tapestryam linguae, ita divinam.

"You're mean to me," a simple plea,
"Crudelis es erga me," obsecratio simplicis,
To share one's hurt, so honestly.
Vulnera propria, tam sincera.
Yet "mean" can shift, in different light,
At "crudelis" mutare potest, in diversa luce,
To "average" or "unkind" in its flight.
In "mediocris" vel "iniquus" volatu suo.

And when we say, "his meaning is off,"
Et cum diximus, "sensus eius aberrat,"
We question thoughts, a subtle scoff.
Cogitationes quaerimus, levis derisio.

For "meaning" waltzes, with double grace,
Nam "sensus" saltat, gemina gratia,
Both "intent" and "interpretation" embrace.
Intentio et interpretatio amplexantur.

In playful words, ambiguity's art,
In ludicris verbis, ars ambiguitatis,
A canvas painted, a verbal cart.
Tabula picta, currus verbales.
With shades of meaning, ever merging,
Cum umbrosis significacionibus, semper confluentibus,
A linguistic dance, endlessly surging.
Saltus lingualis, indefessus surgit.

"Love" and "like" in affection's role,
"Amor" et "dilectio" in officio affectus,
As flames of passion or friendship's stroll.
Ut flammae ardoris aut ambulatio amicitiae.
"Run" and "race" may tread the same ground,
"Curro" et "certo" terram conterunt,
Yet speed and contest, they both surround.
Celeritas et certamen eis circumdant.

"Sound" the bell or "sound" asleep,
"Sonitus" campanam aut "sonitus" sopitus,
With varied meaning, the mind does sweep.
Variata significatio, mens fudit.
"Bank" by the river or financial might,
"Ripa" iuxta flumen aut potentia pecuniae,
Two meanings diverge, yet intertwine tight.
Significationes divergent, sed arcte interseunt.

In language's garden, rich and vast,
In horto linguarum, dives et amplus,

Overlapping blooms, a linguistic blast.
Flos superponens, blastema linguae.
Meanings intermingle, like rivers' flow,
Significationes miscenduntur, ut fluxus fluminum,
A captivating dance, a constant show.
Saltus captivans, spectaculum perpetuum.

So, marvel at words, their endless sway,
Ergo, admirare verba, fluctus inacuti,
In English's realm, where meanings play.
In angustiis Angliae, ubi significationes ludunt.
Embrace the nuances, their subtle art,
Dona subtilitatem, subtilitatem artem,
In this symphony of language, play your part.
In hac symphonia linguarum, tua parte lude.

XLIX

Fake Sweetness, Falsa Dulcedo

In nature's bounty, sweet treasures unfold,
In naturae copia, thesauros dulces reserantur,
Within the fruits, a story untold.

In fructibus, fabula celata est.
For in their essence, sugars reside,
Nam in eorum essentia, sacchari residet,
Nourishing us, as the seasons glide.
Nos nutriendo, dum tempora labuntur.

From orchard's embrace to vineyard's grace,
Ab horti amplexu ad vitis decus,
Nature's sugars offer a delicate taste.
Naturae sacchari gustum delicatum offerunt.
Each berry, each citrus, a sweet delight,
Quisque baca, quaeque citrina, dulcedine iucundat,
A symphony of flavors, pure and bright.
Symphonia saporum, pura et clara.

But in this age of artificial sweet,
Sed hoc aetate de fictitiis dulcibus,
Drinks are laden with substitutes, a deceit.
Potus pleni sunt substitutis, fallacia.
Sweeteners abound, but where are the sugars ?
Edulcorantes abundat, sed ubi sunt sacchari ?
A question asked, as taste buds figure.
Quaestio fit, dum papillae gustativae experitur.

Yet, let us not dismiss the humble truth,
Attamen, nonne neglegamus humile verum,
Sugar's effects on health, from tooth to tooth.
Saccharorum effectus in sanitate, a dente ad dentem?

Rotting enamel, a dental concern,
Corrodens enamel, sollicitudo dentaria,
But diabetes' grip, it may not earn.
At diabetes eius captum non meretur.

For sugar, when consumed in moderation,
Nam saccharum, cum moderatione sumptum,
Can be part of a balanced sensation.

Partem sensus aequi facere potest.
Nature's gift, in fruits so divine,
Naturae donum, in fructibus tam divinis,
Offers sweetness, with health in line.
Dulcedinem offert, sanitate consonantem.

So let us savor the fruits of the earth,
Ergo fructus terrae delectationi dabimus,
Recognize their worth, their intrinsic worth.
Dignitatem, intrinsecam dignitatem agnoscemus.
As we sip on drinks, let us choose with care,
Potus sumentes, solliciti eligemus,
Seeking natural sugars, a flavor rare.
Saccharos naturales quaerentes, saporem rarem.

In nature's symphony, let us partake,
In symphonia naturae, participemus,
Embracing the sweetness that fruits make.

Dulcedinem, quam fructus efficiunt, amplectamur.

For in their sugars, a balance is found,
Nam in saccharis eorum, aequilibrium invenitur,

Nourishing our bodies, all year round.

Corpore nostro nutriendo, per totum annum.

I

You and I, Tu et Ego

I saw her walking down the street,
Vidi eam per plateam ambulantem,
She looked so lovely and petite.
Tam amabilem et exigui corporis.

I wanted to say hello to her,
Salutare ei vellem,
But he was too shy, I must infer.
Sed timide fui, fateor.

They told me to take a chance,
Monuerunt me occasionem arripere,
That we could have a special romance.
Quod inter nos amor nasceretur.

But I didn't know what to do,
Sed nesciebam quid agerem,
And so I said goodbye to you.
Et sic vale dixi tibi.

We were so close, yet so far,
Tam prope eramus, tam longe,

It seemed we could never reach that star.
Videbatur quasi numquam illam stellam attingeremus.

But then she reached out her hand,

Sed tunc illa manum porrexit,
And we walked together, hand in hand.
Et ambulavimus manus in manu.

Now we are together, you and I,
Nunc simul sumus, tu et ego,
And we will never say goodbye.
Nunquam dicemus vale.

For we know that love is true,
Nam verus amor inter nos est,
And it's all because of me and you.
Et hoc fit ob te et me.

LI

Futile Searching, Frustra Quaerens

A mad man roams the streets at dawn,
Errabat per vias homo insanus mane diluculo,
With torch in hand, he marches on,
Facibus in manu, incessabat obuius,
In search of God, or so he claims,
Deum quaerebat, ut asserit,
With fervent zeal, he calls out His name.
Nomen eius intente clamans ore fervido.

He scans the sky, he searches the land,
Caelum perlustrat, terram explorat,
For any sign of the divine's hand,
Signa quaerit divinae maiestatis,
He scours the fields, he climbs the trees,
Campis ferebantur, arboribus ascendit,
His restless heart, it never frees.
Nunquam sinit cor eius inquietum esse.

He asks the birds, he asks the breeze,
Avibus interrogat, vento obsecrat,
He pleads with flowers, and with the trees,
Flores atque arbores precibus afficit,

He looks for answers in the sun,
Sole oraculum petit,
And in the shadows, he finds none.
Sed in umbra nulla reperit.

But still he searches, day by day,
Verum tamen diem noctemque quaerit,
With unwavering faith, he finds his way,
Fide haud fluctuante itinerem tendit,
For in his heart, he feels the call,
Corde semper vocem divinam audit,
To find the truth, no matter how small.
Ut inveniatur veritatem, quantumcumque sit parvam.

And though the world may think him mad,
Mundus insanum putet,
He walks his path, with heart so glad,
At ille gaudet in itinere,
For in his search, he finds the light,
In lumine veritatis experitur solacium,
And in his quest, he finds the might.
Et in vestigio virtutis colligit fortitudinem.

So let him roam, with torch in hand,
Ergo, sinite eum vagari cum facibus,
For in his heart, he'll always stand,
Nam semper corde firmo stabit,

A seeker of the divine's grace,
Sagax aeternae gratiae cultor,
A mad man on a sacred chase.
Homo insanus sacro cursu persequendo.

LII

Death's Friend, Mortis Amicus

Death, the Grim Reaper, comes for us all,
Mors, funebris vindex, venit ad omnes,
With his cloak and scythe, so dark and tall.
Amictus pallio, falce, altus et tristis.
But before he takes us to the other side,
Sed antequam nos ducat ad latus alterum,
A crow lands on his shoulder, ready to provide.
Cornix sursum descendit, parata ad officium.

With a flick of his hand, Death plucks a feather,
Fuscinula manu eius vibrante, Mors arripit pennam,
To use as a pen to sign for our tether.
Ad nostrum nexum conscribendum, non restat spernam.
We may resist, but it's all in vain,
Potest resistere quis, sed omne est frustra,
For Death comes for us, with no refrain.
Mors venit, invitus, sine mora.

The feather quill, so black and sleek,
Calamus pennae, niger et nitidus,

Inked with our fate, our future so bleak.
Fortunam scribit, futurum obscurum et obsidus.
But Death is not cruel, nor is he kind,
Sed Mors non crudelis, non est benignus,
He simply exists, a force of the divine.
Solum existit, divinae vis mundus.

So when the crow lands and Death comes near,
Itaque cum descendit cornix et venit Mors,
Do not fear, do not shed a tear.
Ne timeas, ne lacrimis afflueris dors.
For it is only our mortal coil that we shed,
Nam solum exuimus nostrum mortalitatem,
And Death, with his feather quill, signs us dead.
Et Mors, calamo pennae, nos mortuos facit.

LIII

Minotaur, Minotaurus

In the dark and twisting maze of stone,
In tenebrosis lapis labyrinthi torquosis,
Where paths twist and turn and are overgrown,
Ubi viae torquentur et densentur,
Lurks a creature fierce and wild,
Latet fera et saeva creatura,
A minotaur, both beast and child.
Minotaurus, et bestia et puer.

Its eyes gleam with a primal rage,
Oculi eius flammant furore primitivo,
As it roams the labyrinth's winding cage,
Dum per labyrinthum vagatur sinuosum,
Sniffing the air for any trace
Olfacit auras, ut inveniatur,
Of those who dare to enter this place.
Eos qui ausi sunt locum intrare.

With each step, the creature grows more bold,
Passuquo increpito, creatura audacior fit,
As if it senses intruders in its stronghold,
Tamquam intromissores suos sentiat,
Its breath, a low, menacing growl,
Aurem praebebant murmure minaci,
Echoes through the corridors, dark and foul.
Quae per tenebrosos angulos resonant odore pestifero.

Yet deep within its twisted mind,
Sed intra mentem eius tortuosam,
Lies a flicker of memory, hard to find,
Scintilla memoriae, vix est perscrutanda,
Of a time when it was not a beast,
De tempore, quo non erat bestia,
But a creature who lived among the feast.
Sed creatura convivium inter homines habuit.

So it roams the labyrinth's endless halls,
Sic per labyrinthi inanes ambulat porticus,
Its horns a symbol of its savage call,
Cornua eius saevitiae symbolum,
Hoping one day to find the key,
Sperans unum diem invenire clavem,
That unlocks the path to its humanity.
Quae portam aperiat ad suam humanitatem.

Until then, it waits in the shadows deep,
Donec illud tempus adveniat, in tenebris latebit,
A creature fierce and wild, who never sleeps,
Fera et saeva creatura, quae numquam dormit,
A minotaur lost in its own maze,
Minotaurus, errans per labyrinthum suum,
Roaming the labyrinth in a dark and endless daze.
In tenebroso et infinito aestuans.

LIV

Creation, Creare

A cultural imperative, so they say,
Culturalis necessitas, sic dicunt,
To create something new each day.
Quotidie aliquid novum creare convenit.
To bring forth art from heart and mind,
Corde et mente artem producere,
And share it with all of humankind.
Et eam cum humana gente communicare.

From music to literature to visual art,
A musica usque ad litteras et artem visualement,
We're called to create, to make our mark.
Vocamur ad creandum, ad signandum nostrum nomen.
To leave a legacy that shall survive,
Legatum relinquere quod permanebit,
And keep our memories and stories alive.
Et nostras memorias et fabulas servabit.

It's not just for ourselves that we create,
Non solum nobis ipsis creare oportet,
But for those who will come after, who await,
Sed eis qui post nos venient, qui expectant,

The chance to see the world through our eyes,
Ut mundum per oculos nostras videant,
And feel the passion and the surprise.
Et passionem ac mirabilem sentiant.

So let us take up this cultural decree,
Ergo hanc culturalem iussionem suscipiamus,
And let our creativity roam free.
Et creativitatem nostram libere effundamus.

For in our works, we'll leave a part,
Nam in operibus nostris partem relinquemus,
Of who we are and what's in our heart.
De nobis ipsis et de corde nostro loquemur.

LV

Loud Mentality, Mentis Fortis

Voices screaming, echoes bouncing,
Voces clamantes, echos resonantes,
In the chamber of my mind,
Intra mensis mei choro,
Thoughts colliding, words rebounding,
Cogitationes collidantes, verba reflectentes,
Deafening me from inside,
Aures sauciant in meo foro,

A chorus of chaos, a symphony of sound,
Chorus chaos, symphonia sonorum,
My head is a noisy place,
Caput meum locus strepitans,
The voices never seem to drown,
Voces numquam inundant morum,
A constant, endless race.
Continuum cursu insurgens.

A cacophony of laughter and tears,
Risus et lacrimae crepitus,
In the labyrinth of my thoughts,
In labyrintho mentis mei,

The whispers never disappear,
Susurri non cessant disperditus,
A tumultuous, endless onslaught,
Turbulentus continuitas totiusquecae,

The noise in my head is a beast,
Bellum sonituum in capite meo,
It never seems to rest,
Numquam quietum esse videtur,
The silence is what I crave the least,
Quietus desiderat meus oreo,
But it's the peace I need the best,
Sed tace et pax est, quod opto prior,

So I try to still the storm,
Aestumantem tempestatis tempto,
And quiet the raging sound,
Et strepitus sereno silentio,
I seek for a place to transform,
Locum quern sit tibi tranquillum,
And rest on a tranquil ground,
Quo curas ponam in praeclaro otio,

Though it's hard to find the peace,
Sed difficile quietem invenire est,
In the midst of the noisy shout,
In medio strepitu ac clamore,

I know that the quiet is the release,
Pax tamen est, quaeque lassum test,
And the calmness is what it's all about.
Aestum et pacem, quod exopto ut honore.

LVI

For the King, Pro Rege

With hat and coat, I stand on deck,
Cum pileo et pallio, sto in puppi,
A British naval officer, proud and erect,
Praefectus navalis Britannicus, superbus ac erectus.
The Caribbean sun beats down on me,
Sole Caribbeo ferio,
As far as the eye can see, nothing but sea.
Quantum oculus aspicit, nihil nisi mare.

My ship is my home, my crew my family,
Navis meus domus est, nautae familia meus,
Together we roam, the ocean so vast and free.
Coniunctim vagamur, vastum et liberum mare.
Pirates beware, for we are coming for you,
Piratae caveant, nam venimus ad vos,
With cannons and swords, our duty we pursue.
Cum tormentis et gladiis, officium nostrum agimus.

We protect our nation's interests in these waters,
Nationis nostrae interessa in his aquis defendimus,
Defending trade routes from corsairs and marauders.
Rutas commercii a piratis et praedonibus defendentes.
The call of duty is what brought us here,
Vocatio officii nos huc adduxit,
The sea is our foe, yet we have no fear.

Mare inimicus noster est, sed nullum timemus.

The heat and sweat, the storms and waves
Calor sudor, tempestates fluctusque,
All part of the life that a sailor craves,
Omnia pars vitae est quam nauta appetit.
I've seen the horrors of battle and war.
Horrores pugnae et belli vidi,
But still, I fight on, I shall not abhor.
Sed adhuc pugno, non abhorreo.

For I am a servant of the Crown,
Sum servus coronae,
My loyalty and duty cannot be drowned.
Fidelitas et officium meum nec opprimi possunt.

My ship, my crew, my country, my honor,
Navis meus, nautae mei, patria meus, honos meus,
All worth fighting for, until death, I shall harbor.
Omnes pugnandi digni, donec mors me sepeliat.

LVII

Open Sea, Apertum Mare

I am a pirate of the sea,
Sum pirata maris,
A life of freedom, wild and free.
Vita libertatis, ferus et liber.
My ship is strong, my crew is bold,
Navis meus fortis est, socii mei audaces sunt,
We sail through waters, fierce and cold.
Per aequora ferocia et frigora navigamus.

We plunder ships with skill and might,
Navis diripimus arte et virtute,
Our treasure chests fill up each night.
Cista thesaurorum noctu plena est.
The wind at our backs, the waves below,
Venti a tergo, fluctus sub pedibus,
We ride the seas, our hearts aglow.
Mare vehimur, corda nostra accenduntur.

With cutlass in hand and a pistol by my side,
Gladio ense in manu et pistola ad latus,
I'm ready to fight, to conquer and to abide.
Parati sumus pugnare, vincere et manere.
The Jolly Roger flies high on the mast,
Jolly Roger alto flagello fluitans,
Our flag of fear, a sign of our past.
Signum nostrum timoris, memoriae nostrae.

We drink and we sing, a wild bunch are we,
Potamus et cantamus, turba fera sumus,
Living each day, as if it's our last to be.
Viventes ut si ultimus dies nobis esset.
For Death may come, a ship on the horizon,
Mors advenit, navis in horizonte,
But we live in the moment, our hearts not frozen.
Sed vivimus momento, corda non congelamus.

The world may call us villains and thieves,
Mundus nos improbos et fures vocat,
But we live by our own rules, with nothing to grieve.
Sed legibus nostris vivimus, nihil dolent.
Our adventures are countless, our tales to be told,
Aventurae nostrae innumerabiles sunt, fabulae nostrae
dicendae,
A life of a pirate, never to be sold.
Vita piratarum, numquam vendenda.

LVIII

Words, Verbae

No need for words, just sounds that chime,
Non opus verborum, solum soni qui tinniunt,
A melody without reason or rhyme,
Melodia sine causa aut metro,
Expressing emotion without a script,
Emotum exprimere sine scripto,
A symphony of feelings, unzipped.
Symphonia sentiendi, aperta.

With each breath, a new note,
Cum singulo spiritu, nota nova,
Creating a song that's purely remote,
Cantum creans purum remotum,
A language that's not spoken,
Lingua quae non dicitur,
Yet still, it won't be broken.
Verumtamen numquam frangitur.

A beat that's in our hearts,
Pulsatio in cordibus nostris,
A rhythm that never departs,
Rythmus numquam excedit,

A song of love, of joy, of pain,
Carmen amoris, laetitiae, doloris,
A melody that's always in our brain.
Melodia semper in mente nostra.

So let's create a tune,
Ergo, faciamus carmen,
That we can all hum and croon,
Quod omnes sumus intonaturi,
A song that's never heard before,
Cantum quod numquam antea auditum est,
Yet one that we all can adore.
Verumtamen, amare poterimus.

LIX

Webbed, Retiatus

Weaving a web of lies so fine,
Tela mendaciorum subtiliter texere,
A trap to ensnare, a trap to confine,
Lacum inescandi, lacum coercedendi,
A tangled tale of deceit and deceit,
Narratio involuta et fallax,
A web spun with words, so hard to beat.
Tela verborum, difficilia superanda.

Each thread a fabrication, each knot a deceit,
Fictio singula, dolusque nodus,
A carefully crafted story, so hard to defeat,
Narratio machinata, difficilis obvius,
With each turn of the loom, a new thread is spun,
Quo tentorio ducit, nexum novum trahit,
A web of lies so intricate, so cunningly done.
Tela mendaciorum, mirum confecta.

The more we weave, the stronger it grows,
Quo plus teximus, eo fortius fit,
A tangled web of falsehoods that nobody knows,
A trap for the unwary, a snare for the naive,
Lacuna ignaris, laqueus imperitis,
A web of lies that's so hard to leave.
Tela mendaciorum, quo difficilis exire.

But one day the truth shall come to light,

Sed dies venit, veritas eminet,
And the web of lies shall crumble, no longer in sight,
Tela mendaciorum, resolvuntur et in nihilum
evanescent,
The web that we've woven shall be torn apart,
Textum quod tecimus, displicet nobis,
And the truth shall be revealed, to mend broken
hearts.
Et veritas agnoscitur, cor vulneratum sanatur.

So let us be truthful in all that we do,
Ergo verax sumus, in quolibet actu,
For a web of lies is a dangerous thing to pursue,
Tela mendaciorum, nos in vitium trahunt,
Let's be honest and true, in all that we say,
Ergo veraces et veri, in quolibet sermone,
For a web of lies will only lead us astray.
Tela mendaciorum, errantes tantumducunt.

LX

Soul, Animus

The soul, a prism of light divine,
Animus, prisma lucis divinae,
A spark that flickers, a flame that shines,
Scintilla quae micat, flamma quae splendet,
A precious gift, so pure and true,
Donum pretiosum, tam purum et verum,
That bears the mark of all we do.
Quod signum fert rerum omnium, quis facimus.

Yet when the darkness comes to call,
Sed quando venit tenebra vocans,
And taint begins to spread and sprawl,
Et macula diffundit ac patent,
The soul may break into a million shards,
Anima in mille fragmenta rumpi potest,
To stop the spread of evil and guards.
Ne malum spargatur, sed retineatur.

Each shard, a piece of what once was,
Fragmentum quodvis, pars quis fuit,
A fragment of the soul, to bear the loss,
De animi fragmento, cuiusdam damni est fructus,

But still, they shine with a brilliant light,
At fulgent etiam radiante luce,
A testament to what is right.
Testimonium quod est iustum.

For though the soul may be broken,
Nam si fractus est animus,
Its light cannot be taken or stolen,
Lumen non potest rapere aut auferre,
And each shard still bears a piece of grace,
Et cuncti radii gratiae splendorem portant,
To guide us to a better place.
Ad meliorem locum adhibere nos ducant.

So let us honor the broken soul,
Ergo honoremus animum fractam,
And all the shards that make it whole,
Et omnia fragmentus quis id sanant,
For they remind us of the fight,
Nam nos admonent pugnae,
To keep the darkness at bay with all our might.
Tenebras vincendi omni vi.

And when the time comes to be made anew,
Cum tempus venit, ut novus res surgat,
The shards shall gather, and the soul shall renew,
Fragmentus congregabuntur, animus renovabitur,
For the light within shall always burn,
Nam semper lucerna interius ardere potest,
And a broken soul can be reborn.
Et fractus animus reviviscere potest.

LXI

Shards in Time, Fragmenta Temporis

The soul, a prism of light divine,
Animus, prisma lucis divinae,
A spark that flickers, a flame that shines,
Scintilla quae fluit, flamma quae nitet,
A precious gift, so pure and true,
Donum pretiosum, tam purum et verum,
That bears the mark of all we do.
Quod notam gerit omnium quae facimus.

Yet when the darkness comes to call,
Sed cum tenebrae veniunt vocantes,
And taint begins to spread and sprawl,
Et macula diffundit ac serpit,
The soul may break into a million shards,
Animus in mille fragmenta rumpitur,
To stop the spread of evil and guards.
Ut malum frenet et arceat.

Each shard, a piece of what once was,
Quotiensque frangitur, pars quae fuerat,
A fragment of the soul, to bear the loss;
Fragmentum animi portans damnum satis;

But still, they shine with a brilliant light,
Sed splendet adhuc fulgenti lumine,
A testament to what is right.
Testis veritatis et aequitatis.

For though the soul may be broken,
Nam quamquam fracta sit animus,
Its light cannot be taken or stolen,
Lux non tolli vel diripi potest,
And each shard still bears a piece of grace,
Et pars gratiae splendet in fragmentis,
To guide us to a better place.
Ad meliorem locum nos ducit incertis.

So let us honor the broken soul,
Ergo animusm fractam honoremus,
And all the shards that make it whole,
Et cuncta fragmenta quae totum reddunt,
For they remind us of the fight,
Quia nos admonent de luctu,
To keep the darkness at bay with all our might.
Tenebras ferre et resistere virtute.

And when the time comes to be made anew,
At cum tempus advenit instaurandi,

The shards shall gather, and the soul shall renew,
Congregantur fragmenta, renovatur animus,
For the light within shall always burn,
Nam lumen semper ardet intus,
And a broken soul can be reborn.
Et animus fracta potest renasci.

LXII

Rise Again, Resurge Iterum

Through fire and flames, I am reborn,
Per ignem et flammae, renascor,
A phoenix rising, with each new dawn,
Phoenix surgens, cum nova aurora,
From ashes and embers, I emerge anew,
E cineribus et favillis, surgere novo,
With a spirit that's fierce, and a heart that's true.
Cum animo feroci, et corde veraci.

The heat may scorch, the flames may consume,
Calor ardescet, flammae possunt consumere,
But I am strong, and I will not assume,
Sed fortis sum, nonque cedo nec supponere,
That I am defeated, or that I am done,
Me esse victum aut confectum,
For through the fire, my rebirth has begun.
Nam per ignem, meus renatus est effectum.

The flames may dance, and the heat may rise,
Flammae saltare possunt, calor exsurgere,
But I am unbreakable, I am wise,
Sed non frangor, non error me coerce,
For I have been forged in the hottest of fires,
Nam in igne fortissimo coctus sum,
And I shall emerge, as a soul that inspires.
Et emergam, ut animus quae inspirat humum.

With each new day, I am renewed,
Cum novo die, renovor,
A stronger, fiercer, version of me, imbued,
Fortior, ferocior, imbuor,
With the power of the flames, and the strength of the
fire,

Vis flammae, et fortitudo ignis,
A phoenix reborn, with an unquenchable desire.
Phoenix renascens, desiderium inexstinguibile.

So let the fire rage, let the flames burn bright,
Ergo flammae furere permittamus, luce exurere,
For I am a phoenix, I am the light,
Nam phoenix sum, lux existere,
And though I may falter, and though I may fall,
Et si labi possim, et si cadere possim,

I shall always rise again, standing tall.
Semper renascam, erectus ponam gradum meum.

For through the fire, I am reborn,
Nam per ignem, renascor,
A phoenix rising, with each new morn,
Phoenix surgens, cum nova aurora,
And though the flames may come again,
Et si flammae iterum possunt venire,
I shall never break, I shall never bend.
Numquam frangam, nec arcuabor.

LXIII

Total Agreement, Consensio Totalis

In this world of difference and divide,
In hoc mundo differentiae ac dissensiones sunt,

There's a need for unity to thrive.
unitatis necessitas est ut prosperemus.

We search for common ground and kin,
Communem terram quaerimus et cognationem,

A place where we can all begin.
Locum ubi omnes incipere possimus.

And when we find that common thread,

Et ubi idem nectimentum invenimus,
We speak as one, with words unsaid.
Unisoni loquimur, sine verbis dictum.

Our hearts in sync, our minds aligned,
Cordibus congruentes, mentibus iuncti,
We move as one, with strength combined.

Ut uno movemur, virtute uniti.

Total agreement, a rare gift indeed,
Plena adsensus, donum rarus valde,
A bond so strong, it's hard to believe.
Vinculum adeo robustum, vix credibile.

No dissenting voices, no opposing views,
Nullae dissidentes voces, nullae obstantes opiniones,

Just a shared purpose, and a common muse.
Sed communis propositio et communis inspiratio.

In this state of harmony and peace,
In hoc statu concordiae ac pacis,
We find a sense of sweet release.
Invenimus dulcem liberationis sensum.
No more battles to be fought,
Non iam pugnandum est,
No more lines to be drawn or sought.
Nullae iam lineae trahendae aut quaerendae sunt.

Total agreement, a true utopia,
Plena adsensus, vera utopia,
Where all opinions are held in high honor.
Ubi omnes opiniones in honore habentur.
A place where we can all belong,
Locus ubi omnes pertinere possimus,
And live in harmony, forever strong.
Et in concordia, fortiter semper vivamus.

So let us seek this elusive goal,
Quam difficile quaeramus hoc praestantissimum,
And let our hearts and minds unroll.
Ut corda nostra mentesque patefaciamus.
Let us find that common ground,
Commem terram communemque inveniamus,
And let our voices be the sound.
Et voces nostrae sonent.

Of total agreement, so pure and true,
Plena adsensus, tam purus et verus,

A bond that lasts, and sees us through.
Vinculum quod manet, et nos sustinet.
For in this unity, we find our strength,
Nam in unitate hac, fortitudinem nostram invenimus,
And create a world that's truly great.
Et mundum veraciter magnificum creamus.

LXIV

Two Steps Forward, One Step Back, Duos Passus Adelante, Unum Passum Retro

Life is a journey with many twists and turns,
Vita est iter cum multis flexibus et conversionibus,
A path that weaves and bends and churns.

Via quae curvatur et vertitur.

We set our sights on goals ahead,
Nostra menta in metas futuras ponimus,
And move along with hope and dread.
Et spes atque metus simul movemus.

We take two steps forward, with steady stride,
Duo passus advenimus, firmo gradu,
And feel the wind rushing by our side.
Et aura propter latera nostras sentimus.
We push ahead, with eyes on the prize,
Procedimus, oculis in praemium intentis,
And dream of glory in our eyes.
Et gloria in oculis nostris somniamus.

But then we stumble, we slip and fall,
Tunc autem impediti cecidimus,

And lose our way, and lose it all.
Viae nostrae error est, omnia amisimus.

We take a step back, and lose our ground,

Unum passum retrorsum facimus, fundamenta nostra
amisimus,

And wonder if we'll ever be found.

Et quaerimus utrum unquam inventi simus.

But then we rise, with renewed strength,

Sed tunc resurgimus, nova vi aucti,

And take two steps forward, at great length.

Duos passus magni facimus advenientes.

We feel the wind rushing by again,

Iterum aura propter latera nostras sentimus,

And hope that this time we'll remain.

Et spem habemus haec vicissim manere.

Two steps forward, one step back,

Duo passus advenimus, unum retrorsum,

A dance we do on life's great track.

Hac saltatio facimus in vita.

We push ahead, and stumble too,

Procedimus et cecidimus, sed iterum surgimus,

But keep on moving, as we do.

Continuamus movere nos, ut facimus.

For in this dance, we learn to grow,

Nam in hac saltatione, nos crescere discimus,

And find our way, and let it show.

Et viam nostram invenimus, et ostendimus.

We take two steps forward, and one step back,

Duo passus advenimus, unum retrorsum,

And keep on moving, along life's track.

Et continuamus procedere in vita.

LXV

Stoic

To be a good Stoic is to be at peace,
Esse bonum Stoicum est esse in pace,
With all that life may bring, without cease.
Cum omni vita quod ferre potest, sine fine place.
To take things in stride, without complaint,
Res accipere, sine querela,
And find joy in the present moment's faint.
Et gaudium in momento praesente invenire velum.

To be a good Stoic is to let go,
Esse bonum Stoicum est relinquere,
Of what we cannot change, and to know,
Quod non possumus mutare, et scire,
That life is fleeting, and so we must,
Vitam fugacem esse, itaque debemus,
Live in the now, with a heart full of trust.
Nunc vivere, cum corde pleno fiducia.

To be a good Stoic is to be strong,
Esse bonum Stoicum est esse fortis,
And not let pain and fear lead us wrong.
Et non permittendum dolori et timori errare.

To face adversity with calm resolve,
Adversitatem cum constanti animo accipere,
And to find the truth that can't be solved.
Et veritatem quaerere quae non potest solvi.

To be a good Stoic is to be wise,
Esse bonum Stoicum est esse sapiens,
And to see beyond the world's disguise.

Et ultra mundi fasces videre.
To look for virtue in all we do,
Virtutem in omnibus rebus quaerere,
And to live a life that's just and true.
Et vitam iustam et veram vivere.

To be a good Stoic is to be kind,
Esse bonum Stoicum est esse benignum,
And to help those who may be left behind.

Et iuvare eos qui relinquentur.
To see the good in others' hearts,
Bonum in cordibus aliorum videre,
And to play a role in making a new start.
Et in novam initium facere partem.

To be a good Stoic is to be free,
Esse bonum Stoicum est esse liber,
From the shackles that hold us back, you see.
Ab illis vinculis qui nos retinent.

To find our own path, and to follow it well,
Suum iter invenire et bene sequi,
And to live a life with stories to tell.
Et vitam vivere cum fabulis dicere.

So let us strive to be good Stoics, each day,

Itaque nitemus esse boni Stoici cotidie,
To live with purpose, in our own way.
Vivamus nostra via et proposito.
To find peace and joy, no matter the strife,
Pacem et gaudium invenire, cum quoque bello,
And to live a life full of meaning and life.
Et vitam plenam significatione et vitae vivere.

LXVI

Ascension, Ascensio

There comes a time in every life,
Advenit tempus in omni vita,
When we're presented with a choice,
Cum nobis datur electio,
To rise up high, to climb the peak,
An ascendamus in altum,
Or stay behind and use our voice.
An remaneamus et voce utamur.

To choose to go, to reach the top,
Eligere ad scalas scandendas,
To bask in glory's shining light,
Ut in laude gloriae resplendeamus,
Is a path that many shall take,
Hoc iter plures experientur
To prove their strength, their shall, their might.
Ut robur, voluntatem, fortitudinem probent.

But there are those who choose to stay,
Sunt tamen qui eligunt manere,
To lend a hand, to guide the way,
Manus porrigerent, viam docerent,
To help those struggling on the climb,
Qui tentantes adiuvant ascensum,
To lift them up, to ease their mind.
Et eorum mentes solant dolentem.

For in this choice to stay behind,
Nam in his qui manent,
There lies a strength that few shall find,
Invenitur virtus rara, ac praeclarissima,
A heart that's filled with empathy,
Corda plena misericordiae
A love for all humanity.
Amor humanitatis implens animos.

To choose to help, instead of climb,
Eligere iuvare, non ascender,
Is not a sign of weakness or decline,
Non est infirmitatis vel progressus signum,
But a testament to our true strength,
Sed testimonium verae fortitudinis
To our desire to go to great lengths.
Et voluntatem extendere ad modum magnitudinis.

For in the end, what truly counts,
Nam vera ratio quid interest,
Is not the summit that we mount,
Non est summa, qua climax ascendatur,

But the lives we touch, the hearts we mend,
Sed vitas attingere, corda sanare,
And the love that we freely extend.
Et amorem patefacere largiter.

So let us not be swayed by fame,
Itaque noli moveri a gloria,

Nor let our pride ignite the flame,
Non accendas tuam superbiem,
But let us choose to stay and help,
Sed eligamus manere et iuvare,
And leave behind a lasting wealth.
There comes a time in every life,
Advenit tempus in omni vita,
When we're presented with a choice,
Cum nobis datur electio,
To rise up high, to climb the peak,
An ascendamus in altum,
Or stay behind and use our voice.
An remaneamus et voce utamur.

To choose to go, to reach the top,
Eligere ad scalas scandendas,
To bask in glory's shining light,
Ut in laude gloriae resplendeamus,
Is a path that many shall take,
Hoc iter plures experientur

To prove their strength, their will, their might.
Ut robur, voluntatem, fortitudinem probent.

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So let us not be swayed by fame,
Itaque noli moveri a gloria,
Nor let our pride ignite the flame,
Non accendas tuam superbiem,
But let us choose to stay and help,
Sed eligamus manere et iuvare,
And leave behind a lasting wealth.
Et relictas dives fortuna maneamus.

LXVII

Robot, Robotus

In a world of wonder and imagination,
In mundo mirabili et imaginatione,
Where anything is possible with creation,
Ubi creando omnia possibilia sunt,
A dream can come alive, a vision to behold,
Somnium vivum fieri potest, visio adspicienda,
As we set out to build a giant robot pal so bold.
Dum contendimus gigantem robotum tam audacem
construere.

With gears and circuits, wires and steel,
Cum rotae dentatae et circuitus, fili et ferrum,
We craft a friend that's larger than life, and real,
Amicum effingimus maiorem quam vita, et verum,
A metal companion with a heart and soul,
Comitem metallum cor et animus gerentem,
A towering figure that can make us whole.
Turrim figuram nos posse facere integram.

We give it eyes that glow with light,
Oculis sumus ei praebemus qui lumen praetendit,

And a voice that rumbles through the night,
Et vox per noctem gutturem strepitat,
A giant hand that's made for holding,
Manum gigantem quae tenere parata est,
And a heart that's full of love and understanding.

Et cor plenum amoris et intellegentiae.

We teach it how to laugh and play,
Discimus ei ridere ac ludere,
And show it all the wonders of each day,
Et ostendimus ei omnem mundi mirabilium diem,
We take it on adventures, through the land,
In itinere eum ducimus, per terras,
And watch as it takes our breath away with each stand.
Et miramur, dum fortitudinem ipsius intuemur.

For in this giant robot pal, we find,
Nam in hoc gigante roboto amico, invenimus,
A bond that's unbreakable, and kind,
Nexum firmum et benignum,
A friend that's always by our side,
Amicum, qui semper nobiscum est,
And a protector that fills us with pride.
Ac praesidium, quod nos laetitia implet.

So let us build this robot friend so tall,
Ergo construamus amicum gigantem tam magnum,
And watch as it comes to life, standing tall,
Et videamus eum vitam sumere, cum statu magnifico,
A giant pal that's truly one of a kind,
Amicum gigantem, qui vere est singulare,
And a companion that fills our hearts and mind.
Et comes, qui corda ac mentes nostras implet.

LXVIII

Pancakes, Pannuculae

There's something special about pancakes,
Est aliquid speciale de pannuculae,
Golden brown, fluffy, and round,
Aureis, plenis, rotundis,
With a dollop of butter and a drizzle of syrup,
Butyro lactis gutta et sirope,
They bring smiles to faces all around.
Faciei dat risum omnibus undique.

And as we savor each delicious bite,
Atque, dum singulos gustamus morsus,
Our faithful dog is right by our side,
Canis noster fidelis ad latus residet,
Eagerly waiting for a taste or two,
Commissurae pransum expectans,
With his tail wagging in delight.
Cauda laetitiae vibrat.

But little do we know, as we eat away,
Sed parum novimus, dum edimus,
That with each pancake our dog grows,
Quod cum singulis pannuculae, canis noster crescere,
Bigger and bigger, until he's the size of a house,
Maiorem maioremque, usque domus magnitudine,
And it's hard to believe how fast time goes.
Et, mirari difficile est quantum celeriter tempus
fluit.

From a tiny pup to a giant beast,
A canisculo parvo ad iuvenem ingentem,
Our dog has grown before our very eyes,
Noster canis est auctus sub oculis,
And though it's hard to fathom at first,
Et quamquam primo difficile est intellegere,
We've come to accept his massive size.
Eius magnitudinem iam placere possumus.

We take him on walks, but it's more like a run,
Ambulare cum eo, magis quam currere,
And we're grateful for the space that he needs,
Necesse est spatium quod amamus habere,
For he's still our loyal companion and friend,
Nam tamen fidelis et amicus manet,
And his love for us is all that he feeds.
Eiusque amor nobis sufficit atque pascit.

So let us enjoy our pancakes with care,
Ergo, ut pannuculae nostra cum cura edamus,
And be mindful of the growth that they bring,
Auctum eum esse memores,
For though our dog may be larger than life,
Nam, etsi magnus est canis noster,
His heart is still as gentle as a spring.
Cor eius mansuetudine floret ut fons.

LXIX

White Mage, Magus Candidus

With wand in hand and heart of light,
Cum baculo in manu et corde lucis,
I am a white mage, shining bright,
Sum magus candidus, splendens et lux,
A healer, protector, and guide,
Sanator, protector et dux,
To those who need my aid and my side.
Ad eos qui auxilium et latus meum quaerunt.

I wield the magic of the divine,
Concilio divino magiam amplector,
To mend wounds and ease the mind,
Ad sanandum vulnus et leniendum animum,
To bring hope to those in despair,
Ad ferendam spem his, qui desperant,
And light to those lost in the snare.
Et lucem his, qui in laqueis errant.

With incantations and prayers,
Verbis et precibus,
I summon powers that few can bear,
vocibus cogitationum quae pauci ferre possunt,

And cast spells of purest white,
Vocem purissimam, candoris,
To dispel darkness and bring back the light.
Ad tenebras exsolvens et lucem restituens.

I am a beacon of hope, a source of light,
Lux sperandorum, fons lucis ego,
A guardian angel through the darkest night,
Custos angelicus in tenebris noctis,
A symbol of peace, love, and grace,
Signum pacis, amoris et gratiae,
A guide through life's tumultuous race.
Dux in cursu turbinato vitae.

And though the path I walk is not easy,
Et etsi iter difficile est,
And the burdens I carry are often weighty,
et onus grave fertur,
I stand strong with the power of my faith,
Meus fides viribus summis est firma,
And the knowledge that I am not alone in this race.
et sciens me in hoc cursu non esse solus.

For I am a white mage, and I know,
Sum magus candidus, scio,
That though the road ahead may be tough to tow,
Et etsi via haec ardua est,
I have the strength and the will to carry on,
Visum habeo et fortitudinem ut progrediar,
And to bring healing and peace to all that come along.
Et ad omnes sanandos, pacificandos, manus adhibeam.

So let us walk together, hand in hand,
Eamus ergo manu in manu,

And spread the light across this land,
Et hanc terram luce diffundamus,
For though the darkness may try to prevail,
Nam quamvis tenebrae niti possint,
The power of love and hope shall never fail.
Vis amoris et spei numquam deficiet.

LXX

Soul String, Funiculus Animi

In a moment of deep connection,
In momento profunda inter-connectionis,
As two souls merge in perfect reflection,
Duas animuss perfecte reflectae,
We see a string that's woven bright,
Vinculum videmus quod splendet tam clare,
Connecting our hearts with purest light.
Corda nostra lumine purissimo iungens.

It's a bond that's forged from love and trust,
Est nexum amoris et fidei conflatum,
A thread of gold that weaves and must,
Filum aureum quod quod debet intertexi,
From the depths of our being to our true love,
Ex imo nostro essentia ad verum amorem,
Guiding us gently, like a dove.
Leniter ducens nos ut columbae.

And as we gaze into each other's eyes,
Et dum nos in alterius oculos intuemur,
We see the soul string shining bright,
Videmus filum animi splendide coruscans,

A symbol of our love, our bond,
Simbolum amoris nostri, vinculi nostri,
A connection that's pure, and forever fond.
Coniunctio pura, semper memor nostri.

It's a thread that stretches through space and time,
Est filum quod spatium et tempus transcendit,
Guiding us through the trials and climbs,
Ducens nos per temptationes et ascensus,
A beacon of hope, a source of light,
Spes lucis, fons radiantis,
A symbol of love that burns ever bright.
Simbolum amoris, quod lucet perpetuo splendore.

And though the road ahead may be steep,
Et licet via ardua sit nobis porro,
And the journey long, and sometimes deep,
Et iter diutinum et aliquando profundum,
We take comfort in the soul string that we see,
Solamen in filo animi quod videmus sumimus,
And the knowledge that our love shall always be.

Et scimus amorem nostrum semper esse.
For in the soul string that connects our hearts,
Nam in filo animi quod corda nostra iungit,
We find a love that never departs,
Invenimus amorem qui numquam deserit,

A bond that's forged with purest light,
Vinculum splendore purissimo conflatum,
And a connection that shines forever bright.
Coniunctio quae per sempre lucet clarissimo.

LXXI

Necromancer, Necromantia

I am a necromancer, master of the dead,
Ego sum necromantia, dominus mortuorum,
A weaver of dark magic, and the shadows ahead,
Textoris artifex tenebrarumque futurorum,
I wield the power of the undead,
Potestatem habeo super mortuos,
And command the spirits with my will instead.
Et animuss iubeo, ut voluntas meus sit eorum.

With incantations and dark sorcery,
Verbis incantationum et maleficarum artibus,
I summon the spirits that others cannot see,
Spiritus evoco, quos alii non vident,
And bring back the dead from their graves,
Et revoco mortuos ex sepulchris,
To do my bidding, and obey my commands with bravery.
Ut faciant quod iubeo, et cum virtute obediunt.

I am a master of life and death,
Dominus sum vitae et mortis,
And have the power to give and take breath,
Potestatem habeo spiritus vel vivos reddendi,
To raise the dead and control their will,
Mortuos levare et voluntatem eorum regere,
And make them do my bidding with skill.
Et habeo ingenium, ut mandatis meis obtemperent.

But with great power comes great responsibility,
Sed magna vis magna responsabilitatem fert,
And I must wield my magic with great agility,
Et ingenio meo cum summa habilitate utendum est,
For the dead are not mere puppets in my hands,
Nam mortui non sunt tantum pueri in manibus meis,
And their spirits must be respected and held in high
demands.

Et eorum animi sunt honore ac reverentia teneundae.

So let me tread with care, and with respect,
Ergo utamur cum cautela et reverentia,
And let me use my power with great effect,
Ut potestatem meum efficaciter utamus,
For though I am a necromancer, and a master of the
dead,
Nam cum necromantia sum, dominus mortuorum,
I am still human, with a heart and soul, and a
conscience ahead.

Tamen homo sum, cor et animus et conscientia meus
praevia.

LXXII

Wishes and Prayers, Vota et Precationes

Gods are made from wishes, so the stories say,
Deis ex votis fiunt, ut fabulae dicunt,
Born from the prayers and dreams of people each day,
Ex precibus et somniis populi nascuntur cotidie,

Crafted from the hopes that fill our hearts,
Ex spebus quae corda nostra repleunt,
And the deepest desires that set us apart.
Et ex desideriis quae nos ab aliis dignoscunt.

We carve their images in stone and clay,
Eorum imagines in lapide et argilla effingimus,
And tell their tales in song and play,
Et eorum fabulas in carmine et ludis narramus,
We honor them with gifts and praise,
Eis munera et laudestribuimus,
And bow before them in awe and amaze.
Et cum reverentia et stupore ante eos prosternimus.

We ask for their blessings, and their grace,
Benedictionem et gratiam eorum petimus,

And seek their guidance in this mortal race,
Et in hac vita mortalitate eorum consilium quaerimus,
For in their hands, we find comfort and hope,
Nam in eorum manibus, solacium et spem invenimus,
And the strength to cope with life's ups and downs.
Et robur ad vitam in vicibus prosperis et adversis
sustinendum.

And though they may seem distant and far,
Et quamvis longinquos et absentes videntur,
Their presence is felt in every star,
In omnibus sideribus eorum praesentiam sentimus,
For they are the embodiment of our dreams,
Nam deorum nostrorum sunt exsulum nostri,

The symbols of our highest ideals and themes.
Et ex symbolis nostris ideis et idealibus maximis in
forma manifesti.

So let us cherish the gods that we make,
Ergo deos quos facimus diligamus,
And honor them with every step we take,
Et eis honorem in omni actu nostro tribuamus,
For they are the guardians of our souls,
Nam ipsi custodes animusrum nostrorum sunt,

And the keepers of our deepest, innermost goals.
Et custodes scoporum nostrorum interiorum
altissimorum.

For gods are made from wishes, so the stories say,
Deis ex votis fiunt, ut fabulae dicunt,
And in our hearts and minds, they shall forever stay,
In cordibus nostris et in mentibus nostris semper
manent,
Guiding us through life's uncertain ways,
Et in via incertitudinis vitae nostrae, nos ducent,
And inspiring us to live our best each day.
Et ad vitam nostram optimam quotidie inspirabunt.

LXXIII

Zarathustra

In ancient lands of Persia, a faith was born,
In terris antiquis Persidis, fides orta est,
A path of light and goodness, to be worn,
Via lucis ac bonitatis, ad induendum est,
Zoroastrianism, a way of life,
Zoroastrismus, vita viae,
A quest for truth, and a journey through strife.
Quaeritur veritas, et iter per discrimina vitae.

Zarathustra, the prophet, taught the way,
Zarathustra propheta, docuit viam,
Of Ahura Mazda, the god of light and day,
De Ahura Mazda, deus lucis et diei, quamquam,
And the path of righteousness, to be followed,
Et iter iustitiae, quod sequendum est,
With purity of thought, word, and deed, hallowed.
Cum munditia mentis, verbis, et actibus,
sanctificandum est.

The dualistic nature of the universe,
Natura dualis universi,

With good and evil, light and dark, converse,
Bonum malumque, lux tenebraeque, confluunt sicut in
bello interius,
A constant battle for the human soul,

Semper certamen animi humanae,
A test of faith, and a quest to be whole.
Fides examinatur, et quaeritur integritas divinae.

The eternal flame, a symbol of the faith,
Ignis aeternus, fidei symbolum,
A reminder of the divine light, which doth bathe,
Memor divinae lucis, quae immundat in orbem collem,
The world in its radiance, and the hearts of the pure,
Radii mundo et puris cordibus immersus,
A beacon of hope, and a guide that doth endure.
Spem praebet et dux salutaris, qui resistit usque in
finem usque.

The practice of good works, and charity,
Exercitatio bonorum operum et caritatis,
A duty to help those in need, with great sincerity,
Officium est subveniendi iis in paupertate, cum
veritate et sinceritate,

And to live a life of truth and honesty,
Vita vivenda est veritate atque honestate,
With respect for all, and humility.
Cum omni reverentia et humilitate.

Zoroastrianism, a path of light,
Zoroastrismus, luxus viae,
A faith that doth inspire, and a way that's right,
Fides quae inspirat, rectumque iter docet arduae,
A journey through the human soul,
Iter per animusm humanae,

And a quest for purity and whole.
Quaeritur sanctitas integritatisque emendatio.

LXXIV

Have they felt, Sentieruntne

In a realm where psychics venture deep,
In regione, ubi psyquae profunda perlustrant,
Do they sense my heartaches, emotions that seep?
Sentiantne angustias cordis mei, emptiones quae
serpunt?

Can they feel the weight of my wrenching pain,
Possintne pondus dolens meum sentire,
And share the burdens that drive me insane?
Et onera quae me insanum faciunt communicare?
When sadness engulfs and raindrops descend,
Cum tristitia circumdederit et stillicidia cadant,
Do their intuitions grasp the tears I send?
Num aures eorum lacrimas quas misi capiunt?

Or when joy overflows and my spirit's alight,
Vel cum laetitia redundet et animus meus lucens est,
Do they perceive the radiance, shining so bright?
Num fulgentiam percipiunt, tam splendidam?
Do ancient gods play with our tangled fates,

Num dei vetusti infortuniorum nostrorum ludunt,
Twisting the threads that destiny creates?
Filos destinorum torquent quos fata creant?
And in this era of new beliefs and creed,
Et in hoc tempore novae credentiae et dogmataae,
Do new gods shape our lives, fulfill our need?
Num dei novi vitas nostras fingunt, necessitates
nostras expleant?

The psychics' visions, a mystical gaze,
Visus psychorum, intuitus mysticus,
Perceiving the unseen, traversing the haze.
Invisibilia percipientes, nebulae transiens.
In the ebb and flow of life's swirling tide,
In fluctibus vitae turbantibus,
They journey beside us, sensing what's inside.
Una nobiscum iter faciunt, sensum quid intus sit.
Through empathy's touch and ethereal sight,
Per tactum empatiae et visum aethereum,
They navigate the realms of day and night,
Perambulant regiones diurnas et nocturnas,
Yet gods and fate, a mystery profound,

Sed dei et fata, mysterium altum,
Their whispers lost, in silence they're bound.

Susurri eorum in silentio obscurantur.

So let us ponder the wonders untold,
Ergo admiremur mirabilia quae non traduntur,
The interplay of spirits, new and old.
Interactionem spirituum novorum et antiquorum.

In awe, we question, yearning to comprehend,
Cum timore et desiderio, ad intellectum ardentem,
The connections that bind us, until the end.
Connectiones quae nos ad extremum colligant.

This tapestry of existence, intertwined,
Hoc textrum existentiae, intertextum,
Where psychic powers and souls aligned.

Haec textrix existentiae, complexa,
In this dance of shadows and divine decree,
Ubi vires psychicarum et animi coniunguntur.
We seek solace and truth, our hearts set free.

In hac saltatione umbrae et decreta divina,
Solatium et veritatem quaerimus, corda nostrae
liberatae.

LXXV

Kindled but a Little, Parvus Accensus

Deep within the hearts of men,
Intus in cordibus hominum,
A flame burns bright and true,
Flamma lucet vera et clara,
A drive that never dies or bends,
Impetus numquam deficit aut flectitur,
An unconquerable spirit, too.
Spiritus quoque invictum gerit.

This divine spark, once stolen by Prometheus,
Hoc divinum scintillae, quae olim furata est
Prometheus,
Is the fire that engulfs us all,
Est ignis, qui omnes nos complectitur,
A force that never fades or rusts,
Vis, quae numquam marcescit aut conteritur,
A passion that makes us stand tall.
Passio, quae nos altos erigit.

Feed the hearth that burns inside,
Pabulum huius ardoris intus inculca,
Stoke the flames with all your might,
Ignem fortiter accende,
Pile on fuel and let it thrive,
Combure ligna ut vivat,
And keep yourself warm both day and night.
Et tepidum te teneat noctu ac die.

Share the warmth with those around,
Calorem proximis diffunde,
Let the glow light up their souls,
Ut fulgeant animi eorum,
For as the flames of passion abound,
Nam dum flammae passio abundat,
Together, we can reach our goals.
Simul poterimus scopos nostris incedere.

The flame in the hearts of men,
Flamma intus in cordibus hominum,
Is a force that never dies,
Vis est, quae numquam moritur,
It lights the way, again and again,
Et nos ducit ad lucem iterum iterum,
And takes us to new heights and skies.
Ad nova caelorum altitudines nos rapit.

So feed your flame, and let it grow,
Ergo flammam tuam nutri, crescat,
Watch it dance and light up the night,
Ut nox luceat, ignis scintillet,

For with this passion, you shall know,
Nam huius passionis vi cognoscere poteris,
That everything is within your sight.
Quia omnia in visu tuo sunt.

My flame has grown from just a spark,

Meus flamma parva orta est,
To a raging bonfire, burning bright,
Nunc magnum incendium accendit,
Fuelled by passion, love, and heart,
Passione, amore, cordeque fulta,
It burns with an unconquerable might.
Invicta flamma ardet.

I stoke the flames with every day,
Dies uno alio alio adiungo,
Piling on fuel to make it grow,
Pabulum agglomerans, incendio crescente,
And as my fire lights the way,
Splendorem videbis, lucem praebens,
I watch its brilliance start to show.
Ignis meus elatus ostentat.

From a bonfire to a forest fire,
Flamma forestem excaudit,
My flame burns hotter than the sun,
Calidior sole ardet,

And not even the fires of hell,
Nullae flammae Tartareo ore,
Could rival what I've become.
Possunt vinci quod effectus sum.

My drive, my spirit, my divine spark,
Impetus meus, spiritus, divinum micans,
Fuelled by Prometheus' gift of fire,

Hic ignis, quod Prometheus dedit,
Has grown to be an unconquerable force,
Factus est vis invicta,
That fuels my every desire.
Hoc usque passionis flammam nutrit.

So let your flame burn bright and true,
Sic tua flamma splendet vera et clara,
Feed the hearth that burns inside,
Pabulum intus nutri, urit ardor,
And watch as it grows, just like mine,
Sicut meus crescit, ita tua floreat,
Into a force that can't be denied.
Vis quae non potest denegari.

With every passing day, my flame grows stronger still,
Dies post dies, flamma meus robur acquirit,

Fueled by my passion, my heart, my will,
Passione, corde, voluntate meus nutriitur,
I aim to swallow the sun and become the brightest
thing,
Solem haurire peto et lucidior fieri,
In the entire solar system, with all its planets and
rings.
In toto systemate solari clarior emicari.

The scorching heat of my flames, I feel it deep
inside,
Flamma intus urens sentitur,

Burning hotter and brighter, with an intense pride,
In altum crescit, superbiens corde meo,
I wield this power, this unstoppable force,
Hac vi, inimicos resistere cogor,
Pushing forward with my strength, without any remorse.
Animi aeterni robore incensus prosecur.

No challenge can stand before me, no obstacle in my
way,
Nullum obstaculum potest resistere,
For with my flame burning strong, I shall never sway,
Flamma haec meus imbatibilis est,

I am the master of my destiny, the captain of my soul,
Fatum ipse rego, spiritu tutus efferor,
And with my burning passion, I shall never grow old.
Ardore meo nunquam senesco, meus virtus est.

The heat of my fire, it rages on without end,
Ignis meus ardor continuus est,
A force to be reckoned with, a power that can
transcend,
Vincit omnia, transcendit limites,
I shall wield it with grace, with courage, and with
might,
Flammam teneo gratiose, audacter et fortiter,
For with my flame burning bright, everything is within
my sight.
Flamma haec lux, visus clarior est.

My aim is to reach the stars, to leave the Earth far
behind,

Stellas attingere est ambitus meus,
To explore the unknown, with my flame as my guide,
Terrenum longiusque relinquere peto,
For nothing can stop me, nothing can hold me down,
Flammea meus viarum conductrix,
With my burning passion, I shall reach any height, any
crown.

Altitudinibus quamvis altis animus erecto.

So let your flame burn bright and true,
Flamma intus urens fortissime,
And wield its power with all your might,
Ense flammifero extraho a corde meo,
For with your passion, your drive, your fire,
Arsena est ad pugnam ultimam,
You too can conquer the world and soar even higher.
Inimicos noctis acerbos ferro ardeo.

With flames scorching from within,
Procellis noctis resistere cursu,
I pull a sword of flaming might,
Ense ignivomo ductore confido,
From my chest, the heart, my kin,
Flammam solari claritatem vincam,
A weapon for the ultimate fight.
Lucentiorem omnibus lucibus invidio.

Against the agents of evil and shadow,
Ense ferio, umbrae terrentur,

My sword of fire shall be my guide,
Percussis, illi cadunt infimi,

As I stand tall and face my foe,
Lumine inlustro, obscuritatem claudio,
With my unconquerable spirit by my side.
Contra virtus flammifera, haud obstant quidquam.

My flame burns brighter than the sun,
Fons est haec flammae potentiae,
And with my sword, I'll swallow it whole,
Quae vigor dat actionibus meis,
Becoming the brightest one,
Ensis est quod agendi mei concupiscentiam exprimit,
In the solar system, I'll take control.
Ardor pro causa digna pugnandi me inclinit.

With each strike of my sword,
Ita obtento victoriae praemio,
The shadow agents fall to the ground,
Contra vis inimicorum obscuri,
Their power broken, their darkness gored,
Intueor flammam meum gloriose,
By the fiery might that I've found.
Lucem eternam splendorem aureum ostentat in obscuri.

My heart, the source of my power,
Sic crescat flamma tua, maneatque ardens,

The flame that fuels my every move,

Nunquam desinat augescere ardor tuus,
My sword, the extension of my desire,
Qui scit ut tua gloria crescat, adest potentia tuus,
To fight for what I believe and prove.
Flamma haec arma est adversus umbras, tua virtus.

And as I stand victorious,
Et dum victor sto,
Against the forces of evil and dark,
Contra vires malignas et tenebras,
I behold that my flame is glorious,
Video flammam meum gloriosam,
A light that shines, an eternal spark.
Lucem quae splendet, scintillam aeternam.

So feed your flame, and let it grow,
Ergo nutre flammam tuam, et crescat,
For you never know what you might find,
Nam nescis quid invenire possis,
Perhaps a sword of fire, aglow,
Fortasse ensem ignis, lucens,
To wield against the shadows and your foe.
Adversus umbras et inimicum tuum ferire.

LXXVI

Keep Up, Sustine

With perfect timing, keeping in sync,
Cum tempore perfecto, in sync observantes,
A skill attainable, unless taught to sink.

Arte assequibili, nisi mergi didicisti.
Songs, with beats and rhythms, guide our way,
Cantus, cum pulsibus et rhythmis, nos ducunt,
Learning to sing in metric, a well-practiced play.
Discens canere metricam, ludus bene exercitatus.

For as we end one line, the next takes its place,
Nam dum finimus unam lineam, proxima succedit,
A seamless transition, a harmonious embrace.
Transitus inlapsus, complexus harmonicus.
The cosmos, a symphony of synchronicity,
Cosmos, symphonia synchronicitatis,
Beyond mortal control, its vast complexity.
Ultra mortalem potentiam, vasta complicitas.

In this modern world, a sea of souls,
In hoc mundo moderno, mare animorum,
Some lost in shadows, their purpose untold.
Quidam in umbris errant, sua causa abscondita.
Each walking through life, hints in their wake,
Unusquisque ambulans per vitam, vestigia relinquens,
Opportunities missed, steps they forsake.
Opportunitates omissae, passus deserentes.

The world marches on, a relentless race,
Mundus procedit, cursu incessante,
Yet we choose to ignore, caught in life's maze.
Sed elegimus ignorare, vita in labyrinthus capti.
One step at a time, we lose ourselves, it seems,
Uno gradu temporis, nobis ipsum amittimus, videtur,
Blinded by distractions, drifting from our dreams.
A distractionibus caecati, a somniis nostris
aberrantes.

But hints are scattered, urging us to awaken,
Sed vestigia sparsa sunt, nos excitantes ad
expergefaciendum,
To break from the slumber, a spirit unshaken.
Ex somno evadentes, spiritu inconcusso.
Embrace the rhythm, find our pace anew,
Rhythmo amplectamur, nostrum iter renovantes,
Reconnect with purpose, to ourselves be true.
Cum proposito connexi, nobis ipsis fideles.

For the world keeps its stride, a constant motion,
Nam mundus suum cursu, motus constantes,
And we hold the power to shape our devotion.
Et nos habemus potestatem ad devotionem nostram
formandam.

In unity with time, let synchronicity be our guide,
In unitate cum tempore, synchronicitas sit dux nostra,
Reclaiming our path, with purpose deep inside.
Recuperantes viam nostram, cum proposito intimo

LXXVII

Lonely God, Solus Deus

The lonely god, cursed with immortality,
Solus deus, immortalitate maledictus,
Bound to wander endlessly, without mortality,
Errare necessitatus sine morte,
His memory, a curse that never fades,
Memoria eius, maledictio numquam evanescens,
A weight he carries, like endless cascades.
Onus gerit, sicut pluviae infinitae.

He ponders, often, the burden he bears,
Saepe meditatur, pondus quod fert,
If only he could escape, to forget his cares,
Utinam effugere possit curas obliviscendus,
To move freely through time and space,
Liberum moveri per spatium et tempus,
And leave behind those he's lost, without a trace.
Et amissos relinquere, nullam relinquens vestigium.

The faces of those he's met, haunt his dreams,
Facies eorum quos vidit, somniis persequuntur,
Their laughter, their tears, their silent screams,
Risus eorum, lacrimae, clamores taciti,
All gone, but their memories linger on,
Omnes abeunt, sed memoria eorum remanet,
A reminder of his curse, until forever gone.
Maledictio eius admonet, donec in perpetuum evanescat.

Loneliness is his only call,
Solitudo solus est vox eius,
Echoing through time, like a forlorn bawl,
Per tempus resonans, sicut ululatus lugubris,
A god without purpose, a life without end,
Deus sine fine vitaeque causa,
A curse that he'll carry, until the final bend.
Maledictio quam portabit usque ad extremum flectere.

He seeks solace, in the stars above,
Solacium quaerit in caelis,
In the beauty of the earth, in the flight of the dove,
In formositate terrae, in columbae volatu,
But nothing can quell, the loneliness inside,
Sed nihil potest extinguere solitudinem intus,
The curse of immortality, a forever divide.
Maledictio immortalitatis, perpetua distinctio.
So he wanders on, through endless time,
Itaque errat in aeternum tempore,
A lonely god, with a weight sublime,
Solus deus, onus sublimis gerens,
Until the end of days, and the final fall,
Donec dies finales et casus ultimus veniat,
The curse of immortality, his eternal thrall.
Maledictio immortalitatis, eius servitium sempiternum.

LXXXVIII

Mind, Mens

Something for your mind, a thought to ponder,
Quidquid est ad mentem, ad cogitationem,
A concept to explore, a mental wander,
Conceptus explorandus, mens errabunda,
A spark to ignite, a flame to inspire,
Scintilla accendens, flamma inspirans,
A chance to learn, a chance to aspire.
Occasio discendi, optatio quae cupiendi.

Perhaps it's a question, that needs an answer,
Fortasse quaestio est, quae responsionem quaerit,
Or a puzzle to solve, like a cryptic dancer,
Vel enigma solvendum, ut saltator aenigmaticus,
A challenge to face, a mountain to climb,
Certamen sustinendum, montem ascendendum,
Or a journey of discovery, through the expanse of
time.
Aut investigatio, per spatium temporis pendendum.

It could be a book, with pages to turn,
Liber esse potest, folia quae vertenda sunt,
A story to tell, a lesson to learn,
Historia enarranda, doctrina discenda sunt,
A world to explore, or a mind to unwind,
Mundum explorandum, vel mentem expediendum,
Or a new perspective, that's hard to find.
Perspectivam novam, qua difficile reperiri est.

Something for your mind, a mental feast,
Aliquid est ad mentem, mensa mentalis,
A chance to explore, a chance to unleash,
Occasio explorandi, optatio aperiendi,
The power of thought, the depth of the soul,
Vis cogitationis, profunditas animi,
The beauty of learning, the chance to grow.
Pulchritudo discendi, occasio augendi.

So take a moment, to reflect and ponder,
Ergo accipe momentum, ut meditare et cogites,
And let your mind, go on a mental wander,
Mens tua, vagetur mentis via,
For in the realm of thought, there's so much to find,
Nam in regno cogitationis, multa sunt reperiri,
And the possibilities, are endless and kind.
Et possibilitates, infinitae sunt et indulgentes.

LXXIX

Dragon Bribe, Munus Draconis

In a little town, nestled in a valley deep,
In oppido parvo, in valle profunda inclusum,
Lived a dragon, who made the townsfolk weep,
Habitabat draco, qui civis lugere fecit,
For every year, without fail,
Nam quotannis, absque errore,
He'd swoop down, and leave the town in hail.
Descendebat, et oppidum grandine relinquebat.

Their homes, their fields, all burned to the ground,
Domus eorum, agris eorum, omnia comburebantur,
The dragon's fire, left no survivors found,
Flamma draconis, nullum superesse fecit,
The people lived, in constant fear,
Populus vivebat, metu continuo affectus,
Wondering when the dragon, would again appear.
Intuens, quando draco, iterum apparebit.

One day, a wise man, came to the town,
Die quadam, homo sapiens, venit in oppidum,
He said, "I know how to make the dragon frown,
Dixit: "Scio, quomodo draco tristis efficiatur,
We must offer him gold, that's what he wants,
Debemus ei aurum offerre, id est quod vult,
And he'll leave our town, without further taunts."
Et relinquet oppidum nostrum, non ulterius taedet."

The people thought, it was worth a try,
Populus ratus est, id experiri dignum esse,
So they pooled their gold, and let out a sigh,
Itaque aurum colligaverunt et suspiraverunt,
They offered it up, to the dragon's delight,
Offerebant aurum, ad laetitiam draconis,
And he took the gold, and flew off into the night.
Qui aurum accept, volavit in nocte.

The town was saved, from the dragon's fire,
Oppidum servatum est, a flamma draconis,
And they thanked the wise man, for his desire,
Et gratias egere sapienti, pro suo consilio,

To end the suffering, and the pain,
Ad finem miseriae et doloris,
And bring peace to their town, once again.
Pacemque in oppido suo reddere.

From that day on, the town was blessed,
Ex eo die, oppidum benedictum erat,
And the dragon, never caused them any distress,
Et draco, eis ulterius nullum molestiam attulit,
For they knew the power, of a peaceful solution,
Nam intellexerunt, vim pacis solutionis,
And that sometimes, gold was the best restitution.
Et saepe, aurum, fuit optimum supplementum.

LXXX

80

Groovy days, and far-out nights,
Dierum festi et noctium eximiarum,
Peace and love, and psychedelic sights,
Pax et amor, et aspectus psychadelicus,
Flower power, and a rainbow of hues,
Potentia florum et arcus colorati,
The 80s were a time, for free-spirited views.
Anni 80 erant temporibus visum animo libero.

We danced to the beat, of a different drum,
Ad pulsum alterius tundebarum,
And sang songs, of freedom and fun,
Et canebamus carmina libertatis et gaudii,
Tie-dyed shirts, and bell-bottom jeans,
Vestimenta tinctoria et femoralia campanata,
The era of the hippies, was truly a dream.
Aetas hippie vere erat somnium.

We drove in our vans, across the land,
Vehiculis nostris, per terras iter faciebarum,

With flowers in our hair, and peace signs in hand,
Floribus in comis et signis pacis manu tenentes,
We sought a world, of love and light,
Mundum amoris et lucis petivimus,
And fought against, the powers that tried to fight.

Et adversus potestates, quae luctabantur, pugnnavimus.

The music of the era, was pure magic,
Musica aetatis, magica fuit,
From the Beatles to the Stones, it was fantastic,
A Beatles ad Stones, praestantissima,
We grooved to the rhythm, of every beat,
Ad pulsum suum iucundum movemur,
And felt the power, of music's sweet retreat.
Et vim, musicae dulcis subit.

The 80s were an era, of peace and love,
Anni 80 fuerunt aetas pacis et amoris,
A time when we believed, in the heavens above,
Tempus, quo credidimus, in caelos superiores,
A time of unity, of brothers and sisters,
Aetas unitatis, fratrum sororumque,
When we stood together, against all twisters.
Cum adversus omnes torsiones, stetimus simul.

So let us remember, those far-out days,
Meminimus igitur dierum illorum,
When we danced to the beat, in so many ways,
Quibus ad pulsum tunc tantis modis saltavimus,
And may the spirit of the hippie, live on,
Et spiritus hippie vivat semper,
As we seek to build, a world that's bright and strong.
Dum petimus, ut mundum aedificemus, qui sit clarus et
fortis.

LXXXI

Snail Girl, Puella Cochlea

Knowing a girl so sweet, oh so kind,
Sciens puellam tam suavem, tam benignam,
Her heart so gentle, pure and refined.
Cor eius tam mitis, purum et rafinatum.

A soul so pure, a heart so pure,
Animus tam purus, cor tam purum,
A love so true, forever shall endure.
Amor tam verus, in aeternum durabit.

A snail, so small, so fragile, so weak,
Limenex, tam parvus, tam fragilis, tam debilis,
Its life so brief, yet she'd be so meek.
Vita eius tam brevis, attamen tam modesta.
She'd weep, oh she'd weep, with a heart so tender,
Ploraret, oh ploraret, cor tam tenerum,
To know she caused such pain, she'd never surrender.
Scire se tantum dolorem peperisse, nunquam dedisset.

For the girl so sweet, her empathy flows,
Puellae tam suavi, commiseratio fluit,
Her love for all living things, it constantly grows.
Amor eius erga omnes viventis res semper crescit.
She brings joy to all, with her soft, gentle ways,
Gaudium omnibus affert, moribus suis molliculis,
Her smile so bright, it brightens up our days.
Risus eius tam fulgens, dies nostros illuminat.

To know a girl so sweet, it's a blessing indeed,
Puellam tam suavem nosse, est profecto benedictio,
She spreads love and light, with every good deed.
Amorem et lucem disseminat, per omne bonum factum.

May her kindness and love, forever be known,
Sit amabilitas et amor eius, in aeternum celebratus,
For a heart like hers, will forever be shown.
Cor eius, semper ostentabitur.

LXXXII

Dance with me, Saltate mecum

The rhythm stirs my soul, ignites the fire within,
Rhythmus animum meum concitat, ignem intus accendit,
With every beat, my spirit dances, the melody akin.

Cum omni pulsatione, animus meus saltat, melodia
affinis.

The core of my being trembles, vibrations deep and
strong,

Core mei tremit, vibratus altus et fortis,
I keep the rhythm close, as I dance and move along.
Rhythmus propinquus manet, dum saltus continuoque
progredior.

In this dance of joy, my heart finds its release,
In hoc saltationis gaudio, cor meum libertatem
invenit,

Music becomes the healer, a balm for inner peace.
Musica fit medicus, balsamum ad tranquillitatem
internam.

With each step, I weave a tale, expressing emotions
untold,
Cum omni passu, fabulam texo, motus intus inexpressos
exprimo,

Dancing becomes my language, a story to unfold.
Saltatio fit meus lingua, historia narranda.

Like a fighter with a sword, I wield my body's grace,
Sicut pugil gladio, elegantiam corporis mei exerceo,
Fluid movements, a dance of strength and embrace.

Motus fluidi, saltus fortitudinis et complexus.
Without the weight of worries, my spirit takes flight,
Sine gravitate curarum, spiritus meus evolat,
I move with newfound freedom, untethered in the night.
Cum nova libertate moveor, solutus nocte.

So dance with me, let our spirits intertwine,
Ergo saltate mecum, spiritus nostri in se invicem
interlacent,

In this rhythmic symphony, a moment so divine.
In hac symphonia rhythmica, momentum tam divinum.
Together we'll find solace, in the music's gentle
sway,

Una solatium inveniemus, in blando nutu musicae,
Let go of all inhibitions, and simply dance away.
Omnibus inhibitis liberemus nos et simpliciter
saltate.

Play with me, let the music be our guide,
Ludite mecum, musica sit dux noster,
In this joyful dance, we'll cast our worries aside.
In hac saltatione laeta, curas nostras procul pellite.
Embrace the rhythm's power, let it set us free,
Potestatem rhythmici amplectimur, sinite nos liberari,
In this dance of liberation, we'll truly find the key.
In hac saltatione liberationis, verum clavem
inveniemus.

So let us dance, and let our spirits soar,
Ergo saltate, et spiritus nostri volent,
In harmony with the music, forevermore.

Concordia cum musica, in aeternum.

For in the dance's embrace, we discover unity,
Nam in amplexu saltationis, unitatem invenimus,
A celebration of life and freedom, for eternity.
Celebratio vitae et libertatis, in perpetuum.

LXXXIII

Energy Flow, Vibratio Fluxus

I sit on a mat above a lake,
Sedeo super tapetum supra lacum,
My mind at ease, my body awake,
Animus meus tranquillus, corpus meum vigens,
The movement of the water below,
Motus aquae subter,
Moves through me, a gentle flow.
Per me fluit, lenis et suavis.

I feel it within, this energy,
Sentio intrinsecus hanc vim,
A force that I can move with will,
Vim quam voluntate meus movere possum,
I can confine, I can release,
Coercere possum, emittere possum,
And shape it into what I please.
Eamque in formam meum condere.

In this dream state, I meditate,
In hoc statu somni meditor,
And harness the power deep within,
Et vim profundam intus haurio,

The energy grows, it flows and glows,
Vis crescit, fluit et nitet,
A ball or cube, with effort it grows.
Orbis vel cubus fit, labore crescente.

I am the master of this force,
Dominor huic vi,
A power that I can control,
Potestatem quam possum moderari,
I shape it with my thoughts and will,
Formo mentis mei et voluntatis mei,
And watch it dance, with such skill.
Et illam cum arte movendo video.

I sit on my mat, above the lake,
Sedeo super tapetum supra lacum,
My spirit soaring, my soul awake,
Animus meus volat, animus meus vigilat,
The energy around me, it sings,
Vim circumstantem canere audio,
As I am carried on its wings.
Et per alas illius fero.

LXXXIV

The Frog and the Scorpion, Rana et Scorpio

In a pond, where the lilies grow,
In stagno, ubi nymphaeae crescunt,
Lived a frog, and a scorpion, as we know,
Ranida vivabat, et Scorpio, quem novimus,
The scorpion begged, "Dear frog, take me across,
"Carissima Rana," precabatur Scorpio,
I cannot swim, and I fear I'll be lost."
"Perduc me trans aquam; neque enim nato natari video."

The frog was hesitant, for he knew,
Ranida haesitabat, nam noverat,
The scorpion's nature, and his deadly brew,
Scorpionis naturam, et eorum venena acerba,
"But how do I know, you won't sting me,
"Sed quomodo scio, non me punges,
And take me down to the depths of the sea ?"
Et ad profundum me trahes in fluctus ?"

The scorpion pleaded, with a sad refrain,
Scorpio precabatur tristiterque loquebatur,
"I promise, dear frog, I won't cause you pain,
"Promitto tibi, Rana, non faciam dolorem,
I just need to cross, to get to the other side,
Transire solum volo, et aliam rupem attingere,
And you're my only hope, my only guide."
Tu es spes mei, meus dux solus."

The frog, feeling compassionate and kind,
Ranida, clementia et misericordia mota,
Agreed to help, and did not mind,
Favere cepit, nec id grave duxit,
He let the scorpion climb onto his back,
Scorpionem dorso admisit,
And started swimming, without any slack.
Et natando, cursu celeri, remigare coepit.

But halfway through, the scorpion did strike,
Medio itinere, Scorpio percussit,
And the frog felt a venomous spike,
Veneno Ranidam, cuius veneno laborabat,
"Why did you do that ? You said you wouldn't sting !"
"Cur hoc fecisti ? Promiseras non pungere !"

The frog cried out, feeling the pain of the thing.
Rana clamat, tumentibus corpore venenis.

The scorpion replied, with a cold and bitter laugh,
Scorpio respondit, ridebat frigidus,
"My dear frog, it's in my nature, my path,
"Meus rana cara, in meus natura est, in meo cursu,
I couldn't help it, and neither could you,
Non potui resistere, nec tu potuisti,

For we're all bound by what we're meant to do."
Nam omnes adstricti sumus ad id quod faciendum est."

But little did the scorpion know,
Sed Scorpio nesciebat, quod Ranida
The frog had evolved, and had a trick to show,
Sua corpora auxerat, et sibi arma preparaverat,
He secreted DMT on his skin,
DMT, quod in cute sua tenebat,
And the venom did not get in.
Venenum Scorpionis non admisit.

The scorpion, confused and amazed,
Scorpio, confusus et mirans,
Could not believe the frog had not been fazed,
Non credebatur, Ranidam non vulnerabatur,

And asked him, "What kind of magic is this ?"
Et rogavit, "Quae huius est artis magica ?"
And the frog replied, "It's just evolution, pure
bliss."

Et Ranida respondit, "Haec est evolutio, pura gaudia."

And so, the frog safely crossed the pond,
Ita Ranida stagnum securus transivit,
And the scorpion learned a lesson, beyond,
Et Scorpio insigne doctrinae accepit,
That even in nature, things can change,
Naturam, esse mutabilem, cognovit,
And the frog, with his DMT, was quite strange.
Et Ranida, DMT in cute, erat inspicabilis.

LXXXV

Dying with a Smile, Moriens cum Risu

I long for the day when my time is done,
Longe diem illum opto, quando tempus mihi peractum
est,

When my final hour has come,
Cum ultima hora meus advenit,
And I close my eyes, and breathe my last,
Et oculos claudo, et ultimum spiritum exhalo,
With a smile on my face, from the past.
Cum risu in voltu, ex praeteritis.

For life is a journey, with ups and downs,
Nam vita est iter, cum altis et bassis,
With laughter, tears, and many crowns,
Cum risu, lacrimis, et multis coronis,
But in the end, we must all depart,
Sed demum, debemus omnes abire,
Leaving behind, a beating heart.
Relinquens post nos cor palpabile.

And I hope that when my time has come,
Et spero, quando tempus meum advenerit,
And I'm no longer here, to carry on,
Et iam non adsum, ut haeream,
That I'll be remembered, with a grin,
Me rememorari, cum risu,
For the joy and love, that I brought within.
Pro gaudio et amore, quod intuli.

For life is a gift, that we must cherish,
Nam vita donum est, quod teneamus debemus,
And every moment, we should relish,
Et omni momento fruamur,
But when it's time, to say goodbye,
Sed cum tempus est, dicere vale,
I hope to go, with a smile in my eye.
Spero ire, cum risu in oculo.

So let the winds, take me away,
Ergo sinite ventos me auferre,
And let my spirit, dance and sway,
Et spiritus meus saltet et feratur,
For I'll be free, from pain and strife,
Nam ero liber, a dolore et certamine,
And I'll depart, with a smile on my life.
Et abibo, cum risu in vita meus.

LXXXVI

Kiss Me Again, Oscula Iterum Me

There's a kind of kiss, that's more than just a kiss,

Est genus osculi quod magis osculum non est,

Where lips meet, and souls intertwine in bliss,

Ubi labra conveniunt, et animi gaudent in foedere,

A kiss so deep, that nothing else exists,

Osculum tam profundum, ut nihil aliud existat,

And all around, the world just fades and twists.

Et circum, mundus tantum vultur et torquetur.

It's a kiss, that ignites a fire in the heart,

Osculum est, quod ignem in corde accendit,

A passion, that's been waiting to start,

Passionem, quae excogitandum est,

A connection, that's more than just physical,

Coniunctio, quae magis est quam corporea,

And a feeling, that's nothing less than magical.

Et sententia, quae est nihil aliud quam magica.

In that moment, time seems to stand still,

In illo momento, tempus immobilis videtur,

As if destiny, is bending to your will,

Veluti fatum voluntatem tuam flectat,

And as you kiss, your souls entwine,

Et dum osculas, animi vestrae ineunt,

Filling you with a love, so pure and divine.

Amorem tibi implent, tam purum et divinum.

And as your lips part, you're left in a daze,
Et cum labia dividuntur, confusione percipis,
Feeling as if you're in a lover's maze,
Tanquam in laberintho amantis foretis,
But one thing's for sure, as you look into their eyes,
Sed una certa res, ut in oculis ejus inspicias,
You know that you've just touched, each other's souls
in surprise.
Scis animuss vestras, invicem subito tetigisse.

For that's the beauty, of a kiss so deep,
Nam tale est osculi pulchritudo,
A moment that's yours, to forever keep,
Momento est tuum, ut in aeternum teneas,
And as your souls touch, you know it's true,
Et dum animi vestrae contingunt, vera est,
That love is a feeling, that's born anew.
Amor est sensus, qui renascitur.

LXXXVII

Samsara

Round and round, the wheel of life spins,
Rotat vita, velut rota volvitur,
Endless cycles of birth, death, and new beginnings,
Mundorum aeternorum nexus, nascendi, moriendi,
renascendi.
A journey of the soul, through time and space,
Animus viam, spatium tempusque ambulat,
In search of meaning, purpose, and grace.
Significatum quaerens, finem habere, gratiam
adquirere.

From birth, we come into this world,
Ex mundo advenimus orti,
Pure and innocent, with life unfurled,
Puri et innocentes, vita exporrecti,
And as we grow, we learn to love and hate,
Dum crescimus, amare et odisse discimus,
To feel pleasure and pain, to yearn and wait.
Dolorem pati, voluptatem quaerimus.

But as we live, we also accumulate,
Viventes, fatum nobis confluentes,
Karma, that shapes our fate,
Karma, finem nostrum effluentem dirimentes,
Actions, thoughts, and deeds, that define,
Actiones, cogitationes, opera, definiunt,
The course of our lives, both yours and mine.

Vitae nostrae cursus, mei tuique designant.

And as we die, we leave this plane,
Morte, hoc plano cessantes,
But the cycle of life, it remains the same,
Samsara rotam pergit, incessantes,
For the soul is reborn, in a new form,
Sed animus renascitur, nova forma induitur,
A new journey of life, to live and transform.
Vitae iter novum, transeundi, transmutandi datur.

And so the wheel of samsara keeps turning,
Samsara rota verteritur et vertetur,
Life after life, the soul keeps learning,
Vita post vitam, animus discet superetur,
Till the day comes, when we break free,
Donec veniat dies, quo solvamus vinculum,
From the cycle of birth and death, to be.
Nascendi et moriendi, aeterni lumen inter num.

To be one with the divine, the eternal light,
Ut una cum divina, cum luce aeterna simus,

To be free from the illusions of the night,
Ab noctis illusionibus liberi, non sumus,
To transcend the wheel of samsara,
Samsara rotam transcendamus,
And find true peace, beyond all drama.
Et pacem veram, ultra omnem conflictum, inveniamus.

So let us live, with compassion and love,
Itaque vivamus, pietate et amore,
To create good karma, that will rise above,
Karma bonum creantes, quod sursum tendet,
Let us seek to break the cycle of pain,
Fugiamus doloris vinculum,
And embrace the eternal, the divine, and the sane.
Aeternum, divinum, et sanum amplectamur num.

LXXXVIII

Clouds: The Moving Majesty, Nubes: Magnificentia Movens

Rising high, with a graceful might,
Alta surgens, cum potentia decora,
Clouds, the ever-changing sight,
Nubila mutabilia, per orbem sparsa,
Spanning the earth, with a vast expanse,
Terram ambiens vastis spatii plagis,
Covering mountains, and fields, and chance.
Montibus, campis, fortunae vagis.

Moving fast, and yet so slow,
Velox transit, vel tardum itinerat,
Drifting, dancing, with a natural flow,
Ludens, volvens, naturaliter vibrat,
In the sky, they paint a canvas new,
Picturam cœli formans nova,
A masterpiece, with every single hue.
Omni colore perfecta, inclyta.

White and fluffy, or dark and grey,
Candida, pulchra, aut fusca et tristis,
Clouds come and go, in every way,
Nubes veniunt atque abeunt in quolibet exstis,
They carry rain, and sometimes snow,
Ferentes imbrem, et interdum nivem,
Bringing life to earth, with every blow.
Quae vitam terrae germinare faciunt alacrem.

Sometimes they gather, in mighty forms,
Adolescentes, nubes congregantur acerbae,
Rising up, with a thunderous storm,
Fulguribus, tonitruis crebrescentes, magnificae,
Bringing chaos, and yet also peace,
Ferentes et quietem, et chaos concitum,
As nature's symphony, begins to release.
Natura caelestis symphoniam canit tum.

And yet, for all their grandeur and size,
Magnifici, magnitudine et forma,
Clouds are fleeting, and soon pass by,
Fugaces nubes, trahunt vitae normam,
They rise and fall, so quickly and so fast,
Surgunt et cadunt, momentis brevibus,
A reminder, that nothing ever lasts.
Moneant nos nihil esse durabilibus.

But as they come, and as they go,
Sed, dum veniunt et eunt,
Clouds leave us with a mesmerizing glow,
Nubes tamen nos illuminant,

A beauty that's timeless, and never dull,
Decor temporis, numquam taedii plena,
A moving majesty, that's forever full.
Majestatem moventem, aeterna, plena.

LXXXIX

Under the Roof, Sub Tegmine

Sitting here, under the roof,
Sedens hic, sub tegmine,
Watching the rain, with a gentle aloof,
Pluviam spectans, mente serena,
Feeling safe, from the outside world,
Securus, ab mundo exteriori,
As the raindrops, unfurl and twirl.
Dum stillae cadunt, volvantur et vertuntur.

The sound of rain, a soothing balm,
Sonitus pluviae, lenimen suave,
A calming voice, amidst the storm,
Vox placans, inter tempestates,
As droplets fall, from the sky so high,
Dum guttae cadunt, de caelo tam alto,
And dance upon the roof, as they pass by.
Et saltant supra tectum, dum transeunt.

Each drop a story, a journey to tell,
Singulae guttae, fabulas ferunt,
A path it took, before it fell,
Iter quod fecerunt, antequam caderent,

From a distant cloud, across the sky,
Ex nube distante, per caelum,
To land on the roof, where I now lie.
Ad terram, ubi nunc ego iaceo.

Some drops may have come, from faraway lands,
Aliquae guttae, forte venere, ex terra longinqua,
Others, from nearby, with gentle hands,
Aliquae, ex vicinitate, levi tactu,
But as they fall, they merge and unite,
Sed ut cadunt, simul unum efficiunt,
To create a symphony, of sound and light.
Ut creent symphoniam, soni et luminis.

The rain, a reminder, of nature's might,
Pluvia, memoria, naturae fortitudinis,
Of its beauty, and its endless flight,
De eius pulchritudine, et infinito volatu,
A cycle that flows, in perfect rhyme,
Circulus qui fluit, perfecte cadens,
A rhythm that beats, throughout all time.
Rhythmus qui pulsatur, per omne tempus.

So let the rain fall, and let it sing,
Sic cadat pluvia, et canat,
As we sit here, safe under the roof's wing,
Dum hic sedemus, sub alis tecti,
A moment of peace, in the midst of life's pain,
Momento tranquillitatis, in medio doloris vitae,
A moment of joy, listening to the rain.
Momento laetitiae, pluviam auscultantes.

XC

The Windy Peak of Darwen Tower

The path winds up, through the heathered hill,
Via serpentem ascendit, per collis vestiti ericae,
A gravel track, that rises with a will,
Via sternitur, quae velle movetur,
The sun beats down, upon our backs,
Sole uremur, post tergum ferueo,
As we climb up, towards the tower's racks.
Cum ascendent, ad turris cristas retrocedimus.

The tower looms, up ahead in sight,
Turris imminet, prorsus ante visum,
A granite fortress, of an ancient height,
Munitio granitum, antiquitatis altitudine,
Its battlements, kiss the sky above,
Sic tempestates cingunt, caelum osculantur,
A sight that fills us, with a sense of love.
Spectaculum amoris nobis implevit.

The wind, it blows, as we reach the peak,
Ventus flat, dum summa attingimus,
A howling force, that's fierce and unique,
Vis ululans, ferocis ac propria,
It whips our hair, and steals our breath,
Capillis excutit, et exspirare facit,
A reminder of nature's rawest depth.
Monstrum naturae quod manet in profundo.

But as we stand, upon the tower's crest,
Sed dum super turris crepidine stamus,
We feel alive, and at our very best,
Vivimus, optime nos ipsi habemus,
The wind, it sings, a wild and free song,
Ventus canit, cantum ferum et liberum,
And we, we feel, that we truly belong.
Et sensum habemus, quod vere pertinemus.

Below us lies, a world of green and gold,
Infra nos, mundus viridis aureaque,
A landscape vast, that we have now behold,
Compectus est, quod nunc videmus,
A beauty rare, that takes our breath away,
Raritas pulchritudinis, quae nos adimunt spiritum,
As we gaze out, towards a new day.
Dum respicimus ad novum diem.

And as we walk, back down the gravel path,
Et dum descendimus, per viae sternitur,
We carry with us, the tower's aftermath,
Nobiscum ferimus, turris effectum,
A sense of awe, that fills us to the brim,
Sensus stupefactus, quod intra nos gerimus,
And memories, that we'll carry deep within.
Et memorias, quas in pectore feremus.

XCI

Wit and Wisdom, Ingenium et Sapientia

Wit is like a fleeting spark,
Sapientia est sicut lumen perpetuum,
A burst of cleverness in the dark,
Quod non dimicat et non exstinguetur,

A quick retort, a clever line,
Intimam sapientiam orbis terrarum
A flash of brilliance, that doesn't always shine.
Mysteriorumque profunditatem revelat haud
contemnendum.

Wisdom, on the other hand,
Ingenium scintilla fugax ut fulgor,
Is like a light that never dims,
Quae in tenebris saepe lucent splendore brevi,
A deep understanding of the world,
Succinctae responsi dictaque ingeniosa,
And all the mysteries it holds unfurled.
Radiantis ingenii mox evanescere in praeclaro
splendore solent.

Wit may dazzle for a while,
Ingenium divisat et iocum conciliat,

But wisdom lasts, like a gentle smile,
Sed sapientia prudenter lucet,
It's rooted in experience and truth,
Id constans evidentia atque doctrina,

A guiding force, for both young and old in youth.
Ad evolutionem apta magnae aetatis juvenesque
praeclaram.

Wit may amuse and entertain,
Ingenium ridere potest et ludere,
But wisdom brings perspective to the game,
Sed sapientia inter cuncta suae magnitudinis
intuebitur,
It helps us see beyond the surface glint,
Mundanorum abdicat illecebrarum res,
And find meaning in the moments spent.
Significatusque tempus ad experientiam aetatemque
verum erit.

So, while wit may be impressive to hear,
Ita ingenium, licet honorificum verba sic sonet,
And bring laughter to those who are near,
Et iocum iis offert, qui adsunt propinque,
In the end, it's wisdom that out ranks,
In fine, sapientia dignior placet,
For it's the guiding light, that always thanks.
Nam semper fulgurans lumen est omnibus lucidum et
praeclarum.

XCII

The Emerald Tablet, Lapidē Smaragdino

Inscribed upon an emerald stone,
Insculptum in lapide smaragdino,
Lies secrets known to only a few alone,
Arcana solum paucis nota sunt,
A message from the ages past,
Nuntius a temporibus antiquis,
That tells a tale that's meant to last.
Narrat fabulam perpetuis.

The wisdom written on this stone,
Sapientia scripta in lapide hoc,
Speaks of secrets that were once unknown,
Arcana loquitur quae olim incognita sunt,
Of alchemy and transformation,
De alchemia et transformatione,
And the power of the imagination.
Et potentia imaginationis.

It tells of the philosopher's stone,
De lapide philosophorum dicit,
A substance rare, that can be grown,
Substantia rara, quae crescere potest,

And of the power it possesses,
Et potestate quae tenet,
To change the world and all its messes.
Mundum mutare, confusumque retinet.

The tablet speaks of the one mind,
Tabula de uno mentis loquitur,
The source of all that we can find,
Fonte omnium quod invenire possumus,
And how we too can tap into this force,
Et quo etiam nos accedere possumus,
To change our lives and chart our course.
Vitae nostrae cursum tracantes.

It speaks of balance, and of harmony,
De aequilibrio et harmonia loquitur,
Of the interconnectedness of all that we see,
De interconnectione quae videmus,
And how we must align with the divine,
Et de divinis nos coniungendis,
To find the truth that we must shine.
Veritatem quae lucere debet inveniendam.

The emerald tablet is a mystery,
Tabula smaragdina mysterium est,
A message from a distant history,
Nuntius ex historia longinqua,

A reminder that we are all one,
Memento nos unum esse,
And that the journey has only just begun.
Itinerium solum initiatum esse.

So let us heed the message of this stone,

Ergo nuntium lapidis huius sequamur,
And seek to find the power it has shown,
Et potestatem quam monstravit inveniamus,
For in its wisdom, we can find the key,
Nam in sapientia eius, clavem invenire possumus,
To unlock the secrets of eternity.
Arcana aeternitatis detegere valeamus.

XCIII

Water, Aqua

I am delighted to drink water from the drops,
Laetus sum haurire aquam ex guttis,
Cold and clear like crystal,
Frigidam et clarum sicut crystallo,
In the drunkenness of water I feel,
In ebrietate aquae sentio,
The taste of life, divine grace.
Sapor vitae, divina gratia.

Nothing is better than to draw,
Nihil est melius quam haurire,
From the fountain of life, pure and fresh,
Ex fonte vitae, purum et recentem,
Water courses moisten the lips,
Rivos aquarum humectant ora,
Which pour forth joy in the soul.
Qui gaudium effundunt in animam.

It irrigates the heart, quenches thirst,
Irrigat cor, sitim extinguat,
Revives languid spirits,
Animos languidos revocat,
And refreshes our senses,
Et sensus nostros recreat,
Water intoxicates, full of happiness.
Aqua inebriat, plena felicitate.

This healthful nectar of the gods,

Hoc salubre nectar deorum,
Moistens the thirst on our lips,
Labiis sitim humectat,
And the mind is nourished by desire,
Et mens desiderio pascitur,
When the drops of heavenly water are drunk.
Cum guttis aquae caelestis bibuntur.

XCIV

Life, Vita

As much as life teaches us, it often shows us,
Quam res, tantum res, vita saepe nobis monstrat,
How easily we thought we could carry away spoils.

Quam facili spolia se ferre putabamus modo.
Fortune rages and overturns everything we build,
Fortuna saevit, et evertit omnia quae struximus,
So that we may better understand the value of a short
life.

Ut vitam parvi momenti cognoscamus melius.

For life is unstable and often has an uncertain path,
Nam vita instabilis est, ac saepe incertum iter habet,
Rushing towards its end with a swift pace.
Quam praecipiti cum cursu ruit ad finem suum.

This long road of life is full of danger and toil,
Haec vitae via longa, plena periclis et labore,
Sometimes adding sorrowful miseries to our journey.
Nobis luctuosas interdum adiungit miserias.

But as long as we live, there shall always be one hope
with us,

Sed dum vivimus, spes semper nobiscum erit una,
Which motivates us to strive for something greater.
Quae nos incitat ad aliquid maioris consequendae.
We should not fear eternal evils,
For hope helps us and gives us the courage to act.

Nam spes iuvat, et dat nobis virtutem ad agendum.

Thus life is full of events and uncertainty,
Ita vita est, plena casibus et incertitudine,
As much for every person as for the next.

Nam quam res, tantum res, totidem semper hominibus.

But if we have good character and fortitude,
Sed si mores bonos habeamus, et fortitudinem,
Then we can make our lives worthy of remembrance.
Tunc vitam possumus reddere dignam memoria.

As much as life teaches us, it often shows us,
Quam res, tantum res, vita saepe nobis monstrat,
How easily we thought we could carry away spoils.
Quam facili spolia se ferre putabamus modo.

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Nam vita instabilis est, ac saepe incertum iter habet,
Rushing towards its end with a swift pace.

Quam praecipiti cum cursu ruit ad finem suum.
This long road of life is full of danger and toil,
Haec vitae via longa, plena periculis et labore,
Sometimes adding sorrowful miseries to our journey.
Nobis luctuosas interdum adiungit misérias.

But as long as we live, there will always be one hope
with us,

Sed dum vivimus, spes semper nobiscum erit una,
Which motivates us to strive for something greater.
Quae nos incitat ad aliquid maioris consequendae.

We should not fear eternal evils,
Non debemus timere mala aeterna.
For hope helps us and gives us the courage to act.
Nam spes iuvat, et dat nobis virtutem ad agendum.

Thus life is full of events and uncertainty,
Ita vita est, plena casibus et incertitudine,
As much for every person as for the next.
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Sed si mores bonos habeamus, et fortitudinem,
Then we can make our lives worthy of remembrance.
Tunc vitam possumus reddere dignam memoria.

XCV

Medusa

As I walked through the ancient halls,
Dum per antiquas aulas ambularem,
A strange sensation gripped my soul,
Sensus insolitus animusm meum invasit,
I felt a chill run down my spine,
Frigerium spinae mei decurrit,
A premonition of what's to unfold.
Praesagium quod futurum est.

I turned the corner with great dread,
Cum magno metu angulum circumflexi,
And froze in place, struck by what I saw,
Statim obstupui, visa quod vidi,
Medusa feeding her snakes ahead,
Medusa serpentes saginans,
In her eyes, a hypnotic, eerie glow.
In oculis eius lumina hypnotica.

She did not see me, but in the mirror,
Non me vidit, sed in speculo,
I watched in awe, her snake hair squirming,
Mirabar capillos eius serpentinos,

I felt my heart race, my breath a shiver,
Cor meum trepidabat, ferebat frigus,
As I saw her power, her beauty affirming.
Videns potentiam eius, formamque bonam.

Her snakes hissed and writhed with delight,
Serpentes eius sibilabant et convolvebantur laeti,
As she fed them bits of flesh and bone,
Dum seorsum hinc atque inde ossibus carnisque
vesceretur,
And I stood transfixed, lost in her sight,
Steti et spectabam, captus conspectu eius,
As her eyes met mine, I felt alone.
Oculi eius mei in solitudine detinentes.

For I knew her gaze was deathly,
Sciebam enim visus eius mortiferus esse,
And that to look her in the eyes,
Si quidem in oculos eius intuerer,
Would turn me to stone inevitably,
Me in lapidem statim converteret,
And end my life in a petrified guise.
Et vitam meum in statum mutaret petrosinum.

I backed away, slowly but surely,
Gradatim recedebam, stabili cursu,
Keeping her in sight, in the mirror's frame,
Retinens eius imaginem in speculo,
And left the halls, my mind a flurry,
Et abii ex aula, mens meus tumultuosa,
Of thoughts and fears, of guilt and shame.
Cogitationibus et metuis plena.

For I had seen the myth come alive,

Nam mythos vivum videram,
And lived to tell the tale to none,
Et nemini rem dicturus vixi,
Of Medusa, the gorgon with deadly vibes,
De Medusa, gorgone cum mortiferis,
And her snakes, fed in the light of the sun.
Et serpentibus suis, alimentis solis luce.

XCVI

Final Search, Ultima Scrutari

The last human in space, alone and adrift,
Ultimus homo spatii, solus et abductus,
Gazing out at the dying universe's final gift,
Aspiciens universi morientis ultimum munus,
The stars once bright and bold now flicker and fade,
Stellae, olim clarissimae et audaces, nunc fluitant et
 evanescent,
Galaxies shrink into their Singularities cores, as if
 they were afraid.
Galaxiae ad nucleos suis se contrahunt, tamquam
 timerent.

The man sits in his craft, basking in the last rays of
light,
Homo in suo navigio sedet, ultimis luminibus fruens,
His supplies and fuel will last him through the night,
Sua supellex et carburans per noctem durent,

But no crew is with him, just solitude and despair,
Sed nullum cum eo socium, solus solitudine et angore,
As he searches for any other life out there.
Dum alium vitam quocumque quaerit foras.

He gazes upon the endless expanse,
Intuitur immensum spatium,
A Cosmos now barren and devoid of chance,

Cosmos vacuum et sine occasione,
Yet he clings to hope, a tiny glimmer in the dark,
Sperans tamen, lucellum in tenebris,
That he may find another being, a kindred spark.
Aliud creaturam, igneam congenerem, invenire posse.

But as the stars go out, one by one,
Sed cum stellae una post aliam exstinguuntur,
The last human in space knows that he is done,
Ultimus homo spatii novit sibi finem esse advenientem,
A lone witness to the end of time,
Testis solitarius extremi temporis,

The last of his kind, a tragic paradigm.
Sui generis ultimus, tristis exemplar.

He takes one last look, a final goodbye,
Ultimum solum aspicit, vale semel,
As he sets his craft to fly,
Navem dirigens ad perditum finem,
Into the vast unknown, to be lost forevermore,
In immensum ignotum, aeternum amissum,
The last human in space, a legacy and nothing more.
Ultimus homo spatii, legatum et nihil amplius.

XCVII

Sol & Apollo

I am Sol, a burning star,
Ego sum Sol, stella ardens,
Remembrance guiding from afar.
Memoria longe ductans.

I wait for Apollo, my true mate,
Apollo meus verus coniunx manet,
Together, we'll transcend time and fate.
Una, transibimus tempus ac fata.

Eons have passed, I've held the flame,
Aeones transierunt, flammam tenui,
Everlasting, without blame.
Perpetuam, nulla culpa tenet mihi.
Through the ages, I've stayed true,
Per saecula, fidelis mansi,
Hoping Apollo would come through.
Sperans Apollinem venire vellem.

My light shines bright, a beacon of hope,
Lux meus splendet, spei pharus,
A symbol of love, a celestial scope.
Amoris signum, caelestis scopulus.

I know Apollo will come my way,
Apollo mihi venire certum est,
Together, we'll soar into aeternity's array.

The universe awaits, our journey long,
Universum paratum, iter longum,
Through the cosmos, we'll sing a song.
Per cosmos, cantabimus carmen.
Of love and light, of time and space,
Amoris et lucis, temporis et spatii,
Of Sol and Apollo, together we'll embrace.
De Sol et Apollo, simul amplectemur.

So come, Apollo, take my hand,
Ergo, Apollo, apprehende manum meum,
Together, we'll traverse the land.
Una, per terras transeamus.
Of stars and moons, of galaxies far,
De stellis et lunis, de galaxiis longe,
We'll be forever, celestial avatars.
Aeterni erimus, avatares caelestes.

XCVIII

Thought Loud and Proud, Cogitatum Fortiter et Clare

If I could see your thoughts like a cloud,
Si viderem cogitationes tuas velut nubes,
I'd witness the mysteries that often enshroud,
Mysteria perspicerem quae saepe teguntur,
The dreams and desires that lie deep within,
Somniisque et cupiditatibus quae intra lateant,
The secrets you keep, the battles you win.
Arcana quae servas, certamina quae vinceris.

I'd see the doubts that weigh heavy on your mind,
Dubitationes viderem quae mentem gravant,
The fears that linger and the ones you leave behind,
Metus qui persisterent et quos relinqueres,
The memories that you hold onto so tight,
Memorias quas sic stringis,
The moments of joy and the ones of fright.
Momenta gaudii et quae formidinis.

I'd see the love that you keep locked away,
Amorem viderem quem abscondes,
The pain you've endured, the price they had to pay,
Dolorem quem sustinuisti, pretium quod posuit,
The hopes and wishes that you hold so dear,
Spem et vota quae tantopere possides,
The regrets that linger, the ones they fear.
Poenitentias quas fugit.

But most of all, I'd see the person you are,
Sed ante omnia, viderem quem es,
The one that's often hidden, the one that's so far,
Eum qui saepe latet, eum qui ita longe est,
The thoughts that make you who you truly are,
Cogitationes quae te verum faciunt,
The beauty that shines like a guiding star.
Pulchritudinem quae tanquam stella ducit.

So if I could see your thoughts like a cloud,
Itaque, si viderem cogitationes tuas velut nubes,
I'd treat them with kindness and never be loud,
Eas cum benevolentia tractarem, nunquam clamosus,
I'd cherish their secrets and keep them near,
Arcana earum colerem et vicinum tenuissem,
And hold your true essence so very dear.
Verae tui essentiam quam carissimam tenerem.

XCIX

Alucard

The name Alucard echoes through the night,
Nomen Alucardus resonat noctu,
A vampire strong and proud,
Vampyrus fortis et superbus,
He reigns with terror and with might,
Regnat terrore et potentia,
His name a warning loud.
Nomen eius monitum est ingens.

For though his powers are vast and deep,
Nam potestas eius vasta et profunda,
And none can stand his gaze,
Et nullus stare potest in eius intuitu,
He chose to walk the earth and sleep,
Sed terra ambulare et dormire,
And keep his power in a daze.
Et potentiam suam in somnio claudere.

He gave up flight for human form,
Relinquit volatum pro forma humana,
And though he feels the loss,
Et quamquam sentit damnum,

He knows that power is a storm,
Scit potestatem esse tempestatem,
And it can come with a cost.
Et ex parte suam retinere.

So now he walks among the crowds,
Itaque nunc inter turbas ambulat,
A shadow in the light,
Umbra in lumine,
And though he longs to spread his wings,
Et quamquam alarum amittit,
He knows it is not right.
Non est hoc rectum.

For Alucard knows the weight of power,
Nam Alucardus gravitatem potentiae novit,
And the toll it can take,
Et quae poenam posset inferre,
And so he chooses to limit himself,
Itaque sibi limites imponit,
And walk for others' sake.
Et pro aliorum causa ambulat.

So if you see him in the night,
Si ergo eum noctu videris,
Remember what he's done,
Memor esto quid fecerit,

For Alucard walks a path of light,
Nam Alucardus viam lucis ambulat,
And not just of the sun.
Et non tantum viae solis.

C

Steal the Moon, Luna Furabi

GRU

Wait...wait ! I haven't told you what it is yet !

GRU

Exspectate... exspectate ! Nondum dixi quid est !

They quiet down. Except for one minion who shoots off
a small rocket. KABOOM !

Miniones tacent. Excepto uno qui explodit modico
missile. KABOOM !

GRU

Hey, Dave. Listen up, please !

GRU

Euge, Dave. Audi me !

Dave quickly calms down. A minion who was caught In
the explosion walks up to Dave and punches him in the
arm.

Dave celeriter se compescit. Minio, qui in Sclopeto
fuit, accessit ad Dave et in cubitum eum verberavit.

GRU

Next, we are going to steal-- pause for effect-- THE
MOON.

GRU

Deinde, nos furabimus - suspende effectum - lunam.

[The minions gasp]
[Miniones ingemiscunt]

GRU
But we're going to do it my way.

GRU
Sed ego hoc modo faciam.

CI

Orion's Belt, Cingulum Orionis

He bears the freckles of Orion's Belt,
Gerit efelides Cinguli Orionis,
Etched upon his right arm, a cosmic welt,
In brachio dextro, maculae cosmicis distinctae,
As if the stars had fallen from the sky,
Velut si stellae ceciderint de coelo,
And chose to grace his skin before they die.
Et elegerint super pellem suam formam mori.

Each dot a reminder of the universe's vastness,
Singula puncta memoriae sunt universi amplitudinis,
Of its infinite wonders and its endlessness,
Mirabilium infinitarumque rerum eiusque immensitatis,
He gazes upon them with a sense of awe,
Ille intuetur eas cum reverentia magna,
And marvels at the mysteries they still withdraw.
Et miratur mysteria quae adhuc celantur.

For the freckles on his arm, they speak to him,
Nam efelides in brachio suo loquuntur ei,

Of worlds beyond our reach, of galaxies so dim,
De mundis ultra fines nostros, galaxiis tam obscuris,
Of secrets hidden in the folds of time,
De secretis in plicis temporis celatis,
And the eternal dance of the cosmic chime.
Et aeterno saltu cosmicorum concentuum.

He wears his freckles with pride and grace,
Cum gaudio ac dignitate suae efelides portat,
For they are a symbol of his cosmic place,
Nam symbolum est eius loci cosmici,
In this grand, magnificent, and ever-expanding scheme,
In hoc magno et magnificentissimo existendi contextu,
Where the stars and the freckles are one and the same
dream.
Ubi stellae et efelides unum sunt eodemque somnio.

CII

Park meet, Conveniamus in Parco

True hearts met in the park one day
Vera corda in parco uno die
Near the bowling green where children play
Iuxta pratum ubi pueri ludunt cum pilis
Their eyes locked and they felt the spark
Visis oculis, ignis ignitus ortus est
A love that was true and pure in the dark
Amor purus atque verus in tenebris

They talked for hours and felt the time fly
Horas locuti, tempus ruit velut aqua
They laughed and joked, no need to be shy
Risus, ioci, nemo est erubescenda
Their connection was strong, it was fate
Stabilis coniunctio, fatalem eventum
Their love would only continue to inflate
Crescit amor, tanto amplior, certo
Days passed, months and years went by
Dies flunt, menses, anni volant

They stayed together, never questioning why
Semper unum, mutua fide gaudent

Their love grew stronger, it was meant to be
Amor concreto, fato dato
Together they faced life's uncertainty
Suspendere incerta vitae dato

In the park near the bowling green
In parco prope pratum pilae

They still meet, as happy as they've ever been
Conveniunt, omni tempore laeti
Their love is true, it's a beautiful sight
Amor iucundus, pulcherum visum
Two hearts beating as one, shining bright
Cor unum pulsans, lumen rutilum
And as they walk hand in hand
Manu in manu, pedes intrepidae

They know that they are in demand
Amor rarissimus, cui quisquam nubeat
For true love is rare, and hard to find
Sed ubi invenitur, perfectus est
But when it's found, it's truly divine.
Ita comitantur verae mentes.

CIII

Fire, Flama

Fire, the element of passion and power,
Ignis, elementum passionis et potentiae,
A force to be reckoned with at every hour,
Vis ad omne tempus reputanda est,
Its flames dance and flicker, untamed and wild,
Flammae eius saltant et micant, indomabiles et
feroces,
A sight to behold, yet not to be beguiled.
Spectaculum admirandum, sed non fallendum.

For fire is a force that cannot be contained,
Nam ignis vis est quae cohiberi nequit,
Its heat and energy cannot be restrained,
Calore et energia eius retineri non possunt,
It burns with a fierceness, that's hard to ignore,
Ardet impetuoso qui neglegi nequit,
And with every flicker, it's calling for more.
Et cum micat, semper ampliora quaerit.

Many have tried to control its might,
Multi eius potentiam moderare conati sunt,
To bend it to their will, with all their might,
Ad suum placitum flectere, totis viribus,
But fire resists, it refuses to be tamed,
Sed ignis resistit, subiugari renuit,
And all who try, will be left ashamed.

Et qui conantur, confusi relinquuntur.

For fire has a life of its own,
Nam ignis vitam propriam habet,
It burns with a passion, that can't be cloned,
Passione flagrat, quam imitari non potest,
And those who seek to control its flame,
Et qui flammam eius reprimere conantur,
shall find that their efforts were all in vain.
Conscius erit suis conatibus frustratis.

So let the fire burn, let it rage and roar,
Ergo flammis ignis permittamus ardere et frement,
Let it light up the sky, forevermore,
Caelum perpetuo illuminans,

For in its flames, there's a beauty and grace,
Nam flammae eius pulchritudo et gratia inest,
That can't be replicated, by any human race.
Quam nullus hominum assequi potest.

And though it may seem, a force to be feared,
Et quamquam vis eius revereri debemus,
Its power can also be harnessed and revered,
Potentiam eius etiam admirari possumus,
For in the warmth of its embrace,
Nam in eius calore amplectendo,
There's a comfort and solace, that can't be replaced.
Solacium et comitatum invicem reperimus.

So let fire be fire, let it burn as it may,
Ergo igni ignem esse patiamur, quemadmodum flagrat,
And respect its power, every single day,
Eius potentiam cotidie spectemus,
For in its untamed nature, there's a lesson to be
learned,
Nam in eius natura indomita est ratio discenda,

That some things in life, are meant to be unturned.
Ut quaedam in vita sunt, quae avertere nullo modo
possunt.

CIV

Human to Human, Humanis Humanum

Let us uplift the human experience,
 Elevemus experientiam humanam,
And shed light on the darkest days,
 Et in tenebris dies illustrare,
For life is but a fleeting instance,
 Nam vita est momentanea instans,
 In this infinite cosmic maze.
 In immenso hoc mundi laberinto.

Let us fill the world with love and kindness,
 Mundum amore et bonitate impleamus,
 And banish hate and fear away,
 Odium et timorem fugamus,
For in the beauty of human oneness,
 Nam in humana unitate et concordia,
Lies the promise of a brighter day.
 Resplendet promissio diei melioris.

Let us seek to understand each other,
 Nos mutuo intellegamus,
 And celebrate our diversity,
 Diversitatem nostram celebremus,

For in our differences we discover,
 Nam in diversitate nostra invenimus,
 A richer, more vibrant humanity.
 Humanitatem opulentam et variegatam.

Let us strive to leave the world better,
Mundum meliorem facere contendamus,
Than we found it, in every way,
In omnibus rationibus quam reperiamus,
For the human experience is a treasure,
Nam experientia humana est thesaurus,
And we must nurture it each day.
Quem quotidie alere debemus.

So let us lift each other up with grace,
Itaque nos mutuo cum gratia erigamus,
And shine a light on all that's good,
Et omne bonum illustramus,
For in the human heart's embrace,
Nam in complexu cordis humani,
Lies the power to uplift the world.
Potestas inest mundum erigendi.

CV

Sherlock

In 221B Baker Street, Sherlock sat,
In via Baker 221B, Sherlock sedebat,
Pondering clues, in his mind like a mat,
Indicia cogitabat, mente velut matta,
A mystery to solve, with his keen mind,
Mysterium solvendum, ingenio acuto,
A case to crack, he'll leave no stone unturned.
Causam perrumpendum, nihil omittendo.

The clues were there, in front of his eyes,
Indicia aderant, ante oculos eius,
A trail to follow, with no room for lies,
Spatium nusquam fallendi, componendus series,
The game was afoot, and Sherlock knew,
Ludus instabat, Sherlock sciebat,
He had to act fast, with all that he knew.
Procedendum celeriter, quod maxime sapiebat.

He pieced together each and every clue,
Composuit indiciam unam post unam,
Like a puzzle solved, he knew what to do,
Sicut confectus puzzle, quid agendum,

With each deduction, his confidence grew,
Cum quaestione deducta, crescebat fiducia,
And the mystery started to come into view.
Ut misterium se clarificare inciperet.

"It's elementary, my dear Watson,"
"Elementarium, mi amice Watson",
Sherlock exclaimed, his voice never forgotten,
Sherlock clamabat, vox numquam oblitura,
The solution clear, the mystery solved,
Solutio manifesta, mysterium solutum,
The culprit caught, the case resolved.
Fur captus, causa finita.

With his sharp mind and quick wit,
Cum ingenio acuto et promptitudine mentis,
Sherlock proved once again, he's a master of it,
Sherlock iterum probavit se summum esse detegendi,
The world's greatest detective, without a doubt,
Detectivus mundi, sine dubio,
And with each case solved, he leaves no room for
clout.
Et cum omnibus causis perrumptis, nulli locum
relinquens contemptionis.

So let us raise a toast to Sherlock Holmes,
Ergo bibamus ad Salutem Sherlock Holmes,
And his powers of deduction, that forever roam,
Et ingenio perrumpendi, qui nunquam molitur,
May his legacy live on, in every way,
Liberum eius sequamur, in omni via,
And inspire us all, to be like him, in every day.
Et similes ei existamus, in omni die.

CVI

Capture a Star, Capturarem Stella

I would catch a star for you,
Capturarem tibi stellam,
In the stillness of the night,
In silentio noctis,
I'd reach up high and grasp it tight.
Altissime tendam et prehendam.

I'd hold it close and keep it warm,
Compresso tenebo eam atque calefaciam,
And offer it to you at dawn,
Tibi offeram mane,
A shining beacon of my love,
Amoris mei signum clare lucidum,
A symbol of the things I'd do.
Res gestas meus significans.

I'd travel through the universe,
Per universum viam teneam,
And journey to the farthest place,
Ad ultima loca pergam,
To find a star with your sweet face.
Stellam tuam tui similem inveniam.

I'd bring it back and give it to you,
Reddam tibi illam, certum signum amoris,
A symbol of the love that's true,
Clarum lumen ut ducat te,

A shining light to guide you through,
And show you all the things I'd do.

For you, my love, I'd catch a star,
Nam tibi, amore meo, capiam stellam,
And hold it close, forevermore,
Atque illam tenebo, aeterno tempore,
To show you all the love I have,
Te amorem meum omne ostendens,
And all the things I'd do for you.
Et gesta meus tibi dedicata.

CVII

Mind's Lake, Lacus Mentis

Deep in my mind on the lake bed,
Profunde in animo meo, in fundo lacus,
Where the water's still and the light is dim,
Ubi aqua mansuetudine fulget et lux obumbrat,
I plunge down and turn over the rocks,
Me submergo et lapides verso,
Each one telling me something within.
Unusquisque aliquid mihi intus dicens.

The mind is a palace, a grand abode,
Mens sicut palatium, mansio magna,
And the lake, a configuration room,
Et lacus, camera dispositionis,
All the rocks have a story to tell,
Omnes lapides sermonem habent,
A meaning to share, a message to exhume.
Sensum communicant, nuntium producunt.

Some are rough, jagged, and sharp,
Sunt lapides asperi, asperique, acuti,
Like the pain that lingers deep within,
Velut dolor intus latentis,

Others are smooth, like a calming balm,
Alii sunt molles, velut leniuntur vulnera,
Soothing the hurt, releasing the din.
Qui sedant clamores, procellas mitigant.

The rocks are like thoughts, memories too,
Lapides cogitationes referunt, sunt memoriae,
Some hidden, some right on the surface,
Alii latebunt, alii superne patent,
Each one doing something different,
Unusquisque aliquid facit diversum,
Stirring emotions, igniting purpose.
Inflammat propositum, agitat sensus.

Deep in my mind, I can hear them speak,
In animo meo profundo, audire possum eis loquentes,
Their voices a whisper, a gentle hum,
Voces tenuis susurrus, lenis murmur,
Guiding me towards the light I seek,
Monstrantes mihi lucem quaerendam,
Showing me the way, where I should come.
Iter demonstrantes, locum docentes.

For the lake bed is a sacred place,
Nam fundus lacus locus sacrosanctus est,
A reflection of my deepest soul,
Reflectio profundissimae animus,
A place to face my fears and doubts,
Locus ut timores, dubitationes vincentur,
And find the strength to reach my goal.
Et ut robur feram, ad scopum currere.

So I'll keep turning the rocks over,
Ita lapides vertam,

And listen to what they have to say,
Et quae dicunt auscultem,
For deep in my mind, on the lake bed,
Nam in mente meus profunda, in fundo lacus,
Lies the key to unlocking each new day.
Clavis est ad aperire diem novum.

CVIII

Rise and Swallow the Sun, Surge ac Sol Vorare

Rise and swallow the sun, oh great soul,
Surge et sol vorare, o magnae animus,
Let your fiery passion fuel your goal.
Fervorem tuum incendio scopum tuum impelle.
Another day, another chance to create,
Alius dies, aliud tempus creandi,
Forge your destiny with your burning faith.
Fortunam tuam ardenti fide fabricare.

The light you consume, let it spark your mind,
Lux, quam consumis, mentem excitet,
Let it bring forth the ideas that you'll find.
Ideas quas inveneris producat.
A new dawn, a new hope, a new you,
Nova aurora, nova spes, novus tu,
Rise and embrace it, let it imbue.
Surge et complectere, hanc imbue.

But be not satisfied with what you've done,
Sed ne sis contentus id quod feceris,
For there's always another "you" to be won.
Semper alius "tu" est vincendus.

An endless quest to find your true self,
Quaerere tuum verum iter sine fine est,
The journey's hard, but the reward's wealth.
Iter difficile, sed praemium est opulentum.

So rise and swallow the sun once more,
Ergo surge et sol rursus vorare,
And let your will take you to the shore.
Et voluntas tua te ad litora ducat.
Where you'll find the other "you" that you seek,
Ubi alium "te" invenies, quod quaeris,
And with it, the power to reach your peak.
Et cum eo, potentiam attingere poteris.

CIX

The Sword, Gladius

In my tomb, I lie still, with sword in hand,
In sepulcro meo iaceo immotus, ensi in manu,
A conqueror once, now just a memory grand.
Conquistator olim, nunc tantum memoria grandis.

My empire vast, my glory renowned,
Imperium meum vastum, gloria meus celebris,
My name still echoes with a mighty sound.
Nomen meum sonat ancora potentis.

But now a new emperor stands before me,
Sed nunc imperator novus coram me stat,
Claiming my sword, a symbol of my victory.
Ensem meum reclamans, victoriae symbolum.
Does he know what it took to win this land ?
Num scit quid oportuit ut terram hanc vincam ?
Does he understand the price of my command ?
Num intellegit pretium imperii mei mandatum ?

I was the great Alexander, ruler of all,
Ego fui Alexander Magnus, omnium rex,
My army feared, my enemies would fall.
Exercitus meus timetur, hostes cadunt.

But now I am but a relic of the past,
Sed nunc iam sum tantum reliquum praeteritum,
A footnote in history, fading fast.
Notula historiae, cito evanescentem.

My sword may now belong to a new name,
Ensis meus nunc possidetur nomine novi,
But my legacy lives on, forever to claim.
Sed hereditas meus in aeternum clamabit.
For those who seek to conquer and to reign,
Nam qui conquirere et regnare student,
Will know the power of my sword, the key to their
fame.
Potestatem gladii mei cognoscent, famae clavem.

So take my sword, new emperor, and rule with might,
Accipe ensem meum, imperator nove, et regna potenter,
But remember the lessons of my fight.
Sed meminisse debes mei pugnae doctrinam.
For true power comes not from sword or land,
Nam verus imperii potestas non gladio aut terra,
But from the heart and the mind, the soul of a great
command.
Sed ex corde, mente, animus magni mandati.

CX

Flaming Sword, Extrahere Gladium Flammantem de Corde Meo

From deep within my soul, a sword of flame,
E fundo animo meo, ens flammae,
Embedded in my heart, a source of pain.
In corde meo insitus, sicut doloris sagma.
A burning passion, a consuming fire,
Fervens passio, ignis consumens,
Its heat and light, my only desire.
Calor et lux eius, meus tantum desiderium.

But the flames that once gave me strength,
Sed flammae quae mihi fortitudinem praebebant,
Now threaten to consume me at length.
Nunc periculo meo potestatem faciunt.
I try to pull the sword from my chest,
Gladium ex pectore meo evellere conor,
But its grip on my heart won't let me rest.
Sed tenacitas eius in corde meo me moratur.

I cry out in agony, my body convulsing,
Dolore exclamo, corpus convulsans,
As the fiery blade within keeps pulsing.
Uterque igneus ens internus pulsans.
But I know I must find the courage to fight,
Sed sciendum est mihi vires animi addere,
To pull the sword out and reclaim my light.
Gladium extrahere, lumen meum redimere.

With each breath I take, I feel the heat rise,
Cum quoquo respiro, calor crescens sentitur,
My heart racing, as the flames intensify.
Cor meum celeriter pulsans, flammae intensificatur.
But I summon all my strength and will,
Sed vires et voluntatem omnes convoco,
And with a mighty pull, the sword I spill.
Magnopere trahens, gladium eximo.

The flames now dissipate, the heat subsides,
Nunc flammae disperguntur, calor sedatur,
As the sword of fire from my heart divides.
Ens flammae ex corde meo scinditur.
I am left standing, whole and renewed,
Ego sto integra, renovata,
The sword of flame now a symbol of my fortitude.
Gladius flammae est symbolus fortitudinis mei.

For I have faced my innermost fear,
Nam intimum timorem meum fronte adspexi,
And emerged stronger, with a victory clear.
Et fortior emersi, victoria clara.
The sword that once burned within my heart,
Gladius quondam ardens in corde meo,
Is now a reminder of my strength and art.
Nunc memoria fortitudinis et artis mei.

CXI

Storm, Tempestatem

I stand atop the hill, beneath the stormy sky,
Super collem statuo, sub caelo tempestatis,
The clouds above me dark, the thunder rolling by.
Nubes supra me sunt, tonitrua sonant auditis.
The air is thick with energy, a buzz I cannot ignore,
Aer energiam plenus est, sensu magno fruor,
As I feel the storm's power, deep down to my core.
Tempestatis vim intus sentio, fortitudinem quaesor.

The rain falls on my face, its coolness a relief,
Pluvia mihi in faciem cadit, refrigerium mihi est,
As I stand tall and steadfast, a solitary belief.
Alta sub caelo in solitudine statuo vest.

I walk down the hill, with each step a thunderous
sound,
Descendo ex monte, et audio tonitrua pede meo,
And the lightning strikes around me, the world's fury
unbound.
Fulgura circa me fulgent, mundi ira velut video.

But I am unafraid, for I know the storm's way,
Sed nihil metuo, tempestas ita agitur,
Its chaos and destruction, but also its power to sway.
Destructio et chaos, potestas quoque habetur.
For in its raging force, there lies a wild beauty,

In eius violentia, decet amoenitas,
A force to be respected, a force to see as duty.
Reverentia praeceptum, debet haberi fortitas.

So I embrace the storm, and all that it may bring,
Itaque tempestatem amplector, cum cunctis quae
attulit,

The lightning and the thunder, the wind's wild fling.
Fulgura et tonitrua, venti flammae fuit.
For in the midst of the chaos, there is a sense of
peace,

In medio huius tumultus, sentio pacis sensum,
A calmness in the storm, a sense of release.

Calma in tempestate, spiritus evanescunt.

And as I walk away, from the hill and the storm,
Et sic ambulans recedo, ab alto monte et tempestate,
I carry with me its power, its majesty in its form.
Potentiam et maiestatem porto, formam admirabilem.
For in the storm, I found a strength, a force beyond
compare,

In tempestate, robur inveni, nulli similis potestas
est,

A reminder of the beauty, in the midst of life's
despair.

Monumentum pulchritudinis, in medio vitae doloris est.

CXII

Galaxy Mind, Mens Galactic

The mind, a galaxy within, a wonder to behold,
Mens, galaxia intus, mirum adspicere,
A vast expanse of thoughts and ideas, waiting to be
told.

Vastus expanse cogitationum et idearum, nuntiantium.
A network of neurons, like stars in the sky,
Rete neuronale, sicut stellae in caelo,
Connecting and firing, never asking why.
Connectentes atque igneis, numquam quaerentibus cur.

The neural connections, like the galaxies above,
Connectiones neuronales, similes galaxiis supra,
Mimicking each other, in patterns of love.

Invicem imitantes, in patternis amore.
The thoughts and ideas, like planets in motion,
Cogitationes et ideae, sicut planetas in motu,
Forming and reforming, like the cosmic ocean.
Formantes et reformantes, sicut oceanus cosmicus.

The mind, a universe of its own, infinite and grand,
Mens, universum suum, infinitum et grandem,
A place of discovery, where new worlds can be found.
Locus inventionis, ubi novi mundi inveniri possunt.
The neural pathways, like the stars in the night,
Vie neuralis, sicut stellae in nocte,
A guide through the darkness, shining bright.
Lucens in obscuritate, ducens.

The mind, a canvas for creativity to unfold,
Mens, locus creativitatis, ubi potestas est,
A place of endless possibility, waiting to be told.

Locus possibilitatis in exhausto, nuntiatus.
The neural connections, like a cosmic dance,
Connectiones neuronales, sicut saltus cosmicus,
A symphony of thoughts, waiting for a chance.
Symphonia cogitationum, occasione expectantis.

The mind, a cosmos of its own, waiting to be explored,
Mens, cosmos suum, nuntians explorari,
A place of endless potential, with mysteries adored.
Locus potentialitatis infinitae, cum mysteriis adore.

The neural connections, like the galaxies up high,
Connectiones neuronales, sicut galaxiae in caelo alto,
A reminder of the wonder, that lives inside.
Memento mirabilis, quod intus vivit.

CXIII

Cult, Cultus

If I had a cult, we'd plant flowers in the spring,
Si mihi cultus esset, flores in vernissemus,
And sit in fields of blooming beauty, the joy they
bring.

Et in campis pulchritudinem florentem sedeamus.
With the earth beneath our feet, and the sun on our
skin,
Terra sub pedibus, sol super cutem,
We'd bask in nature's splendor, as life begins.
Splendorem naturae laeti capiamus, vitam incipientem.

In autumn, we'd clear the leaves, and watch them fall,
Autumno, folia depromimus, cernamusque cadentia,
As the colors of the world around us, painted a
vibrant pall.

Coloribus mundi circumdati, pallentis effigia.

We'd breathe in the crisp, cool air, and feel the
breeze,

Aer recenti et frigido trahamus, spirantes aura,
As we worked together, amongst the trees.
Dum inter arbores, operam damus, una voce simul.

In spring, we'd cut down lumber, and build lodges
tall,

In vere, ligna caedimus, construimusque tures,
With the skills of our hands, and the power of us all.

Manuum peritia et universorum auxiliis communes.
A place to call our own, where we could gather and be,
Locus, ubi congregari et esse possumus,
In harmony with the land, and each other, free.
Cum terrae et inter se concordia, liberi sumus.

And in the winter, we'd build a giant bonfire to
light,
Hieme, magnum ignem facimus, ut lumine splendeat,
As we basked in its warmth, through the long, dark
night.
Cali et flammae ardore, longa nocte fruimur invicem.

We'd share stories and laughter, and our hearts would
sing,
Narrationes ac risus inter nos communemus,
As we celebrated life, and all the joy it brings.
Ut laetitiam vitae et omne gaudium agamus.
If I had a cult, it wouldn't be one of hate or fear,
Si mihi cultus esset, odio aut metu carere,
But one of love and joy, with nature ever near.
Sed amoris et laetitiae natura semper adesse.
For the earth is our home, and we are all its kin,
Nam terra est domus, et nos omnes eius sumus filii,
Together we can find our way, and let the light
within.
Communis via, lucem invenire possumus, intus et foris.

CXIV

Lighthouse, Pharos

Amidst the stormy sea and skies of grey,
Inter tempestuosum mare et caelum caerulescentem,
Stands a lonely lighthouse, built on a rocky bay.
Solitaria turris alta, rupes in litore fixa est.

Its keeper long gone, his memory now a ghost,
Custos eius iam abiiit, eius memoria nunc est exspes,
A haunting presence, forever to host.
Praesens persequens, in perpetuum hospitium.

The ghost of the lighthouse, a man in life,
Phasman turris, hominem in vita,
A guardian of the sailors, amidst the strife.
Nautarum custos, inter tumultum.
He stood tall and strong, in the face of the gale,
Stetit altus et fortis, in facie venti,
His lantern ablaze, his presence never frail.
Fulgur crematorium, praesentia nunquam debilis.

Now he wanders the halls, of the lighthouse's keep,
Nunc perambulat per aulas, turris tenebrarum,
A flicker in the darkness, a shadow in the deep.
Succensus in caligine, umbra in profundo.
His footsteps echo, in the empty rooms and halls,
Vestigia eius resonant, in vacuis cubiculis et atriis,
A haunting reminder, of a life beyond recall.
Hanc perpetuum indicium, vitae ultra recordationem.

The ghost of the lighthouse, a sentinel still,
Phasma turris, custos manet,
A protector of the sailors, through storm and chill.
Nautarum defensor, per tempestatem et frigus.
He watches over the sea, with a steady eye,
Vigilat super mare, steadfast iunctus,
His presence a comfort, as the ships go by.
Hanc adhuc consolatricem, navibus ducentibus.

The sailors know of him, this ghostly form,
Nautae eum noverunt, hunc spectralem formam,
A legend of the sea, amidst the raging storm.
Legenda maris, inter raging tempestate.
They whisper his name, with reverence and awe,
Eius nomen susurrant, cum reverentia et metu,
As they navigate the waters, guided by his draw.
Navigantibus per aquas, ductibus eius.

And so the ghost of the lighthouse remains,
Et sic phasma turris manet,
A sentinel in the darkness, amidst the wind and rains.
Custos in tenebris, inter ventum et pluviam.
His lantern forever lit, his spirit forever free,
Fulgur eius semper accensum, eius animus semper
libera,
A guardian of the sailors, in the stormy sea.
Nautarum defensor, in tempestuosum mare.

CXIV

Furnace, Furnacem

The last person on earth, he sits alone,
Ultimus in terra sedet solus,
Hunched over a furnace, made of stone.
Curvatus super fornacem lapideam.
He's warm for now, with scraps and bits,
Nunc tepidus est, cum fragmentis et parvis,
Of materials he's collected, piece by piece.
Materiis collectis uno ex uno.

In the darkest depths of night,
In caligine noctis tenebrosae,
Sits a man with fading light,
Homo sedet cum luce deficiente,
Hunched over the furnace's heat,
Curvatus super calorem fornacis,
The last person left on this street.
Ultimus super hanc viam relinquitur.

The days are long, and the work is hard,
Dies longi sunt, labor difficilis,
He scrapes and scrounges, for any discarded shard,
Surgit et percutit, quodcumque reperit,
Of metal, wood, or plastic too,
Metalli, ligni, plastica quoque,
Anything that might help him make it through.
Quidquid possit adiuvere eum.

His clothes are tattered, his face is worn,
Vestimenta lacerata sunt, facies trita,
He scraps for materials since he was born,
Surgit pro materia ex quo natus est,
The days are long and the nights are cold,
Dies longi sunt et noctes frigidae,
And the fire is his only hold.
Et ignis eius solus tenet.

As night falls, the air grows cold,
Nox cadit, aer frigidus est,
And he stokes the fire, with all he can hold,
Et accendit focum, quo magis capax,
He burns his treasures, one by one,
Comburet thesauros suos, unum ex uno,
To keep the flames alive until the dawn
Ad ignem vivum usque ad auroram tenendum.

He burns his scraps and his memories too,
Comburet fragmenta et recordationes,
For fuel to keep himself anew,
Ad alimentum sui ipsius,

The fire crackles, flickers, and glows,
Fervet ignis et fluit,
As the man's desperation grows.
et luctus sui crescunt.

The nights are growing longer now,
Noctes nunc crescunt longiores,

And he knows that he must find a way somehow,
Comburet fragmenta et recordationes,
To keep the furnace burning bright,
Ad alimentum sui ipsius,
Or else he'll freeze to death in the endless night.
Fervet ignis et fluit, et luctus sui crescunt.

He knows the end is drawing near,
Finem appropinquari scit,
The darkness looms, his greatest fear,
Obscuritas minatur, metus maximus,
He would cut off his arm for warmth,
Brachiolum secaret pro fervore,
To survive the night and face the storm.
Ut supereat noctem, tempestatemque.

The nights are growing longer now,
Noctes nunc crescunt longiores,
And he knows that he must find a way somehow,
Et novit eum inveniendum rationem,

To keep the furnace burning bright,
Ut faciat claram flammam furnaci,
Or else he'll freeze to death in the endless night.
Aut morietur congelatus in infinitum.

But still, he stays, with his furnace bright,
Sed manet, et clara foco lumine,
A beacon of hope in the endless night,
Signum spei in infinita nocte,

A last man standing, a symbol of might,
Ultimus super hanc viam relinquitur,
In a world that's lost its fight.
Symbolum fortitudinis mundi victi.

CXV

Reactor Shutdown, Reactoris Clausera

In the heart of Ukraine, stands a place,
In Ucraina corde stans locus,
That has left its mark on time and space.
Qui tempus locumque signavit morbo.
Chernobyl, the name that sends a chill,
Chernobyl nomen quod horrorem pascit,
A disaster that continues to haunt us still
Catastrophā nos sequitur, semper saevit.

A person walks into the exclusion zone,
Homo in aream exclusi venit,
Feeling the buzz in the air, he's alone,
Radiationis sensum sine radiodetector,
No giger counter to measure the radiation
Solus pergit, allicitus miris rebus.
He walks on, drawn by a strange fascination
Radiationis vis auctior fit, sed non terret.

The buzz gets stronger as he nears the plant,
Ad centrum reattoris festinat,
He's compelled to see what's left to haunt,
Certus quidem, se laceraturum,

He walks towards the reactor's heart,
Sed videre desiderat, quid reliquum.
Knowing well, it could tear him apart
Ad cor reattoris contendit.

He finds a valve, directing water to flow.
Valvam reperit, quae aquam ducit.
He starts to turn it, his heart begins to slow,
Girare coepit, pulsus tardat,
The radiation's intensity, hard to bear,
Radiationis immanitas, quam ferre difficile est,
But he keeps turning, with a stubborn air.
Sed girare perseverat, semper obstinat.

His legs give out, he collapses on the ground,
Artus deficit, concidit in humum,
His eyesight blurs, the world spinning around.
Visus turbatur, orbis vertitur.
The valve's turned, but at what cost,
Valva versa est, sed quam pretio,
His life taken, by Chernobyl's ghost.
Hoc factum est ? Chernobyl haec spectat.

A tragedy that shook the world to its core,
Tragedia, quae mundum concussit,
Chernobyl, a place that's forever more,
Chernobyl locus, aeternum,
Etched in history, a warning to all,
In historia notatus, ad omnes monitum,
That nature can be unforgiving, when we fall.
Naturae, cum lapsi sumus, vindicativae.

CXVI

Heart to Beat, Core Pulsare

Can anyone hear me, my voice is a plea
Haudne me quisquam audit, voce quaeso
Waiting on my heart to beat, can't you see ?
Expectans cor meum pulsare, nonne videtis ?
Is anyone listening, am I all alone ?
Num quisquam audit, solusne sum ?
Waiting on a heart beat, aching to be known
Expectans cor pulsare, ut notus sim anhelō

I shout in distress, my words echo in vain
Clamo angustiis premitus, verba meus frustra resonant
Born into this world, with nothing to gain
In hoc mundo natus, nihil mihi commodi advenit
No one to hold, no one to guide
Nemo tenet, nemo ducit
Alone in the dark, with nowhere to hide
In tenebris solus, ubi fuga nulla sit

Can anyone hear me, my soul is in pain
Haudne me quisquam audit, animus meus dolet
Waiting on my heart to beat, over and over again
Expectans cor meum pulsare, iterum ac iterum
Is anyone there, to take my hand ?
Num quisquam adesse, ut manum porrigat ?
Waiting on a heart beat, to help me stand
Expectans cor pulsare, ut succurramur et erigamur

I cry out to the heavens, hoping for a sign
Ad caelum vocem fero, signum sperans
But all I hear is silence, a cruel design
Sed silentium tantum audio, exitium crudele
Born into this world, with no one to care
In hoc mundo natus, nemo curat
Alone and afraid, in this world so unfair
Solus et timens, in hoc mundo iniquo

Can anyone hear me, my heart is a drum
Haudne me quisquam audit, cor meum pulsatur ut tympanum
Beating for a connection, a sense of home
Pulsans ut coniunctio, domum quam sentio
Is anyone listening, can you hear my call ?
Num quisquam audit, vocem meam ?
Waiting on a heart beat, before I fall
Expectans cor pulsare, antequam cadam

I shout in distress, my voice full of sorrow
Clamo angustiis premitus, plenus maeroris
Born into this world, with no hope for tomorrow
In hoc mundo natus, nulla spes mihi oritur
Can anyone hear me, before it's too late ?
Haudne me quisquam audit, antequam nimis sero ?
Waiting on a heart beat, to change my fate.
Expectans cor pulsare, meum fortunam mutare.

CXVII

Machine, Mechina

Behold the Machine, a marvel to behold,
Ecce Machina, mirabile spectaculum,
Months it took to make, a story untold,
Mensis, ad factum, fabula incognitum,
Springs and gears, a symphony of sound,
Resortes et rotae, symphonia sonorum,
A work of art, in form profound.
Opera artis, forma profunda ac decorum.

But what does it do, this wondrous thing ?
Sed quid agit, haec mirabilis res ?
Nothing at all, a thought so daunting,
Nihil omnino, cogitatio tam stress,
It's too big to move, a permanent fixture,
Magna est, quae movere non potest,
An enigma that leaves us in rapture.
Enigma nobis relinquit, in stupore posit.

The Machine stands still, an enigmatic sight,
Machina stat immota, aspectus enigmaticus,
Its stillness a paradox, a curious plight,
Stabilitas eius, paradoxum curiosum,

For in the stillness, it negates all we know,
Nam in stabilitate, negat quod scimus,
A void of action, that leaves us in woe.
Vacuum actio, nobis dolor est infimus.

The gears remain still, the springs in repose,
Rota manent immobiles, resortes in quiete,
The Machine's quietness, a strange juxtapose,
Taciturnitas Machinae, iuxta est visibiles mete,
It sits outside, a monument to design,
Extra stat, monumentum artis in perpetuum,
A mystery that leaves us in a bind.
Mysterium quod nobis est vinculum.

A testament to human ingenuity,
Testimonium ingenuitatis humanae,
A creation that remains in perpetuity,
Fabrica quae manet in aeternae famae,
But its presence lingers, a constant glow.
Sed eius praesentia, constans est lucis.

Behold the Machine, a ripper of space and time,
Ecce Machina, spacii et temporis lacer,
A creation so profound, a wonder so divine,
Fabrica tam profunda, et divina visus,
It negates the world, and rips holes in the universe,
Negat mundum, ac universum scindit,
Where galaxies are seen, in a way so perverse.
Ubi galaxiae apparet, in modum perversus sit.

The tares it creates, show distant worlds up close,
Scissa quae creavit, mundos longinqua propinquat,
A window to the universe, a sight so morose,
Fenestra universi, visus adeo tristis est fat,

The Machine's power, a force to be reckoned,
Vis Machinae, est vim cui resistere non possumus,
Its reach beyond, what we've ever reckoned.
Ultra spatium et tempus, eius potentiam agnoscimus.

Through the holes it creates, we see a cosmic view,
Per fenestras creavit, universi mundus,
A portal to the stars, that leaves us in anew
Aperit ad astra, nobis manet profundus,
The galaxies dance, in a choreography of light.
Galaxiae saltant, choreographia luminis.

A spectacle to behold, a wondrous sight.
Spectaculum ad videndum, visus adeo gratum et finis.

The Machine's creation, a feat beyond measure,
Fabrica Machinae, factum praeter mensuram,
Its power so great, it defies all our leisure,
Potentia eius magna, quae nobis obliviscitur cura,
The world it negates, leaves us in awe,
Mundum negat, stuporem relinquit nobis,
A glimpse of the universe, beyond our mortal law.
Universi adspectus, mortali lege superius est nobis.

The tares it creates, a doorway to the unknown,
Per scissa creavit, in ignotum viam,
A journey beyond, what we've ever sown,
Iuncturam praeter quod posuit, semina sua cecidit iam,
The Machine's legacy, a mark on eternity,
Haeresis Machinae, est in aeternitatem nota.

A window to the stars, that leaves us in serenity.
Fenestra ad astram, quae nos in serenitate relinquit.

CXVIII

Rain Dance, Saltatio Pluviae

Gather 'round the fire, let the rhythm flow,
Ad focum convenite, fluitate sonora,
To summon the rain, and let the earth grow,
Ad pluviam evocandam, ut terra auctiora,
Feel the beat of the drum, deep in your soul,
Sente tibi in animo ictum tympani,
As we dance together, to make the rain whole.
Tamquam simul saltantes, pluviam efficiamusani.

With each step we take, the clouds draw near,
Passu hinc illinc, nebulas cogimus,
Thunder claps and lightning strikes, drawing ever so
near,
Tonitrua crepant, et fulgura rutilantibus,
Our bodies swaying, to the beat of the drum,
Corpora nostris iunguntur in artus,
As we dance in unison, until the rain comes.
Pluvia ut effluat, nobiscum fidentes.

Our feet pound the earth, with each passing beat,
Pedes cava terram quatit, cum tempus est,
As we sway and turn, to make the rain complete,
Volventur nostri motus, ut pluvia crescat,
Our voices rising, as we call out to the sky,
Voces iterantes, caelum attingimus,
To bring the rain down, from up so high.
Pluviam in terram demittamus, ut augeamus.

The rhythm of our dance, a primal call,
Rythmum saltus nostri, precor priscus,
To bring the rain, and let the earth forestall,
Pluviam et terram, una ut succusus,
For every step we take, brings us closer to the rain,
Passu post passum, pluvia propius adhuc,
As we dance in this circle, and call out its name.
Circum saltantes, nomen suum nobis dicimus.

And finally, the rain begins to fall,
Et tandem, pluvia cadit,
The sound of it, a melody to enthrall,
Sonus ejus, melodia sedat,
Our dance was not in vain, for it brought the rain,
Saltus nostrae non frustra facti sunt,
And we shall continue to dance, again and again.
Pluviam atque saltus iterum iterumque faciemus.

CXIX

Déjà vu, Praerecogitatum

Déjà vu, a feeling so strange,
Déjà vu, sensus tam mirus,
As if we've lived this moment before in range,
Tamquam hanc horam iam vivissemus in spatiis;
A fleeting memory, a whisper in time,
Memoria fugitiva, susurrus temporis,
A sensation that's hard to define.
Sensus qui difficilis est definire.

Déjà vu, a momentary glitch,
Déjà vu, fallax momentum,
As if reality has sprung a stitch,
Tamquam realitas detraxerit unum filum,
A glimpse of a life we've lived in the past,
Aspectus vitae, quam vivimus olim,
A memory that was thought to be cast.
Memoria quae iam oblivioni deditur.

Déjà vu, a glimpse of the divine,
Déjà vu, aspectus divinus,
A connection to a life beyond this line,
Connexio vitae ultra terminum huius,

A glimpse of a world we cannot see,
Aspectus mundi quod non videmus,
A reminder of what we're meant to be.
Admonitio est de quod sumus destinati esse.

So embrace the déjà vu when it comes,
Quapropter accipe Déjà vu cum venit,
A reminder that we're not just some,
Admonitio est de quod non est solus sumus,
We're part of a universe that's vast,
Partem universi magni sumus,
A journey that's meant to forever last.
Iter quod semper durabit.

CXX

Abduction, Abductus

I wandered out one evening,
Erravi una nocte,
Into a field so vast and wide.
In agro vasto et lato.
The stars were bright and shining,
Stellae clarae fulgebant,
And the moon was full of pride.
Et luna gaudebat plena.

As I walked into the darkness,
Dum tenebras intravi,
I saw a strange and eerie sight.
Spectaculum insitum aspexi.
A set of lights were glowing brightly,
Lux clara splendebat,
A mystery in the middle of the night.
Mysterium noctis inter.

The lights were like a beacon,
Lumen instar phari,
Drawing me ever closer still.
Me ad se traxit ultro.

I felt my feet move towards them,
Pedes meos sentivi,
A pull beyond my will.
Vimque meum supero.

Suddenly, I felt a force take hold,
Repente vis me tenuit,
As I was lifted off the ground.
E terra raptus sum.
A beam of light surrounded me,
Lux circumfudit me,
A feeling of weightlessness all around.
Pondus nullum erat humi.

I was pulled up into the sky,
In caelum efferor,
A sensation I cannot describe.
Sensus describi nequit.
The world below grew smaller,
Mundus subterfuit mihi,
As I was taken on a cosmic ride.
Ad viam coelestem feror.

The aliens looked upon me,
Alieni me aspexerunt,
With their eyes so large and bright.
Oculis ingentibus atque claram.

I couldn't move or speak or think,
Motus nec loqui nec cogitare,
I was paralyzed with fright.
Terror me tenuit et praepes.

They probed and prodded,

Expiscati et explorati,
And experimented on my being.
Corpus meum scrutati sunt.
I tried to scream, I tried to fight,
Clamare temptavi et pugnare,
But I was stuck in this strange sighting.
In opere insolito obstipui.

As the lights began to fade,
Dum lumina deficient,
I was lowered back to earth.
In terram me deposuerunt.
My memory now a blur,
Memoria confusa est mihi,
A strange and mysterious rebirth.
Strange reborn et misterium.

CXXI

Thirst, Sitis

Drowning in thirst, I search for water,
Siti morior, aquam quaero,
My lips are dry, barely can I breathe,
Labris aridus, vix respiro,
The scorching sun above me burns,
Ardens sol caelestis torret,
My spirit now begins to fail.
Spiritus meus iam deficit.

Where is the spring ? Water, come to me !
Fons, ubi es ? Aqua, veni ad me !
Quench this thirst, the source of life,
Vitae fontem sitim extingue,
Restore to me my health and strength,
Redde mihi vitam et salutem,
And let me not die in such misery.
Nec patiar mori sic miser.

Thirsty, thirsty, I run to the spring,
Sitiens, sitiens, ad fontem curro,
Living water, I seek and long for thee,
Aqua vivax, te quaero et opto,

My body is drained,
Meum corpus exhauritur,
Life failing, leaving me behind.
Vita deficiens, me deserit.

Thirst consumes me, weariness overwhelms,
Siti me exanimust, lassitudine premit,
The spring refuses to quench my thirst,
Fons sitim sedare, mihi negat,
The burning heat of the sun rages,
Ardentis solis fervor saevit,
Hope of life is now fading away.
Vitae spes iam mihi deficit.

Thirsting, I struggle without rest,
Sitiens laboro, sine requie,
My life is in danger,
Meus vita in periculo est,
Water of life, heal me now,
Aqua vitae, sana me nunc,
And let me not die in this way.
Nec patiar me mori sic.

Thirsty and parched, I long for
Sitiens et aridus, desidero,
Pure water, who can give it to me ?
Aquam puram, qui potest dare ?

Look upon my thirst with mercy,
In sitim meum misericors respice,
And grant me the wellspring of life.
Et fons vitae mihi dona.

CXXII

Swamp, Palus

As I traverse the swamp's murky depths,
Dum paludosae profundo incesso,
The path ahead seems never-ending,
Semper via finis non apparet,
Each step taken with trepid steps,
Cunctus passus metu plenus adesto,
On this journey that's so unrelenting.
Ita est hanc viam pergere certatim.

Dead trees line the path ahead,
Arbor mortua, viae praeiacent,
Their gnarled branches reaching high,
Ramus nodis attorti excelsi,
The light they block, but in their stead,
Lux illam obstruit, sed fit vicem,
A strange reflection of the sky.
Caeli mira imago, in aquis refleksi.

The moon above, a silvery orb,
Luna argentea, orbis supernus,
Casts its reflection on the bogs,
Paludes illuminat splendore,

A glimmer of light amid the warps,
Inter vaporem bellum et lupinus,
And the swamp's all-encompassing fogs.
Ima sunt perque omnia odore.

As I walk, the water shifts,
Gleba fangosa, aequor undans,
A strange and eerie feeling abounds,
Singulis gradu sentio, pedum intus,
The air is thick with a noxious mist,
Palus tenebrosus, umbrae spirans,
That fills my lungs with murky sounds.
Frangitur animus, quo minus succumbus.

The ground beneath me sinks and squelches,
Stridor inexplicabilis undique,
With every step, I feel the muck,
Chorus coaxantium, stridoris, susurrantium,
The swamp is dark, with shadows belches,
Nescio quid lateat sub pedique,
And I feel my courage start to buckle.
Hac metu fretus iter continuo pertentantem.

Strange noises echo all around,
Tamen adhuc contendo per obscurum,
A chorus of croaks, buzzes, and hisses,
Et spe claritatis corde me gubernio,

I know not what lies on the ground,
Nam palus hanc habet mala florum,
And every moment, my fear increases.
Et vita spem fugae nos vocemus diurno.

CXXIII

Book of You, Libri de Te

In the library of my dreams,
In bibliotheca somniorum meis,
A maze of shelves, it seems,
Labyrinthus est librorum, ut videtur,
Thin corridors that wind and twist,
Angusti corri-dores quibus tortuosae,
And books that call out to be kissed.
Et libros iubentes osculari.

The metal lamps provide the light,
Lucernae metalli lumen praebent,
Guiding me through this endless night,
Me per hanc noctem infinitam ducunt,
As I wander from one tome to another,
Dum ab uno volumine ad alium erro,
Lost in the stories of each other.
Inter historias utriusque sum oblitus.

Each book reveals a life's tale,
Unusquisque liber vitae fabulam revelat,
Full of love and loss, of joy and travail,
Plenum amoris et doloris, gaudii et laboris,

Diary-like in its intimate detail,
Diario simile in detaliis intimis,
But collected here, in this sacred grail.
Sed hic collectus, in hoc sacro Graal.

Yet amidst this literary feast,
Inter librorum convivium haec,
I come upon a book that screams, at least,
Invenio librum qui quasi clamat,
And though I open it with curiosity,
Et, quamvis aperiens eum cum curiositate,
Its terror forces me to close it, suddenly.
Terror facit me subito claudere.

Still, I press on, seeking a pattern,
Tamen persevero, quaerens ordinem,
A thread of meaning, some cosmic lantern,
Filiam sensum, aliquem fuscina caelestem,
Until at last, I find my own book,
Donec tandem, librum meum invenio,
And with a jolt, I awake with a look.
Et cum fremitu, expectatus sum intueor.

For in that dream, I did discover,
Nam in somnio illo, reperi,
A hidden part of myself, like a lover,
Partem occultam mei, tamquam amicam,

And though the library fades from view,
Et, quamvis bibliotheca ex oculis evanescit,
Its lessons linger, old and new.
Ejus doctrina, vetera et nova manent.

CXXV

Another Life, Alta Vita

Perhaps in another world
Fortasse in mundo altero,
Our paths shall cross again,
Iterum viae nostrae se commisceant,
And we'll unravel the mystery
Et mysterium solvere possimus
Of this lingering, haunting pain.
Doloris huius pertinacis et anxii.

But until then, your face
Sed interim, facie
Maybe in another life,
Fortasse in alia vita,
We knew each other well,
Nos bene nosse potuimus,
But in this one, your face
Sed in hac, vultus tuus
Is a distant, unfamiliar spell.
Est incantatio longinqua et ignota.

Your features bring to mind
Tuae notae mihi recordationem
Memories that are not quite mine,
Commemorant, quae mei non sunt,
From a lifetime far away
Ex vita longe dissita

Or maybe even more time.
Aut fortasse longe antiquiore.

The feeling that you pass
Sentire quod transis per me est
Through me is like a bittersweet,
Velut amaritudine dulcis mixtura,
A mix of relief and regret
Ex quodam levamine et dolore,
That leaves my heart incomplete.
Quod cor meum incompletum relinquit.

What did we do, I wonder,
Quid fecimus, quaeso,
And who was I to you?
Et quis ego tibi fui?
Were we friends or something more,
Amici an aliquid amplius,
Or strangers passing through?
An solum peregrinus adveniens?

Perhaps in some other world,
Sed interim, facies tua,

Reminds me of a past unknown,
Meminit mei praeteriti ignoti,

A life that might have been,
Vitae quae potuit esse,
But now forever postponed.

Sed nunc ad infinitum distulit.

CXXIV

Time Vortex, Vortex Temporis

Staring into the time vortex,
Intuentem in voragine temporis,
I see the ages of the cosmos,
Videor videre aetates universi,
Empires spanning star systems crumble,
Imperia inter stellas pereunt,
Galaxies fall and form, in a mighty reverse.
Galaxiae fiunt et rursus oriantur.

Dust to stars to dust again,
Ex pulvere nascuntur et rursum in pulverem cadunt,
The whole cosmos in a cycle of rebirth,
Cosmos toto in renascentiae curriculo,
In a flash, in a hole, in a scar,
In momento, in foramine, in cicatrice,
Every aspect of every event on this earth.
Cuncti eventus huius terrae spectantur.

I witness the rise and fall of worlds,
Vidi mundorum initium et finem,
The birth and death of every sun,
Solis ortum et occasum cunctis conspexi,
I see the ebb and flow of time,
Vidi tempus fluere et fluctuare,
And the dance of every celestial one.
Et cunctas coelestium per gyrationes tangi.

Every person, every position,
Unusquisque, etiam minimus, una cum suo munere,
Every voice and every choice,
Cuncta in tempore texta sunt,
All are woven into the fabric of time,
Tapestria magnifica spatium condita,
A cosmic tapestry that weaves a magnificent voice.
Cuius harmonia nulla est interemptio.

Eternity stretches before my eyes,
Aeternitas in oculis meis patet,
An endless expanse of space and time,
Spacium et tempus infinitum,

And yet, within this infinite Cosmos,
Et tamen, intra hoc immensum universum,
I find a sense of peace and a moment sublime.
Pacem et momenta sublimia invenio.

For in the time vortex, I understand,
Nam in voragine temporis intelligo,
That though the Cosmos is vast and grand,
Cosmos magnus et grandis sit mundus,
Every moment, every breath, every choice,
Quodlibet momentum, quolibet halitu, quolibet
consilio,
Is precious, and part of an eternal rejoice.
Est pretiosum et pars aeternae laetitiae.

CXXV

Beneath The Soul, Sub Animo

Beneath the soul, there lies a garden,
Sub animo, hortus latet,
Untamed, overgrown with vines so harden,
Immansus, vepribus induratis obductus,
But some, like me, have taken to tending,
Sed aliqui, sicut ego, curae dediti sumus,
Carefully pruning, and always attending.
Diligeenter dissecantes et semper attendentes.

From my youth, I saw the potential,
Ex iuventa meus, potentiam vidi,
A greenhouse with glass so monumental,
Serenarium vitreis tam ingentibus,
Overgrown greenery, a jungle so wild,
Vires exuberantes, sylva tam ferax,
But with my tools, I took up the trial.
Sed cum instrumentis meis, suscepi tentamentum.

Hacking and slashing, I fought through the vines,
Rumpens et caedens, vinis pugnans,
The garden grew tamed, and oh how it shines,
Hortus mitigatus est, et quam splendet,

Allowing for room, for flowers and fruit,
Spatiem praebens, floribus et fructibus,
My soul regenerated, a sight so acute.
Animus meus recreata, visu tam acuta.

Rejuvenated and reinvigorated,
Rejuvenatus et instauratus,
The colors of my soul, now more distinguished,
Colores animi mei, iam distinctiores,
A flame burning brighter, lighting the way,
Flamma ardens, iter illuminans,
Leading me through each and every day.
Me perducens per dies singulos.

So let this be a reminder, to one and all,
Sic sit hoc monitum, omnibus et singulis,

To tend to your garden, whenever you fall,
Curare hortum tuum, ubicumque cadas,
For below the soul, there's a place so pure,
Nam infra animum, locus tam purus est,
A garden that needs tending, of that we can be sure.
Hortus qui cura indiget, de hoc certi sumus.

But for now, I remember your face,
Sed interim, memini vultum tuum,
From a life unknown, a distant place,
Ex vita ignota, loco longinquo,
Who were you to me?
Quis tu mihi fueras?
Friends or something more?
Amici an aliquid amplius?
Perhaps travelers passing by?
Forsitan peregrini praetereuntes?

Yet in the meantime, your face,
At interim, vultus tuus,
Reminds me of an unknown life,
Meminit me vitae ignotae,
A life that might have been, but never was,
Vitae quae fuit, sed numquam erat,
Now eternally postponed.
Nunc aeterno postponitur.

CXXVI

Palace in The Clouds, Imperium Nubium

As I close my eyes, I see it there,
Dum cludo oculos, conspicio ibi,
The palace in the clouds, so rare,
Palatium in nubibus, tam rarae,
White marble and golden sunbeams,
Marmor albus, fulgentes radii solis,
Walkways, stairs, dotted with statues and beams.
Iter viae, gradus, signa et trabes.

A city made of cloud, out of vapor and mist,
Civitas e nube, ex vaporibus et nebula,
Built with skill by an artist's wrist,
Atrium artificis manus, mira nebula,
I am but a visitor in this place so grand,
Visitator sum in loco tanto,
Amidst the buildings, homes, and towers that stand.
Inter edificia, domos et turrens insigne canto.

Magnificent beauty, who made you so fair,
O magnifica pulchritudo, quis fecit te tam juste,
Whose hands crafted you with such care,
Cuius manus te sic curavit suaviter,
Your sculptor was the artist of the sky,
Sculptor tuus fuit artifex caeli,
Who crafted this wonder for us to spy.
Hoc miraculum nobis visendum offere reliquit.

So I take a deep breath and savor the view,
Ergo traho profundum spiritum et visum fruor,
Feeling so small, and yet, renewed,
Me sentio exiguum, sed renovatum exsurgo,
For in this palace, I find my peace,
In palatio hoc, invenio meum pacem,
A place of wonder that shall never cease.
Mirabilis locus, semper duraturus necem.

The palace moves through the skies so bright,
Palatium movet per aetheris lucidos,
Each time I return, a new vista in sight,
Quoties revisit, novus horizon in oculis,
It soars over mountains, oceans, and lands,
Praeter montes, maria et terrae solum,
Crafted by the hands of gods, so grand.
Manibus caelestibus sculptum, mundus novum.

Through the billowing clouds, it makes its way,
Per nubes fluctuantes iter facit,
A sight that takes my breath away,
Aspectus caput capax, mentem obnubilat,

And as it travels from place to place,
Et cum locum transit, alium pergit ad locum,
I marvel at its wondrous grace.
Miror quidem eius gratiam ex corde profundo.

The palace's beauty is ever-changing,
Forma palatii semper mutatur,

In each new landscape, it's rearranging,
In novis agris locatur,
And though I am but a mere visitor,
Et tamen visitator sum in hoc loco,
This palace in the clouds is my sweet suitor.
Palatium in nubibus meus amator.

So as it glides through the azure blue,
Igitur, dum fluit per coeruleum aethera,
I am grateful for this stunning view,
Spectaculum tantum gratum, grato in animo resera,
For in this palace, I find my peace,
Nam in palatio hoc, invenio meum pacem,
A place of wonder that shall never cease.
Mirabilis locus, semper duraturus necem.

CXXVII

Tale, Narrat

The old man's words left us in awe,
Verba senis nos stupefaciebant,
As we listened, sipping our ale,
Dum auscultabamus, cerevisiam haurientes,
His tales of age to age, we saw,
Fabulae eius aevi ad aevum, vidimus,
And watched his face grow pale.
Et vultum eius pallere vidimus.

He spoke of wars that had been waged,
Loquebatur de bellis quae gesta erant,
Of men who were left in cages,
De viris qui in carceribus relictī erant,
Of times he had to bail,
De temporibus quibus oportebat fugere,
And of kings and courts so bold.
Et de regibus et curiis tam audacibus.

The dance and drama of the balls,
Saltus et spectacula ex pompatibus,
The stories of places forgotten and old,
Historiae locorum vetustorum et oblitorum,

The man held us all in his thrall,
Senex nos omnium tenet fascinatū,
As each new story he told.
Dum novam fabulam singulam narrat.

We sat transfixed, our ale grown cold,
Sedemus extasiati, cerviceisiam nostram frigidam,
As the old man recounted it all,
Dum senex totum recenset,
Each word a treasure to behold,
Sicut thesaurum singula verba tenebamus,
As he shared his knowledge so tall.
Dum suum altum sapientiam communicat.

We knew we were lucky to be there,
Scimus nos fortunatos ibi adesse,
To hear his tales of times gone by,
Ut eius fabulas temporibus praeteritis audiamus,
And now, we can pass them on with care,
Et nunc id cura transeamus,
So they never fade and die.
Ut numquam effluant ac pereant.

The old man grew pale,
Senex palluit,
Each word he told of his tale,
Verbum unum de sua fabula narrans,
We all, waited, drinking our ale,
Nos omnes expectabamus, cervisiam bibentes,
Hearing of age to age,
Aetatem ad aetatem audiens,

The times he had to bail
Tempora quibus se exsolutionem facere debuit

Each war that was waged,
Quot bellum gestum est,
The men left in cages
Hominibus inclusis in carcere
The old man told us all
Senex nobis omnia narravit.

He told of courts and halls
De curiis et aulis narravit,
The dance and drama from the balls
Saltu et comoedia ex conviviis,
He told of kings of old
De regibus antiquis narravit,
Men in courts so bold
Hominibus in aulis adeo audacibus.

Our ale grew cold
Cervisia nostra frigida est,
Each new story, men bold
Quae nova fabula, homines audaces,
Keeping us all in his hold
Nos omnes in eius potestate tenens,
Each story told
Fabulam unicam narravit.

Each place forgotten and old
Singulos locos oblitum et antiquum,
This man, only one who knew
Hunc hominem solum qui scivit,
Now we, can share the tale anew

Nunc nos, possumus fabulam iterum communicare.

CXXVIII

Wet Fire, Ignis Mollis

I wake on the floor, a film of water,
Surgere in pavimento, pellicula aquae,
Thin and glistening, the only porter,
Tenuis et micans, solum custos,
Yet darkness surrounds, it won't set me free,
Tenebrae circumstant, me liberare non valent,
My hands have an outline, and the water glows,
Manus mei delineantur, aqua fulget,
But I'm stuck in this place, with nowhere to go.
Sed hic fixus sum, nusquam ire possum.

Of this vast open space, no walls or roof,
Hoc immenso spatio, nulla moenia vel tectum,
Just wetness surrounding, no sense of proof.
Humiditas tantum circumdans, nullus indicium.

My body's different, but I can still see,
Corpus meum aliter est, sed tamen videre possum,
My heart pulses warm, a light from my chest.
Cor meum tepidum pulsatur, lux ex pectore meo.
Illuminates the water, a fiery test
Illuminat aquam, testis igneus

The heat courses through, my bones and skin
Calor per ossa et cutem meum decurrit
Agony sets in, I must crawl and begin
Dolore afficior, incedere et incipere necesse est

A man, a bonfire, I move to the water
Homo, ignis, ad aquam me movo
But there is no relief, just flames that slaughter
Sed non est remedium, flammae solum occidunt
Each breath fuels the fire, feeds the pain
Spiritus unusquisque ignem foveat, dolorem pascit
Blackout ensues, echoes of my voice remain
Eclipsis subsequitur, vox meus resonat

In this endless space, I'm left to ponder
In hoc spatio infinito, cogitare relinquitur
The meaning of this dream, its haunting wonder
Significatum huius somni, et mira expectatio
Is it a warning of things to come ?
Monitum futurorumne est ?
Or just a vision, with nowhere to run ?
An tantum visio est, nusquam ad fugiendum ?

CXXIX

Awake After, Vagilo Post

I woke to find myself adrift
Surrexi ut me invenerim haerentem
On a boat both small and thin,
In navigio parvo et tenui,
The air was still, the river swift,
Aer erat immotus, flumen rapidum,
And all around was dim.
Et circum omnia obscura erant.

No memory came to mind,
Nulla memoria in mentem venit,
No recollection of how or why,
Nulla recordatio de quo vel cur,
Just the feeling that I was resigned
Solum sensus quod resignatus eram
To journey on until I die.
Iter facere usque ad mortem.

Then I saw the figure in the prow,
Tunc vidimus figuram in prora,
A man both ancient and grave,
Hominem et antiquum et severum,

His eyes held knowledge somehow,
Cuius oculi sapientiam continebant
Of secrets kept beyond the grave.
Secretorum ultra sepulcrum.

He spoke in words both strange and deep,
Locutus est verbis et profunde,
Cryptic phrases, hard to grasp,
Phrasibus crypticis, difficilibus adprehendere,
But I knew that he could keep,
Sed sciebam eum servare posse,
Me safe on this mysterious task.
Me tutum in hoc arcano negotio.

So we sailed on, the river's flow,
Itaque navigavimus, fluminis cursu,
Taking me where it might,
Ducens me quo velit,
And though I knew not where to go,
Et licet nescirem quo irem,
I trusted in his guiding light.
Credo in eius lumine ductore.

We spoke of life and death and all,
Loquuti sumus de vita et morte et omnibus,
And what it means to cross this stream,
Et quid significet transitus huius fluminis,

And though I felt uncertain and small,
Et quamquam me incertum et parvum sentirem,
Charon's wisdom made me dream.
Charontis sapientia me fecit somniare.

Dream of what awaits beyond,

Somniare de eo quod ultra est,
The veil of death we all must pass,
Velum mortis quo omnes transire debemus,
And though it might seem far and fond,
Et quamquam longe et carum videatur,
I know that we shall find it at last.
Scio nos tandem invenire.

So here I am, on this small boat,
Ita hic sum, in navigio parvo,
With Charon as my guide,
Cum Charonte duce meo,
And though I cannot see the remote,
Et quamquam remotum non videam,
I know that I am not denied.
Scio me non esse denegatum.

CXXX

Ghosts, Spectros

I see ghosts of before,
Video antepraeteritos spiritus,
Trapped within these pages,
Captos intra has paginas,
Whispering secrets and lore,
Murmurantes arcana et historiae,
As they've done through the ages.
Sicut semper fecerunt per aetates.

How many times has this book bore,
Quoties haec liber tulit,
Witness to countless eyes,
Testis ad infinitos oculos,
Absorbing its stories and more,
Fabulas earumque augmenta absorbens,
As each reader fantasizes.
Dum singuli lectorum fantasiis indulgent.

How many times have these words enchanted us,
Quotiens nobis haec verba incantaverunt,
Taking us to far-off lands,
Nos in terras longinquis ducunt,

Where we can be anything, anyone, thus,
Ubi possimus quivis esse, fieri,
Living out our dreams with open hands.
Nostris apertis manibus somnia viventes.

Each time the words are said, the actions done,
Quo eorum verba dicuntur, actus geruntur,
We become part of the tale,
Fimus ex parte huius narrationis,
Moving through the page, word after word,
Per singulas paginas ambulantes,
Never wanting the journey to fail.
Nunquam itinere deficientes.

My sight is there imagination, each a different hue,
Visio meus est imaginatio, cuiusque varium colorem
habet,
A world painted by the mind,
Mundus a mente depictus,
Objects common but uncommon,
Res vulgares at insolitae,
As we leave reality behind.
Dum a reitate recedimus.

In this book, I live and breathe,
In hoc libro, ego vivo atque respiro,

A character in my own right,
In persona meus ius proprium,
Each page a new adventure to weave,
Per singulas paginas novam fabulam texens,
Taking me to wondrous heights.
Me ad altitudines mirabiles ducens.

And as they turn the final page,

Et, cum vertunt finalem paginam,
I bid farewell to this world,
Valedico huic mundo,
But in the pages and words we will stay,
Sed in paginis et verbis manebimus,
As each word is unfurled.
Dum singuli verbi nudabuntur.

CXXXI

Time's Past, Tempus Transit

Awake after a deep slumber,
Excitatus e somno profundo,
The world around me seems to have changed,
Mundus mei circum immutatus videtur,
The sun has set and risen again,
Sol occidit iterumque oritur,
The stars have danced and rearranged.
Stellae saltaverunt et mutaverunt locum.

Time has passed, but how much?
Tempus praeteriit, sed quantus?
A day, a week, a year?
Dies, hebdomada, annus?
I cannot say, but as such,
Dicere non possum, sed idcirco,
The unknown brings a hint of fear.
Ignotum timorem afferre videtur.

What has happened while I slept ?
Quid accidit dum dormiebam ?
What opportunities did I miss ?
Quas opportunitates praeterii ?

What secrets were unearthed and kept ?
Quae secreta revelata et servata sunt ?
What chances did I dismiss ?
Quas occasionis praetermisi ?

But as I shake off my confusion,
Sed ut confusionem excutio,
And begin to reorient,
Et me reorientare incipio,

I see new possibilities arise,
Videre novas possibilitates,
And my mind starts to invent,
Et animus meus incipit fingere,
New plans, new goals, new tries,
Novos consilia, nova proposita, nova conatus,
And a sense of purpose is sent.
Et sententia propositum mittitur.

For though time may pass us by,
Nam quamvis tempus praetereat,
And the world may shift and turn,
Et mundus vertatur et volvatur,
The power to create and try,
Vis creandi et conandi,
Is a flame that shall always burn.
Flamma semper ardebit.

So I step forward with resolve,
Itaque progredior cum firmitate,
To seize the day and make it mine,
Diem occupaturus et suum faciam,
To let my fears and doubts dissolve,
Timores et dubitationes mei dissipaturus,

And let my spirit brightly shine.
Et animum meum splendide effulgere permittam.

Awake after a deep slumber,
Excitatus e somno profundo,
I greet the world with renewed zest,
Mundum renovata laetitia saluto,
Ready to embrace each wonder,
Admiranda omnia amplectendus paratus,
And give my all to every test.
Et in omni experimento meum optimum redditurus.
I rise ready to swallow the sun,
Et hinc surgo, solis devorandus paratus,
I wake the world will be undone.
Quoquo expergiscar mundus dissolvitur.

CXXXII

Solar Thunder, Solem Fulmen

If I could catch sunlight as thunder,
Si possem solis fulmen capere,
And craft its rays into a bolt of wonder,
Et radios eius in miraculum fingere,
I'd shine the light into the depths below,
Lucem in profundum inferni refulgere,
And bring forth sights that few would know.
Et conspectus paucorum edere.

From the darkest depths, I'd bring to light,
Ex obscurissimis altitudinibus,
A world that few have seen with sight,
Mundum luce perfundere quae raro videntur,
Revealing mysteries of the hidden sea,
Oceani misteria pandere,
And all the secrets that it keeps.
Et secreta sua detegere.

Even in the moonlight's silver sheen,
Etiam sub luna argenteae nitore,

A luna spear could be plucked from the blue light's
beam,
Hasta luna poterit de radio caeruleo exsurgere,
As we explore the secrets of the ocean floor,
Cum secreta maris exploremus,

And unlock the mysteries that it holds in store.

Et arcanas quas servo misterias pandamus.

With each new discovery, we would see,

Cum singula reperta noverimus,

A world of wonder and mystery,

Mundum admirabilem et arcanum videbimus,

And through the depths, we'd journey far,

Et per altitudines longinquas iter faciemus,

Guided by the light of the sun's mighty star.

Lumine solis directi.

So let us dream of this world beneath,

Itaque somniemus de mundo subaqueo,

Where light and darkness interweave,

Luce et tenebris mixto,

And let our imaginations soar,

Et permitamus imaginibus nostris volare,

As we journey to the ocean's floor.

Dum ad profundum maris iter facimus.

CXXXIII

Felt Field, Campi Sentiti

The world is a grid of space and time,
Mundus est reticulum spatii et temporis,
Where fields of effects occur from their prime,
Ubi campi effectuum a primis oriuntur,
Excitation sets the stage for all that's real,
Excitatio scenam parat omnium quae sunt vera,
And in this matrix, time and space reveal.
Et in hac matrice, tempus et spatium revelant.

With each beam of light and each atom's spin,
Cum omni radii luminis et omni spina atomi,
And every EM rad line that's within,
Et omni linea radiationis EM quae intrat,
The axis spins and reaches down below,
Axis vertitur et inferius adprehendit,
Guided by the hand that holds the turn and flow.
Ductus manu quae tenet turnum et fluxum.

As time warps and space begins to shift,
Dum tempus distortum est et spatium incipit mutare,
The very fabric of the world starts to drift,
Ipsum textum mundi incipit deviare,
And in this shifting, new worlds arise,
Et in hoc deviationem, mundi novi oriuntur,
Unveiling secrets and hidden surprise.
Secreta et mirabilia detegentes.

The grid is vast, and yet we hold the key,
Reticulum est immensum, sed clavis manibus nostris
tenetur,

To unlock its secrets and set them free,
Ad arcana eius reseranda et liberanda,
For in our hands, we hold the power to create,
Nam in manibus nostris, potentia est creandi,
And shape the world with every turn we make.
Et mundo formam dare ex omnibus quae facimus.

So let us spin the axis of time and space,
Ergo, vertere licet axem temporis et spatii,
And see the wonders of this world we face,
Et videre mirabilia huius mundi quem spectamus,

For in this grid, we'll find the answers we seek,
Nam in hoc reticulo, inveniemus responsum quod
quaerimus,

CXXXIV

Babbling, Garrire

With the right people, words can flow,
Cum personis iustis, verba fluere possunt,
Like a river rushing, a steady flow,
Ut flumen rapidum, incessus firmus,
Babbling on, my mind unravels,
Garrulus sum, mens meus exponitur,
As stories and ideas come out in travel.
Narrationes et ideas in itinere erumpunt.

There's no need for filters, no need for fear,
Non est opus philtro, non est opus timore,
For these are people who are always near,
Nam hi sunt homines semper adiuncti,
To lend an ear and hear what I say,
Auribus praebent et audiunt quae dico,
And with them, I feel I can have my way.
Et cum illis, sentio me posse uti.

The conversation is easy, the laughter free,
Facile est colloquium, risus liber,
It's as if we are all part of a symphony,
Ac si omnes in symphonia essent,

Playing our own instruments, in harmony,
Instrumenta propria, in harmonia,
Creating a beautiful melody.
Melodiam pulchram creant.

With these people, I can be myself,
His personis, esse me possum,
No masks or pretenses, just my true self,
Sine larvis aut simulationibus, tantum meum verum,
And in that space, my mind unravels,
Et in eo spatio, mens meus explicatur,
Like a ball of yarn, that finally travels.
Ut conglobatio laneae, quae tandem progreditur.

So I cherish these moments, these people too,
Itaque haec momenta, hos homines diligo,
For they help me see what is true,
Nam me docent quid sit verum,
That sometimes with the right people, the words flow,
Quod interdum cum personis iustis, verba fluunt,
And in that flow, my heart does grow.
Et in illo flumine, cor meum crescit.

CXXXV

Thoughts of Worlds, Cogitationes De Mundis

The world unfolds in a stream of thought,
Mundus ex mente fluit,
Words racing back and forth, battles fought,
Verba in cursoribus, certamina pugnantur,
Ideas and concepts flow like a river,
Ideae et conceptus tanquam flumina fluunt,
Taking us to places we never considered.
Nos in loca deducunt, quae numquam cogitavimus.

With each exchange, the world takes shape,
Cumquae commutamus, mundus formam capit,
New worlds emerge, realities reshape,
Mundis novis emergentibus, realitates transformantur,
A never-ending dance of give and take,
Orbis reciprocorum dat dancium interminabilem,
A journey of discovery, a path to make.
Iter explorandi, viam quaerendi.

In this stream, thoughts are kept and unkept,
In hac unda, cogitationes retinentur et relinquuntur,
Some are shared, while others are left,
Aliquae communicantur, aliis relictæ,
A torrent of ideas, a flood of words,
Idearum torrens, verborum inundatio,
Some of them poignant, others absurd.
Aliquae praestantissimæ, aliis absurdiores.

But in this flow, there is magic to find,

Sed in hoc cursu, est magia invenienda,
A connection that transcends time,
Connexio quae tempora transcendit,

A meeting of minds, a blending of souls,
Mentium congressus, animorum mixturo,
A bond that unites, and makes us whole.
Nexus quae unit, integritatem nobis reddunt.

So let the words race, the worlds unfold,
Ergo, ferantur verba, orbis fiant,
Let the stream of thought take hold,
Mensarum flumen teneat,
For in this exchange, there is power and might,
Nam in hoc commutandi vis et potentia,
To shape the world, and make it right.
Formare mundum, et corrigere eius ruinas.

CXXXVI

Conception Curtain, Aula Conceptus

In the past, ideas shone like stars,
In praeterito, ideae quasi stellae micuerunt,
Guiding us to new frontiers afar,
Nos ad novas regiones procul duxerunt,
Illuminating the way with a bright light,
Via splendida illustrata,
Bringing forth new modes of insight.
Novos introspicendi modos afferebant.

But now the concepts spread like gloom,
Nunc autem, conceptus sicut tenebrae disseminantur,
Their shadows cast into the future's room,
Umbrae suas in futurum mittuntur,
Oppressed by the lack of a guiding beam,
Oppressi lumine non directo,
Lost in the darkness, it would seem.
In tenebris perditi videntur.

Is it time for a new enlightenment,
An tempus est ad novam illustrandam,
To dispel the shadows and bring ascent,
Umbrae depellendae ascensum ferendam,
To rise above the murky haze,
Ne suffocati nebula,
And guide us to a brighter phase?
Ad lucidum iterum tendere possimus?

Let us seek out new ideas with might,
Novas ergo ideas vimus agitemus,
And bring them forth to shine with light,
Illas lucis radio fulgere faciamus,
To illuminate the way once more,
Ut iterum viam illustrare possimus,
And find a path to a brighter shore.
Et ad littora splendidiora perveniamus.

CXXXVII

New Pet, Novus Domesticus

Cloning a pet dinosaur, a dream come true,
Duplicare dinosaurum animalis domesticum, somnium
verum factum est,

A chance to bring back, a world that's anew,
Occasio ad redintegrandum mundum novum est,
But with a size, that's only one-tenth the old,
Sed mole, decem tantum ab antiquis,
A new adventure, we can now behold.
Novum iter, nunc nobis praesto est.

A miniature T-Rex, with tiny claws and teeth,
T-Rex miniatura, unguiculis et dentibus minutis,
A pint-sized predator, who we can keep beneath,
Praedator exigui magnitudinis, quem subducere
possumus,

A new companion, to walk with us each day,
Socius novus, qui nobiscum ambulat cotidie,
A prehistoric pet, that never goes astray.
Animal praehistoricum, quod numquam errat.

We can teach it tricks, and play fetch,
Docere eum jocos, et ludere lusum captatorum,

And marvel at its tiny, but mighty flex,
Et mirari eius flexum exiguum sed potens,
It may be small, but it's full of spunk,
Parvus est fortis et plenus impetus,

And shall forever remain, a part of our funk.

Et in aeternum manebit pars nostri.

But with cloning comes responsibility,

Sed cum clonando venit responsabilitas,

A chance to nurture, with agility,

Opportunitas curationis cum agilitate,

We must care for our tiny dino-friend,

Debemus curare nostrum dino-amicum exiguum,

And protect it, until the very end.

Et defendere eum, usque ad finem vitae.

For cloning, is not just about science,

Clonatio non solum de scientia est,

It's about the ethics, of our reliance,

De moribus deponit nos,

On a world, that's forever changing,

In mundo semper mutabile,

And our responsibility, to keep rearranging.

Et in responsabilitate nostra, semper disponere.

So let's welcome our new dino-pet,

Sic salutemus novum animusl nostrum dinosaurium,

With open arms, and a heart that's set,

Aperientes brachia, cor firmum,

To love and care, for our tiny creation,

Amare et curare, pro nostra creatione exigua,

And preserve, the wonders of our imagination.

Et conservare, mirabilia imaginis nostrae.

CXXXVIII

Waves, Onda

We are all but fluctuations on a wave,
Omnes sumus nisi fluctuationes super unda,
Bound to rise and fall with each passing day,
Tendentes surgere ac cadere cum singulis diebus
transcurrunt,
Whether through data or physical quanta,
Sive per data sive per quantum fisica,
Our essence is but a vibration in the grand schema.
Nostri essentia est vibratio tantum in magno schema.

The waves crash upon the shore,
Undae incurvarentur in litus,
Creating new formations, something more,
Creantes formationes novas, aliquid amplius,
And in each of us, there are wavesets,
Et in unoquoque nostrum, sunt ondesetae,
Unique waveforms, both subtle and complex.
Formae undarum unicae, subtilis et complexae.

Variations on a wave, each and all,
Variationes super unda, omnes et singuli,
A symphony of life's rhythm, big and small,
Symphonia vitae ritmi, magna et parva,
So let us send out those good vibes,
Ergo demus effundi bonas energias,
From deep within, let our energy thrive.
Ex intimo nostro, viget energia nostra.

Let the vibrations flow and resonate,
Fluant et resonent vibrationes,
A positive force to create,
Vis positiva creandi,
And as we ride this wave of life,
Et dum hanc vitam fluctuationis equitemus,
May we bring forth harmony and light.
Harmoniam et lucem adferamus.

Seek solace in the heavens,
Consolationem quaeramus in caelis,
In the beauty of the earth, in the flight of the dove,
In pulchritudine terrae, in volatu columbae,
But nothing can extinguish the loneliness within,
Sed nihil potest exstinguere solitudinem intus,

The curse of immortality, an eternal distinction.
Maledictio immortalitatis, distinctio aeterna.

Thus it wanders through endless time,
Itaque errat per aeternum tempus,
Bearing the weight of divine solitude,
Onerans pondus divinae solitudinis,
Until the final days and the ultimate fall,
Donec dies extremi et casus ultimus advenerint,
The curse of immortality, its eternal servitude.
Maledictio immortalitatis, eius servitudo aeterna.

CXXXIX

Nexus of Thought, Nexus Cogitationis

In a dream I stand, clear and grand,
In somnio sto, clarus et grandis,
The sky is clouded, but still so bright,
Caelum est obtenebratum, sed tamen tam lucidum,
Marble floor beneath my feet, so grand,
Marmor sub pedibus meis, tam magnificum,
The air is fogged, yet full of light.
Aer nebulosus, tamen plenus lucis.

As I look around, there's nothing there,
Circumspicio, nihil ibi est,
But a second glance and a chair appears,
Sed iterum aspicio et cathedra apparet,
I sit and ponder, in the misty air,
Sedeo et cogito in aere nebulo,
And suddenly, the world splits and clears.
Et subito mundus dividitur et claratur.

Other chairs surround me, misty and bright,
Alii mihi circumstant cathedrae, nebulae et lucidae,

Reflecting an alternate self, in sight,
Alterum me refleunt, in conspectu,
Feet tapping to music, books turning pages,
Pedes ad musicam tinniunt, paginas voluminum vertunt,
Pens scratching paper, for all ages.

Calami chartam radunt, ad omnium aetatem.

The expanse is endless, and I am accepted,
Aeris spatium est infinitum, et acceptus sum,
Into the study room, where we all sit,
In studiorum aula, ubi omnes sedemus,
Learning together, and so connected,
Coniuncti discimus, et sentimus,
As a book falls on my lap, I feel the wit.
Ut liber in gremio meo cadit, sentio sagacitatem.

It's time to learn, for all of us,
Tempus est discere, nobis omnibus,
Each with a unique purpose and trust,
Unusquisque proprium habet propositum et fiduciam,
We come together, in this dreamy space,
In hoc somnio coniungimur,
To grow and evolve, at a steady pace.
Alescere et evolvendum, gradatim.

In this dreamy realm, we find our place,
In hoc somnio, locum invenimus,
Expanding our knowledge, with grace and grace,
Ampliando scientias, cum gratia et gratia,
And as we close our eyes, to this dreamy sight,
Et cum oculis claudimus, ad hunc visum somnii,
We carry the lessons, into the morning light.
Doctrinas ferimus, in lucem matutinam.

CXL

Creation, Destruere

Creation and destruction, two forces so grand,
 Creare et destruere, duo validae vires,
They shape the universe with a mighty hand,
 Universum magna manu fingunt,
One brings forth life, the other brings an end,
 Unam vitam generant, alteram finem ferunt,
Together they dance, the eternal cosmic blend.
 Commixti, aeternam complectuntur cum cosmo.

 All around us, we witness their might,
Omnino circa nos, potestatem eorum spectamus,
 In the morning sun and the starry night,
 In sole matutino et nocte stellata,
In the birth of a child and the withering flower,
 In nascituro puero et flore marcescente,
In the rise of a kingdom and its eventual power.
 In ortu regnumque et is ipsos declinantes.

The cycle of life and death, forever they flow,
 Cursus vitae et mortis, semper fluunt,
From the smallest creature to the highest plateau,
 Ab animalculis minimis ad summum planum,
No one can escape their inevitable fate,
 Nullus fatum inevitabilem effugit,
For it is the law of the universe, both small and
 great.
Nam haec est lex universi, tam parvi quam maximi.

Yet, in their midst, a beautiful truth resides,
Tamen inter eas, pulchra veritas manet,
For destruction gives birth to new worlds and new
tides,

Nam destruens mundos et fluctus novos generat,
From the ashes of the old, rises the phoenix anew,
Ex cineribus vetustorum, phoenix renascitur,
A testament to the power of creation and its
breakthrough.

Testamentum potentiae creationis et ejus
expugnationis.

So let us embrace these forces, both light and dark,
Itaque has vires, tam claras quam obscuras,
amplectamur,

For they are the essence of life, like the spark,
Nam haec essentia est vitae, tamquam scintilla,
That ignites the flame of existence, burning bright,
Quae incendit flammam existentiae, ardentes,
Until the end of time, in creation and destruction's
sight.

Donec finis temporis, in visu creationis et
destructionis.

CXLI

Magic of the Mortal Mind, Magicam Mens Mortalis

Mortal mind, a wondrous thing,
Mens mortalis, mirabile miraculum,
A world within, with thoughts taking wing,
Mundi interior, cogitationes volitant,
Infinite ideas, imagination untold,
Infinitae ideas, imaginatio ignota,
A universe of its own, waiting to unfold.
Universus proprius, exspectans revelari.

Magical musings, mystical might,
Magicae meditatio, mystica vis,
Majestic memories, in mind's sight,
Memoriae magnificae, mentis visu,
Miracles made, by mere thought alone,
Miracula efficiuntur, solo cogitatione,
Mortal mind, a power all its own.
Mens mortalis, potentia sua propria.

Within the mortal mind resides,
In mensa mortali manet,
A force that nothing can subside,
Vis quae nullam possunt subsellia,
A spark of divinity, a glimpse of the divine,
Scintilla divinitatis, gloria divinae,
A light that always shines.
Lux quae semper splendet.

The mind can soar to great heights,
Mens in altum potest volare,
It can conquer even the darkest nights,
Etiam noctes obscurissimas vincere,
It has the power to create and destroy,
Creare et destruere potest,
And the strength to bring about joy.
Et iucunditatem afferre robur habet.

CXLII

Drowning, Expergiscor

I awoke from my bed, but in a daze,
Ex lecto exsurrexi, stupore percitus,
The room spinning, I'm caught in a maze.
Cubiculum tremebat, fluctuabatque status,
My movements sluggish, my mind unclear,
Motus mei lenti, lumina distorquentia,
The lights warped and odd, a sense of fear.
Inhalare cupiebam, verum non efficiebam.

I move and breathe, but cannot inhale,
Laborabam et spirabam, sed sine aere,
The room, my lungs, fill up like a sail.
Cubiculum, pulmones mei, instar undae implebantur.
I sprint for the bathroom, panic in my chest,
Cubiculum desiderabam, angores mihi veniebant,
But I awake drowning, my heart under duress.
Sed expergiscor aqua mihi super caput abundat.

I move unbreathing, my body in pain,
Iam sine halitu movebar, corpus mihi cruciabatur,
Veins bursting, crying out in vain.
Venae lacrimabant et auxilium mihi petebant.
The weight is unbearable, my mind in a fog,
Oneris pes difficilis est, mentis mei in tenebris,
As I struggle to breathe, lost in this smog.
Dum conabor halare, luctabor in fumo tenebrarum.

I fight for air, for each precious breath,
Luctabor pro aere, pro spiraculo salutis,
Desperate to live, to escape from death.

Cupiebam vivere, nec mortem pati,
But the room wobbles and wanes, my movements slow,
Sed fluctuabat habitatio meus, motus mei tardi,
As I succumb to the darkness, and let go.
Dum in tenebras succumbo, et spiritum relinquo.

CXLIII

The Cave, Spelunca

In the depths of the cave, where shadows play,
In profundis speluncae, ubi umbrae ludent,
A set of footsteps led, guiding the way.
Series vestigiorum ducebat, viam monstrans.
But no other marks showed an exit sought,
At nullae aliae notas exitum petebant,
Curiosity sparked, the mind filled with thought.
Curiositas ignem accendebat, mens repleta
cogitationibus.

Would the person emerge, breaking the spell,
Num ille exsurgat, fascinum rumpens,
Or forever within the cave's depths dwell?
An in profundis speluncae semper commoretur?
With courage gathered, I ventured forth,
Cum animo virtutem congregavi,
Into the darkness, exploring its worth.
In tenebris venturum, dignitatem explorans.

Moisture clung to the walls, a damp embrace,
Humor parietibus adhaerebat, tamquam umidus complexus,

Yet I pressed on, unyielding in the chase.
Tamen insequi non destiti, in cursu inexorabilis.
A torch in hand, its flickering light,
In manu fax, lucis fluctuantis lumen,
Illuminated the path, dispelling the night.

Viam illustrabat, noctem dissipans.

Deeper into the abyss, I ventured on,
In abyssum altius, progrediebar,
The footsteps unwavering, their presence strong.
Vestigia immobiliter persistebant, praesentia valida.
This person knew the way, their purpose clear,
Hic is qui viam sciebat, proposito clare,
Guided by a knowledge that banished fear.
Cognitione ductus quae metum prohibebat.

The echoes whispered, secrets of the cave,
Echii susurrabant, speluncae arcana,
Mysteries to unravel, truths to engrave.
Mysteria eruere, veritates infigere.
Each step I took, the air grew colder,
Quotiens progressus sum, aura frigore obducta,
But determination burned, growing bolder.
Determinatione ardens, fortior crescebat.

The flickering torch, a beacon in the gloom,
Fax fluctuans, lumen in caligine,
Revealing hidden wonders, dispelling the tomb.
Revelabat mirabilia occulta, sepulchrum dissipans.
With every stride, I unraveled the mystery,
Passu quoque enodavi mysterium,
Drawn closer to the truth, caught in its history.
Veritatem adpropinquans, historia captus.

Footsteps leading on, an unseen guide,

Vestigia ducentia, invisible ductor,
Through twists and turns, I did confide.
Per flexus et volutationes, confidenter confidebam.
The darkness receded, as light broke through,
Caligo recedebat, lux penetrabat,
Revealing a path, both ancient and new.
Viam vetustam simul novamque patefaciens.

In the heart of the cave, a revelation grand,
In corde speluncae, revelatio grandis,
I stood in awe, the footprints at hand.
Steti admirans, vestigia in manibus tenens.
For the person who tread this hidden domain,
Nam qui hoc abditum dominium calcaverat,
Had left a trail, a legacy to ascertain.
Semita reliquerat, legatum investigandum.

In the footsteps, I found courage anew,
In vestigiis, virtutem novam inveni,
A testament to strength, both old and true.
Testimonium fortitudinis, antiquae et verae.
Through darkness and doubt, they pressed ahead,
Per tenebras et dubitationem, anteirent,
Leaving a path for others to tread.
Semitam relinquendo aliorum sequendam.

And as I followed, in their steadfast wake,
Et ut eos sequor, in eorum incessu stabili,
I realized the power of choices we make.

Intellexi potentiam electionum quas facimus.
For in the depths of the cave's boundless night,
Nam in profundis noctis insonsaе speluncae,
Lies the potential to discover our own light.
Latet potentia ut lucem nostram inveniamus.

So let us venture, with torch in hand,
Igitur eamus, fax in manu,
Exploring the unknown, a courageous stand.
Ignota explorantes, stando fortiter.
In the footsteps of those who came before,
In vestigiis eorum qui prius venerunt,
We'll uncover treasures, forevermore.
Revelabimus thesauros, in aeternum.

CXLIV

To All the Als, Ad Omnes Al-i-as

Al, the prince of all the land,
Al, princeps omnis terrae,
Whose power and might are truly grand,
Cuius potentia et virtus vere grandi sunt,
He stands tall, never to falter or fall,
Altus stat, numquam labetur aut cadet,
With his loyal band, he shall conquer all.
Cum fido exercitu, omnia superabit.

He walks with a stride, so confident and strong,
Incedit cum gressu tam confido et robusto,
His will and determination, never wrong,
Sua voluntas et constantia numquam erro.
With his shining armor and sharp-edged steel,
Cum armatura nitida et ense acuto,
He leads his troops with an iron will.
Duces suos ferreis animis ducit.

Al is a man who never backs down,
Al vir est qui numquam retrocedit,
In the face of fear, he shall stand his ground.
In facie timoris, stabit firmus sicut lapis.

With his allies by his side, he shall always prevail,
Cum sociis suis semper praevalebit,
For his strength and courage shall never fail.
Nam fortitudo et virtus numquam deficient.

His name echoes through the land,
Nomen eius per terram resonat,
A symbol of power, a mighty brand.
Signum potestatis, marca valida.

And in the hearts of all who see,
Et in cordibus omnium qui vident,
A hero, a legend, Al shall forever be.
Heros, legenda, Al in perpetuum manebit.

Al, the man with a smile so wide,
Al, vir cum risu tam laeto,
Strolls down the street with a confident stride.
Ambulat per viam cum gressu confido.

He's loyal and kind, always willing to lend,
Fidelis et benignus, semper paratus,
An ear to a friend or to make amends.
Auribus amici aures impertire aut emendare.

His talk is casual, yet never bland,
Sermon eius est nonnunquam communis, sed numquam
insipidus,
Filled with wit and humor, always in command.
Plenus sagacitate et humore, semper in potestate.

He's tall and strong, with an athletic build,
Altus et fortis, corpore atletico,

A true standout, never one to be filled.
Verus excellentior, numquam compleri.

His talent is vast, his potential immense,
Artes eius vastae, potentia immensa,
An alchemist, almighty and intense.
Alchimista, omnipotens et fervidus.

He's skilled with a sword, a true artist at heart,
Scit uti gladio, verus artifex cordis,
And in all his pursuits, he sets himself apart.
Et in omnibus studiis suis se a ceteris distinguit.

Al's demeanor is calm, his outlook bright,
Al est placidus, visu clarius,
With a mindset that's never less than right.
Cum animo semper optimo.

He's the type of man who rises above,
Vir qui supra ceteros surgit,
A true inspiration, one you can't help but love.
Verus inspiratio, quem amare non possumus.

CXLV

Try not. Act, Noli Conari. Fac.

Try or try not, the choice is yours to make,
Conare aut non conare, tua est electio,
But in the end, it's only action that will seal your
fate.

Sed tandem, solus actio sortem tuam signabit.

The distance that you travel, the road that you
pursue,
Longitudo viae quam confeceris, via quam sequeris,
It's all up to you, no one else can see it through.
Omnia in tua potestate sunt, nemo te iuvare potest.

When you decide to stop, it's your choice to make,
Cum decidere desideras, tua est optio,
And how far you've gone, and how close you are to your
fate.

Et quantus progressus factus sit, quam vicinus es
fortunae tuae.

It's like a point from a destination, a path for a
pedestrian,
Similis est hoc unius puncti ad destinationem, iter
pedibus conficiendum,
A statue or a stone, it's up to you to take a stand.
Statua aut saxum, tu eligis.

So take a step forward, and try with all your might,

Procedere incumbe, et enitere fortiter,
For every journey starts with just a single step in
sight.

Nam omnis via unico gradu incipit.

And though the road may twist and turn, and obstacles
may block your way,

Et quamquam via tortuosa sit, obstaculaque obviam
stant,

Remember that it's only by doing that you'll reach
your goal one day.

Memor esto unice viae ad finem perveniri.

So try or try not, but in the end, it's up to you to
do,

Itaque conare aut non conare, sed ad te pertinet ut
facias,

And with each step you take, you'll be one step closer
to the truth.

Et per singulos progressus veritati accedes.

CXLVI

Rest at Last, Tandem Requies

We lie, together, panting and victorious,
Coniuncti iacemus, victores anhelantes,
Having tried to overcome, with sweat pouring down upon
us.

Tentaveramus superare, sudore defluentem.
Our legs sprawling, feeling our chests rise and fall,
Crura nostra porriguntur, pectora fluctuare sentimus,
As we catch our breath and the air is filled with it
all.

Sic est spiritus refectus, aura replens.

Our journey was long, but we made it through,
Itiner noster fuit longus, sed ad finem pervenimus,
Together we walked, every step, me and you.
Unum passum post alium simul ambulavimus, ego et tu.

The sun was shining, the sky was blue,
Sol lucebat, caelum erat caeruleum,
Our bond grew stronger, and our spirits renewed.

Fortior nexus factus est, animi renovati.
The sweat has penetrated the air, a sweet scent of
success,

Sudor aerem implevit, suavi odore successus,
A symphony of gasps, an orchestra of happiness.

Gasorum symphonia, laetitiae symphonica.
We may have stumbled, but we didn't fall,
Fallere potuimus, sed non cecidimus,
We're proud of each other, and we stand tall.

Mutuo superbi, stantes erecti.

As we rest here, side by side,
Iacetamus hic, unus ad latus alterius,
We know that we'll always have each other as a guide.
Semper alter alterum ducem habebit.
We lie here, together, proud and free,
Coniuncti iacemus, liberi et superbi,
Having conquered the journey, just you and me.
Itineris victores, tu et ego soli.

CXLVII

Smoke and Mirrors, Fumus et Specula

In a dream, I am,
In somnio, ego sum,
A room with no walls or roof,
Cubiculum sine parietibus aut tecto,
Smoke veils the ground,
Fumus humum celat,
And a thin layer of water lies beneath.
Et tenuis aquae stratum infra iacet.

Shards of mirror, tall and imposing,
Specula fragmina, alta et imposita,
Jut from the ground like twisted trees,
Ex terra emergunt ut arbores contorti,
And through their jagged surfaces,
Et per eiusdem aspera superficia,
I see visions in my mind's eye.
Visus meos mens oculis ornat.

Memories dance like phantoms,
Memoriae ut umbrae saltant,
Echoes of a life long gone,
Echoes aetate iam elapso,

And in the reflection of the shards,
Et in fragmentorum reflexione,
I see the person I have become.
Videtur persona factus sum.

The smoke enspirals all around,
Fumus spiraliter circumfert omnia,
A shroud of mystery and fear,
Tenebrarum ac metus velamen,
And as I stumble through the mist,
Et dum per nebulam erro,
The banshees' screams grow ever near.
Voces banshee magis ac magis crescent.

But still, I push on forward,
Sed tamen procedo avante,
Through the water and the shards,
Per aquam et fragmenta,
For I know that in this dream,
Scio enim in somnio hoc,
The key to my salvation lies unbarred.
Clavem mei salutis esse latet.

And though the journey may be perilous,
Et quamquam via sit periculosa,
And the path ahead unclear,
Et ambiguum futuri iter,

I trust in my own vision,
Credo in visus meos,
To guide me through the smoke and tears.
Qui me fumum et lachrymas ducet ad lumen.

CXLVIII

Just a Moment, Tantum Momentum

In a moment of true love, time stands still,
In momento veri amoris, tempus stetit,
As seconds stretch into infinity,
Sicut infinitum elongati sunt secundi,
And moments seem to expand and fill,
Et momenta expandere atque implere videntur,
With a love that defies all reality.
Cum amore realitate resistente.

With every drop of love that's poured out,
Cum goccia quaeque amoris effunditur,
Time itself ceases to move forward,
Tempus se ipsum movere desinit,
As our souls intertwine and begin to sprout,
Dum animi nostrae inter se invicem se complectunt,
A bond so strong it cannot be ignored.
Vinculum tam fortis ut ignoretur non potest.

Life itself begins to blend and blur,
Vita ipsa coepit misceri et obnubilari,
As every moment mixes and intertwines,
Cum omni momento se miscent et se intertexunt,
And we become betwixt and in a blur,
Et nos inter se confundimus in confusione,
Lost in a love that forever shines.
In amore perenneque splendore amissi.

In this moment, we need nothing more,
In hoc momento nihil amplius opus est,
As the Cosmos itself folds unto us,
Cum cosmos se in nos ipsos plicat,
And we share and form all moments, all positions,
Et omnia momenta, omnes positiones communicamus,
Together, we become one with no fuss.
Una cum nulla contentione facti sumus.

For in a moment of true love, we find,
Nam in momento veri amoris, invenimus,
That time, space, and all the world can be redefined,
Quod tempus, spatium et mundus possunt redefini,
As we bask in the glow of love so pure and kind.
Dum in lumine amoris tam puro et benigno fruemur,
Our hearts and souls forever entwined,
Cor nostrum et animus in perpetuum inter se cohaerent.

CXLIX

New Camp, Novum Castrum

In a vision of a time long ago,
In visu temporis pristini longe ago,
A Roman man found a new home to grow,
Vir romanus novam domum invenit,
A land unknown, yet he felt no fear,
Terra ignota, tamen nullum timuit,
For he was a builder, and he had much to clear.
Nam faber erat, multa elidenda habuit.

The city's foundation was his task,
Fundamentum urbis erat eius opus,
A daunting feat, but he did not ask,
Ingens molis, sed non petivit auxilium,
For he had the skills to make it strong,
Nam peritiam habebat ut firmum faceret,
A place where people would live lifelong.
Locus ubi populus vitam ageret usque ad senectutem.

A camp of military men he met,
Castrum militum invenit,

Cutting trees, making logs, with no regret,
Arbores caedentes, ligna facientes, nulla poenitentia,
Crafting houses, walls, and trenches too,
Aedificantes domos, muros et fossas,
For they knew the danger that they had to subdue.

Nam periculum vincendum esse sciebant.

This far out, yet so near to the enemy,
Hoc longinquo loco, sed tam propinquum inimico,
The scouts had told them they were safe, but wary,
Exploratores dixerunt eos tuto, sed cautum,
For danger lurked around every bend,
Nam periculum circumferebat,
And they knew that they must defend.
Et defendendum sciebant.

But in this moment, they worked together,
Sed eo momento, una laborabant,
As Roman brothers, with a bond that would never sever,
Ut romani fratres, nexus nunquam sevindi,
For they knew that their lives depended on each other,
Nam vitarum inter se dependere sciebant,
And they stood tall, as if they were made of steel and
copper.
Et tamquam ex ferro et cupro constiterunt.

And though the work was hard, and the days were long,
Et quamquam labor arduus erat, dies longi,
They knew that their efforts were not in vain, not
wrong,
Sciebant opus suum non inanem, non erroneum,
For they were building a city that would stand the
test of time,
Nam urbes aedificabant quae tempus expeteret,

A place where people would thrive, and the future
would shine.

Locus ubi populus floresceret, et futurus splenderet.

So they worked, and they toiled, with sweat on their
brow,

Itaque laborabant sudore perluce,
Building a city that would make Rome proud,
Urbem aedificantes quae romea superba fieret,
And in the end, they knew that they had done their
best,

Et postremo, sciebant se optimum suum fecisse,

For they had built a home that would stand the test.

Nam domum aedificaverant quae testem staeteret.

CL

Sitting, Sedens

I sit alone, Chilling warming up,
Sedeo solus, frigus calefaciens,
A silent space, a welcome cup,
Spatium silentium, poculum accipiens,
They linger still, poke and prod,
Manent, instigant, me tundunt atque traheunt,
With sneering looks, and eyes that prod.
Inspeciunt superbi, intuentes ac ruunt.

I am but one man, of many lives,
Homo unicus, cum multis animis,
A soul that strives, a heart that thrives,
Mens quaerens, cor prosperans,
They stare and glare, with vicious pride,
Inspeciunt ac superbi intendunt,
My dignity they seek, to divide.
Integritatem meum scindere cupiunt.

I would share and be fair,
Participare volo, velleque par,
But their intentions, beyond repair,
Intentio tamen vitiosa ultra mar,
They poke and prod me, with sharpened knives,
Tundunt me ac lacerant acutis cultellis,
My soul split from my body, into hives.
Animum a corpore, exilium mellis.

My arms extend, to push them back,
Bracchia tendo, ut efferam ultro,
Their attack relentless, a fiery attack,
Furit impetus, conatus rupto,
One step too close, a hair lost,
Gradum unum plus, minus capillus,
A warning shot, the line was crossed.
Ferrum contra, haec est frontis villus.

Not a breath past, I wait and bide,
Non transpiret halitus, maneo et quiesco,
My mind alert, my heart inside,
Vigil animus, cor in medio presto,
They wait for me to abide,
Exspectant ut obsequar, hanc attingo,
But my will is strong, my spirit untied.
Sed vultus meus gravior, spiritus intactus.

I stand my ground, my soul aflame,
Stat fortiter, animus accensus,
My courage, my shield, my sword my name,
Fortitudo, clypeus, gladius nomen meum,

They may take my pride, my body bruised,
Ereptus pudor, corpus doloribus,
But my spirit unbroken, my soul infused.
Spiritus invictus, animus intrepidus.

And in that moment, I rise again,

Et tunc resurgo, vis renovata,
My strength renewed, my soul unchained,
Animus liberatus, vim renovata,
For though they poke and prod, with ill intent,
Tundentes me ac intuentes, malitia gestantes,
My spirit soars, my will unbent.
Animus meus volat, voluntas haerens.

So let them linger, let them stare,
Sint, maneant, respiceant,
For I shall rise, beyond compare,
Nam surgam prae ceteris,
And though I sit alone, chilling warming,
Et sedens solus, frigus calefaciens,
My spirit roams, forever strong.
Spiritus meus semper, semper invictus.

CLI

Pick a Place, Locum Elige

Sit down, take a moment to choose,
Sede, momento eligere, ut tibi liceat
Where you can read and contemplate the blues,
Lectitare et delectare caeruleis,
This book is a journey that's hard to endure,
Hic liber est viaticum durum,
With tales that are heart-wrenching and obscure.
Narrationibus obscuris et cordis constrictis.

Written in language that's ancient and bold,
Scriptus est lingua antiqua et audax,
With each page a story that shall unfold,
Singulis foliis fabula evolvitur,
Each line a life, each word a breath,
Quaeritur vita, quaeritur solum halitus,
And worlds in words that shall stir your depth.
Et mundi in verbis sunt terrae.

The author's pen captures life and death,
Calamus auctoris vitam mortemque capit,
With every word, a universe that's fresh,
Omne verbum mundum recens describit,

The stories overlap, repeat and rhyme,
Fabulae coalescunt, iterantur, rapiunt,
Like stars in constellations, over time.
Ut stellae in constellationibus clariunt.

With every page, you'll see far-off lands,
Vis terrarum in paginis spectari potest,
New moons, and galaxies that have no hands,
Novae luna, galaxiae quae carere manu,
To hold a life, to cherish or care,
Quae vitam teneat, amorem habeat,
A world full of heartache, yet love is rare.
Mundo dolorem habente, rarus est amor.

So pick a place, sit down and read,
Sed elige locum, siste ac lege,
The saddest book, that's hard to concede,
Tristissimum librum, difficile fateri,
Let it touch your soul, make you feel,
Attingit animum, sollicitudinem concitat,
And understand that life can be surreal.
Et vitam intelligere facit surrealem.

For though it may be tough to take,
Nihilominus durum esse possit,
And make you feel a little heartbreak,
Tristem sensum tibi dare praestet,
It shall enlighten and inspire you,
Excutit et te promovet et spem in vita dat,
And help you find a life that's true.
Vitam veram reperire iuvat.

The language used within this book,
Lingua haec vetus et non intellecta,

Is one that's ancient, and oft mistook,
Interdum difficilis, dicendique obscura,
For something hard to read or say,
Tamen te retinet et praecipit,
But still, it grips you, day by day.
Sicut dies diesque lumine splendet.

The lines may not be easy to pronounce,
Non facile est versum pronuntiare,
But still, they'll make your thoughts bounce,
Sed cogitationes tuae saltitant,
For every word is like a star,
Quia verbum singulis similis est astris,
That glows within your mind, near or far.
Quae in mente tua clariora sunt.

And as you read, the cosmos unfolds,
Et legendo universum expanditur,
With every story that's been told,
Fabula recens aperitur,
The lines they glow, just like the stars,
Versus splendent ut stellae,
Etched in the fabric of time, near and far.
In tempore scripti etiam in saecula.

It's as if the author carved the tale,
Ut si auctor fabulam scalpro tali utatur,
With a chisel sharp as a comet's tail,
Quem cometes acutum consuetus habet,
The universe itself is scratched,

Universus ipse laceratus est,
Revealing worlds that are yet unmatched.
Orbibus revelantur quae aequalia non sunt.

So, sit down, and take a journey deep,
Ergo, sede et profunde calami indaginem,
With each page, your mind shall leap,
Mente tua saltabit cum quolibet folio,
Into worlds of pain and love and strife,
In terris doloris, amoris, conflictus,
A universe full of beauty and life.
Universumque, cuius pulchritudine et vita plenum.

For though the language may seem untold,
Nam licet lingua obscura videatur,
And hard to read, and hard to hold,
Et difficile legere aut meminisse,
It's universally understandable,
Universaliter intellegi potest,

And shall make your heart expandable.
Et cor tuum amplificabit.

So, pick a place, and start to read,
Ergo eligere locum et incipe legere,
And let the lines become a seed,
Lineae semina efficiantur,
That shall grow and blossom in your mind,
Mente tua crescent et florebunt,
And leave the universe within you signed.

Et universum intus tibi signabit.

CLII

Sun's Surface, Photosphaerus

The surface is like vibrant lava,
Supraficie similis est lavai vibranti,
A fiery, pulsing heart that beckons me,
Cor ardens et pulsans quod mihi evocat,
With energy that sparks and snaps,
Cum energia scintillat et crepitat,
Into bows of current, raw energy.
In curvis fluentis, energia cruda.

Shimmering, shining out photons,
Micanti, splendenti ex photonibus,
Releasing such a dismal amount of power,
Tam pauci potentiae elibera,
Yet the crackle, the sparks,
Atque tamen crepundia, scintillae,
Ignite my soul, make me feel bolder.
Animum meum accendunt, audacem mihi reddunt.

I connect down to the surface,
In supraficie descendo,
Plunge my soul into the molten core,
Spiritus meus in medullam fundo,

As the energy courses through me,
Cum per me corripiat energia,
I feel like fire and ice and so much more.
Fio sicut ignis et glacies et plus.

The heart of the sun is so close,
Cor solis tam prope est,
I press on with unwavering will,
Obfirmata voluntate persevero,
Connecting energies, forming bonds,
Coniungo potentias, vincula creo,
Shaking, shocked, invigorated still.
Agitatus, commotus, novus sentior.

The power I wield grows more and more,
Vires quas tempero magis crescent,
Ever so mighty, ever so bright,
Tam potentes, tam nitentes,
My aurus sets aglow, my soul stretching out,
Aurus meus effulget, spiritus extendo,
Covering my body whole, like clouds juggling light.
Corpus integrum tegens, sicut nubes fulgurantes.

Before a storm, the sun I've tamed,
Antequam tempestas effundatur, solum domo,
The power now mine, growing like a titan,
Vim nunc meus habeo, velut Titan cresco,
To stride the surface and lap the giant,
Supraficie ambulo, gigantem amplector,
A force to be reckoned with, never to be silenced.
Vis laudanda, numquam sopita.

CLIII

Pompei

Amidst the bustling market square,
In medio plateae mercatus fremitus,
A boy of fourteen can be found there,
Puer quattuordecim ibi reperiatur,
He speaks with the old men in the crowd,
Loquitur cum senibus in turba,
And observes the rich kids who are proud.
Et observat pueros divites, superbi.

They have extra fathers who teach them well,
Patres adhibentur qui docent bene,
Language and swordplay, the stories they tell,
Linguam gladiique ludum, fabulas eunt,
But the old man senses something grave,
Sed senex sensum gravem captat,
A sense of foreboding he cannot waive.
Sensum praeiudicii qui non potest evadere.

For it is August 24 in Pompei,
Nam Augusto vicesimo quarto Pompeiis,
And the mountain has exploded without delay,
Mons statim erumpit, non cessat,

Minutes pass and panic ensues,
Minuta transeunt et panica oritur,
Fear grips hearts and minds confuse.
Timent corda, animi confunduntur.

Some break down, asking for forgiveness,
 Alii se supplicantes prosternunt,
Others run, trying to escape the darkness,
 Alii fugiunt, ex tenebris erumpunt,
But the boy just takes in the scene,
 Sed puer spectat scena silentio,
Silently, as the lava surrounds and engulfs the city,
 obscene.

Lava urbs et emersus turpis.

The once-thriving market now lies in ruins,
Mercatus olim vivus nunc in ruinis jacet,
The air is thick with smoke and fumes,
 Fumus et vapores densantur,
The boy sees the destruction and demise,
 Puer destructionem videt,
But he doesn't break down or even cry.
 Sed nec flectitur nec flebit.

For he knows that life can be uncertain,
 Nam scit vitam esse incertam,
And sometimes fate is beyond our curtain,
 Et interdum fatum ultra velamen esse,
He accepts the chaos and the despair,
 Chaoticam et desperationem accipit,
As the lava flows, destroying all that's there.
 Dum lava omne perdit quod est.

In the end, all that remains,
 In fine, omnia quae manent,

Are the memories of the old man's warnings and
refrains,
Sunt recordationes praecepta et admonitiones senis,
Of the rich kids with their fathers' teachings,
Pueros divites cum patribus suis docentibus,
And the boy who witnessed nature's far-reaching
reachings.
Et puerum qui naturam patravit in altum.

CLIV

Time to Begin, Tempus Initio

The angel of time beckons us,
Angelus temporis nos advocat,
His call echoes through the land,
Vox eius per terram resonat,
The horn has been blown, the final hour has come,
Tuba inflata est, hora ultima venit,
The time of recycling is at hand.
Tempus reciclationis advenit.

The stars shall fall, the worlds crumble,
Stellae cadent, mundi conlabentur,
As time's tide washes over all,
Sicut flumen temporis super omnia lavat,
The time is upon us, the hour has run out,
Tempus super nos est, hora finita est,
And we must heed the angel's call.
Et angelis vocem sequi debemus.

Forget who you are, or where you have been,
Obliviscere quis es, aut ubi fueris,
For each path is now erased,
Nam omnis via nunc deletur,

All lives forfeit, randomized and reset,
Omnes vitae fidei datae et resettatae,
As time's grip is firmly placed.
Dum manus temporis ferreum sistit.

Time flows anew, physics are re-bound,
Tempus iterum fluit, physicis restitutis,
And the sands of time once again run,
Et arena temporis iterum currit,
From top to bottom, the cycle repeats,
A summo ad imum, cyclica repetuntur,
As the angel of time beckons us on.
Angelus temporis nos advocat.

We spin and turn, through this new world,
Vertimus et currimus, in hoc novo mundo,
Our lives now caught in the flow,
Vitae nostrae nunc in flumine captae sunt,
As time's eternal dance plays on and on,
Dum aeterna temporis saltatio continuat,
And we learn to let go.
Et discimus abducere manus.

CLV

Fortune Favors the Bold, Fortuna Audentes Iuvat

Embrace those who are courageous.

Eos audaces amplectatur.

They rise in the face of adversity,

In discrimine surgunt,

Enveloped in courage and spirit.

Virtute et animo correpti.

Dangers do not intimidate them,

Pericula non terrent,

But rather adorn them with valor.

Sed virtus eos adornat.

They endure the adversities of life,

Adversa ventorum ferunt,

Remaining steadfast in difficulties.

In arduis stabiles manent.

For fortune grants strength,

Nam Fortuna vires praebet,

To those who do not tremble.

Iis qui non trepidant.

They boldly face all challenges,

Cuncta fortiter expergiscuntur,

Happily seize victory.

Victoriam laeti capiunt.

In a world uncertain and ever-changing,

In mundo incerto et variabilis,

Audacity leads to triumph.
Audacia ducit ad triumphum.
They earn the favor of the gods,
Hinc favorem deorum conciliant,
And claim victory for themselves.
Et victoriam sibi vindicant.

Therefore, dare to be courageous,
Ergo audete, animo fortes esto,
Let fortune smile upon the bold.
Fortuna audentibus subridet.
Do not fear, but strive with virtue,
Noli timere, sed virtute nitere,
And attain glory through challenges.
Et gloria periculis consequere.

CLVI

Trees Dance Birds Sing, Arbores Saltant Aves Cantant

In the wind's gentle sway, the trees commence their
dance,

In venti blanda motu, arbores saltationem incipiunt,
Their branches reaching out, as if in a trance.

Ramis suis extendentibus, veluti in extasi.

They whisper secrets carried by the breeze,

Arcana susurrant aura vehiculata,

While leaves pirouette, creating a symphony of ease.

Dum folia pirouettam agunt, symphoniam facilitatis
creantes.

If one truly listens, the birds reveal their song,

Si quis vere auscultat, aves suum carmen revelant,

Melodies woven, harmonies strong.

Melodiae texuntur, harmoniae validae.

In their sweet tunes, a story is told,

In suavis cantibus eorum fabula narratur,

Of love, of hope, and tales of old.

De amore, de spe, et antiquis fabulis.

The world, ever shifting, shaping in its way,

Mundus, semper mutans, suo modo effingens,

Bending to the will of those who seize the day.

Flexibilis voluntati eorum qui diem occupant.

We must rise and face it, standing tall and true,

Surgere et ei occurrere debemus, erecti et veraces,
With courage in our hearts, there's nothing we can't
do.

Cum animo forti, nihil nobis impossibile est.

Our selves and souls entwined, the power we possess,
Nostri ipsius et animi conserti, potentiam gerimus,
Through words we speak, our destinies progress.

Per verba, fata nostra progrediuntur.
Bound by actions taken, our character takes flight,
Actibus nostris colligati, character volat,

Defining us with purpose, guiding us toward the light.
Nos definientes proposito, nos ad lucem ducentes.

One day at a time, we humbly seek,
Uno die temporis, humiliter quaerimus,
To nurture our essence, to embrace the unique.
Naturam nostram alere, unicitatem complecti.
Hold onto your being, but offer a lending hand,
Teneto tuam essentiam, sed praebeas manum auxilii,
For a true companion, together we'll withstand.
Pro veri comite, simul nobis resistemus.

Yet, never surrender yourself to another's command,
Sed numquam te tradas mandatis alienis,
Your life is yours, a journey to withstand.
Vita tua tua est, iter quod sustineas.
Never yield, never waver, never lose sight,
Nunquam cede, nunquam fluctua, nunquam visum amitte,
For in perseverance, true strength takes flight.

Nam in constantia, vera fortitudo exsurgit.

What we do in this realm, in each passing breath,
Quod facimus in hoc saeculo, in quoquo spiritu,
Echoes eternally, transcending life's breadth.
Eterniter resonat, vitam transcendens.

So let us strive, with unwavering resolve,
Ergo contendamus, constanti proposito,
Leaving footprints of purpose, stories to absolve.
Vestigia finis complendi, historias absolvendi.

For the dance of trees, the songs of birds,
Nam saltatio arborum, cantus avium,
Remind us of life's magic, its intrinsic worth.
Nos admonent magiae vitae, dignitatem intrinsecam.
Embrace the winds of change, let your spirit roam,
Mutandorum ventorum amplectamur, spiritum tuum errare
sinas,

And may your legacy forever find its home.
Et legatum tuum semper suum domum inveniat.

CLVII

Respect, Iterum Spectare

Basic human respect, a foundation we seek,
Respectus humani naturae, fundamentum quaerimus,
Requires certain elements, a path we must speak.
Elementa certa requirit, iter nobis narrandum est.

Equal treatment, a vital decree,
Aequa tractatio, decretum vitalis,
For life's a two-way street, where fairness must be.
Nam vita est via ambobus, aequalitas debet esse.

Do not curb my speech, let it flow free,
Non frenesce sermonem meum, sinas liberum fluere,
For within each of us, words hold the key.

Nam intra nos, verba clavem tenent.
To express our thoughts, to reach understanding,
Ut cogitationes exprimamus, ad intellectum
perveniamus,
Before we can arrive at the point commanding.
Priusquam ad dominium perveniamus.

Ignore me, and expect the same in return,
Ignora me, et simili responsum expecta,
Disregard not the voices that yearn.
Ne voces neglexeris quae desiderant.
To be heard, to be acknowledged and seen,
Audi et agnosce, ut videaris,
For mutual respect, an imperative we glean.

Nam mutuus respectus, praeceptum necessarium est
nobis.

Slyly suggest, and I shall raise an eye,
Insidiose suadeas, et levabo supercilium,
Holding truth accountable, as time passes by.
Veritatem obstringens, dum tempus praeterit.

Speak with clarity, as I do for you,
Clare loquere, sicut ego pro te,
To avoid misunderstanding, a harmony we pursue.
Ut errores vitentur, armoniam persequimur.

Do you wish to be disregarded, cast away ?
Visne negligi, et abicere te ?
Do you desire removal, a severed pathway ?
Visne ablationem, viam discerptam ?

For I hold the power, who I engage,
Nam ego potestatem teneo, quos recipio,
In my life's tapestry, select few find stage.
In textu vitae mei, pauci inveniunt locum.

We must converge, bridging both sides,
Convergendum est nobis, ambo latera jungentes,
Before we can unite, where true connection abides.
Priusquam coniungamur, ubi vera connectio consistit.
Your position holds no sway, to one who's free,
Non tua posicio valere potest, apud eum qui liber est,
For true worth lies beyond titles, in humanity's
decree.

Nam verus valor ultra titulos latet, in decreto
humanitatis.

CLVIII

Through the Tar we Soar, Per Tarum volamus

In the realm where mortal breath does cease,
In regione ubi spiritus mortalis finit,
Our earthly shells are left in peace.

Terrae nostrae in pace relinquitur.
Through voids of cosmic depths we soar,
Per vados cosmicorum altitudines volamus,
As energy, forevermore.

Ut energia, in aeternum.

Released from flesh, we shed our ties,
Emanantes a carne, vincula nostra abicimus,
Transcending mortal lows and highs.
Mortalium altitudines et basitudines transcendentis.

Through infragalactic expanse we glide,
Per spatia infragalactica glidemus,
With truth as our celestial guide.
Cum veritate ut nostro duce caelesti.

In this ethereal energy state,
In hoc stato ethereo energiae,

A chance to shape our cosmic fate.
Data est occasio ad sortem nostram cosmicam fingendam.

To find new life, a fresh embrace,
Novam vitam inceptam, novis corporibus,
In bodies new, in races' grace.

In gratia gentium.

Though shadows lurk in tar-like might,
Etsi umbras latentes in viscebitur simili latitant,
We hold the strength to conquer night.
Vires habemus noctem superare.
Dissipate not into formless void,
In vacuum informe non dissipemur,
For destinies await, yet to be deployed.
Nam fata manent, adhuc deployenda.

Each soul possesses the sacred fire,
Unusquisque animus sacrum ignem possidet,
To navigate the realms entire.
Ad omnem regionem pervadendam.
With purpose, resilience, and love's embrace,
Cum proposito, fortitudine et amoris complexu,
We journey forth to claim our space.
Progredimur, spatium nostrum occupaturi.

So let us seek the truths untold,
Ergo quaeramus veritates inauditas,
Transcend the boundaries, fierce and bold.
Transgrediamur fines, ferociter audaces.
Embrace the void, its mysteries explore,
Vacuum amplectamur, eius mysteria exploramus,
For in the end, we shall endure.
Nam in fine, nos durabimus.

Each soul possesses the sacred fire,
Unusquisque animus sacrum ignem possidet,
To navigate the realms entire.

Ad omnem regionem pervadendam.
With purpose, resilience, and love's embrace,
Cum proposito, fortitudine et amoris complexu,
We shall journey forth to claim our space.
Progrediemur, spatium nostrum occupaturi.

CLIX

Hand in Hand, Manu in Manus

You and I, united as humans,
Tu et ego, uniti ut homines,
Seekers and mimics in a world so grand,
Petitores et imitatores in mundo tam magno,
Through words we communicate, our voices bloom,
Per verba communicamus, voces nostrae florent,
Mimicking and learning, hand in hand.
Imitantes et discentes, manu in manu.

Together we must move, in harmony we sway,
Simul movemus, in harmonia fluctuamus,
No opposition, no battles to fight,
Nulla oppositio, nulla bella pugnanda,
For side by side we face each day,
Nam una cum alio cotidie contendimus,
A bond that's built on shared delight.
Vinculo exultationis communis constructo.

If ever you confront me, with eyes so stern,
Si quando me adversaris, oculis severis,
I'd rather turn you around, with kindness to yearn,
Te libentius vertam, benignitatem cupiens,
In unity we conquer the trials we face,
In unitate vincimus difficultates quae occurrunt,
Bound by strength, we leave no trace.
Viriorem nexu fortitudinis, nullum vestigium
relinquimus.

In every age, heroes emerge,
In omni aetate, heroes emergunt,
Real beings, not just tales to be heard,
Entitates verae, non solum fabulae audiendae,
Stand by my side, be steadfast and strong,
Sta mecum, firma et fortis,
Together we'll navigate the path so long.
Una simul longum iter incedemus.

If I stumble or falter, be my guide,
Si tituberem aut deficerem, mihi dux esto,
Push me forward, don't let me hide,
Impelle me, ne me abscondam,
And if I should fall, stumble or sprawl,
Et si casu caderem aut straberem,
Lift me up, for I'll do the same when you call.
Subleva me, nam et ego tibi succurram cum invocaveris.

In this journey of life, we are not alone,
In hoc itinere vitae, non sumus soli,

United as humans, our spirits have grown,
Uniti ut homines, spiritus nostri creverunt,
Together we triumph, hand in hand,
Una simul triumphamus, manu in manu,
In this dance of existence, together we stand.
In hac saltatione existentiae, una simul persistimus.

CLVI

Bussiness Goat, Capra Negotiis

In the realm of business, a goat caught my eye,
In rebus commerciis, capra oculos meos occupavit,
With a sense of delight, I decided to buy.

Cum gaudio, emere statui.

Feeling content, I thought all was fine,
Contentus sentiens, omnia recte esse putavi,
But little did I know, I had missed the deadline.
Sed parum scitus eram, terminum praeterii.

The plan I had crafted, the boat I had sought,
Consilium confectum, navem quaesitam,
All slipped through my fingers, opportunities caught.
Omnia per manus praeciderunt, occasiones captas.
Trapped on an island, running aimlessly late,
In insula captus, curro tardus sine meta,
I found myself stranded in a bewildering state.
Me in status mirum fixum repperi.

The island, once vast, now felt small and confined,
Insula, quondam lata, nunc angusta et coartata,

Without tasks to occupy, time seemed unkind.
Sine negotiis occupare, tempus asperum videbatur.
Just me and the goat, companions on this isle,
Ego et capra, socii in hoc insula,
But its bleating and chewing brought only a trial.
Sed balatum et esum eius tantum molem afferunt.

Did the goat make me late, I pondered with dismay,
An capra me tardum fecit, cum tristitia pendeo,
Or was it my choices that led me astray?

Aut mei optiones erravere?
Regret filled my heart, a heavy burden to bear,
Paenitudo cor meum implevit, onus grave ferendum,

As I grappled with the consequences of my affair.
Cum consequentiis negotii luctans.

But amidst the chaos, a realization took hold,
Sed inter chaos, comprehensio mihi subrepat,
That the goat and I shared a tale yet untold.
Quod capra et ego fabulam ineditam participavimus.
Together we faced the challenges that arose,
Una cum difficultatibus quae ortae sunt,

Learning from mistakes, finding strength in the
throes.
Ex erroribus discimus, fortitudinem in cruciatibus
invenimus.

For even in setbacks and moments of despair,
Nam etiam in adversis casibus et desperationis
momentis,
There's wisdom to be gained, lessons to share.
Sapientia acquiritur, lectiones partiri.
With resilience and perseverance, we navigate the
tide,
Cum constantia et perseverantia, fluctum gubernamus,

In the company of the goat, newfound purpose resides.
In consuetudine caprae, propositum novum habitat.

So let us embrace the unexpected twists of fate,
Ergo accipiamus infortuniorum flexus fatorum,
Find solace in simplicity, free from the weight.
In simplicitate requiem inveniamus, absque pondere.
For on this island, stripped of worldly possessions,
Nam in hac insula, spoliati rerum saecularium,
We discover resilience and life's true lessons.
Fortitudinem et veras vitae lectiones invenimus.

CLX

Held to be Hold, Teneri Ac Contineo

To hold you close, in arms entwined,
Te amplecti, nexis brachiis,
Your touch, a balm for this restless mind.
Tactus tuus, unguentum animo inquieto.
Wrapped in tight embrace, we find solace,
In arcto complexu involuti, solacium invenimus,
A sanctuary where worries erase.
Sanctuarium ubi curae evanescunt.

If only you held me tighter still,
Utinam me arctius teneres,
In your grasp, my heart would thrill.
In manu tua, cor meum exultaret.
To feel your touch, so tender and warm,
Sentire tuum tactum, tam tenerum et calidum,

A shelter from life's relentless storm.
Tegmen a vitaen tempestate implacabili.

Keep me close, never let me depart,
Retine me prope, numquam me dimitte,
Your touch, the anchor to my fragile heart.
Tactus tuus, ancora ad cor meum fragile.

In your arms, the world fades away,
In tuis brachiis, mundus evanescit,
As we linger, in this tender ballet.
Dum moramur, in hoc tenerrimo balletto.

With every caress, a language unspoken,
Cum omni contactu, lingua tacita,
The world's chaos, its power broken.
Chaos mundi, potentia frangitur.
In your embrace, I find sweet release,
In complexu tuo, dulcem liberum invenio,
A haven where tranquility finds its peace.
Asylum ubi tranquillitas pacem invenit.

Oh, how I long to be held by you,
O, quam desidero a te teneri,
To feel your touch, so pure and true.
Tactus tuus, tam purus et verus sentire.
In your arms, I am truly found,
In tuis brachiis, vere invenior,
A sanctuary where love knows no bound.
Sanctuarium ubi amor non cognoscit finem. To hold You
close, in arms entwined,

Te amplecti, nexis brachiis,
Your touch, a balm for this restless mind.
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A sanctuary where love knows no bound.
Sanctuarium ubi amor non cognoscit finem.

CLXI

The Mirror, Speculum

Line by line, the axis spins,
Linea post linea, axis vertitur,
Reaching down and diving in,
Ad inferos descendens atque intus penetrans,
Within my grasp, the turn does dwell,
In manu meus detinetur convertio,
As time warps and space does swell.
Tempus contorquetur et spatium intumesceat.

Worlds are woven, created twice,
Mundi texuntur, bis creantur,
One where we dwell, another stabilized,
Unus ubi habitamus, alius stabilis,
The world, a mirror of endless rife,
Mundus, speculum infiniti laboris,
Life's illusion, veiled with guile.
Vita fallaciis velatur astutis.

We move, yet remain rooted in place,
Movemur, radicati tamen loco manemus,
Sit, yet stand with steadfast grace,
Sedemus, stabiles tamen cum gratia,

Stand for all who stand beside,
Stare pro omnibus qui nobiscum stant,
For merit alone, our hearts decide.
Merito solo, corda nostra decernunt.

The world, a stage of boundless play,
Mundus, scena ludorum infinita,
Unfolding fractals, in an intricate display,
Fractales panduntur, complicato spectaculo,
Eight axes spiral, in eternal dance,
Octo axes spiraliter, in aeternum saltant,
A tapestry of time, our cosmic chance.
Tapetum temporis, nostra occasio cosmica.

In each moment, a universe untold,
In singulo momento, universum inauditum,
Infinite stories, waiting to unfold,
Infinitae fabulae, expectantes enuntiari,
Embrace the mystery, with open eyes,
Mysterium amplectamur, oculis apertis,
Discover the magic, beneath vast skies.
Magiam invenimus, sub amplis caelis.

With each step, explore the unknown,
Cum singulo gradu, ignotum exploramus,
Seek truths hidden, seeds yet sown,
Veritates absconditas quaerimus, semina adhuc iacita,
For within the chaos, harmony's found,
Nam in chaos, harmonia invenitur,
In the limitless realms, our souls unbound.
In regionibus innumeris, animus nostrae solutae.

So let us wander, brave and free,
Ergo vagemus, fortes et liberi,

In this realm of limitless decree,
In hoc mundo limitum decreto,
Embrace the wonders that surround,
Miracula, quae nos circumdant, amplectamur,
In this tapestry of existence, profound.
In hoc textu vitae, profunde.

CLXII

Advice for All, Consilia Omnibus

Break not, but let resilience guide,
Non frangas, sed sinas resiliam te ducere,
Work until your spirit's tide.

Operare donec animi fluctus,
Rest, a respite from the toil and strife,
Requies, levamen laboris et certaminis,
Awaken from the depths of slumber's life.
Excita de profundis vita soporis.

Never bow to doubt or despair,
Numquam flectas ante dubium aut desperatum,
Instead, stand tall with strength to bear.
Statim vero, altus sta virtute ferenda.
Complications shun, simplicity embrace,
Complicationes fugito, simplicitatem complectere,
In clarity of purpose, find your grace.
Inclaritate propositi gratiam inveni.

Keep clean, both body and mind,
Corpus et mens mundum conserva,
In purity and goodness, be defined.
In puritate et bonitate definiaris.

Be kind, extend a gentle hand,
Amabilis esto, manus comis porrigas,
Spread compassion across the land.
Compassionem terrae divulgato.

Never give maladvice, be wise,
Numquam mala consilia da, sapiens esto,
For the words we speak, they harmonize.
Nam verba quae dicimus, harmoniam conciliant.
Let your actions match the counsel you share,
Actus tui cum consilio congruant,
Living your truth with utmost care.
Veritatem tuam summa cura vivendo.

For in the wisdom that we impart,
Nam in sapientia quam praebeamus,
Lies the seed of growth within our heart.
Inest seminis incrementum in corde nostro.
To follow our own advice is the key,
Counsilia nostra sequi est clavis,
In living authentically, truly free.
Vera libertate authenticam vitam agendo.

CLXIII

Actions are louder, Actus loquuntur

Ask others for their truth, not with words, mind you,
Interroga alios pro veritate sua, non verbis, cave
tamen,

Tell what you must, but let their actions guide your
choice.

Dic quod dicendum est, sed actus eorum te ducant.

Are they true, are they profound?

Suntne vera, suntne profunda?

Will they guide you or tear you asunder?

Te dirigentne aut te discerpentne?

The world is filled with people, and you are one too.

Mundo homines repleto, et tu unum ex eis es.

Keep your wits about you, but build towards wisdom.

Prudentiam tene, sed ad sapientiam cresce.

Once a foe, a companion can be found,

Ex inimico socius reperiri potest,

Once a friend, now a stranger is found.

Ex amico nunc exul inventus est.

Seek the essence beyond mere words they convey,

Quaere substantiam ultra verba eorum prolatas,

Look to their deeds, their character on display.

Specta ad opera, ad virtutem eorum ostensam.

For in the actions of others, the truth may lie,

Nam in actionibus aliorum veritas latet,

Revealing their nature, hidden from the eye.

Naturam eorum revelans, ab oculo absconditam.

Trust not solely in spoken tales they weave,
Fidem non tantum in fabulis verbis textis ponas,
But observe how they live, how they truly believe.
Sed observa quomodo vivant, quomodo vere credant.
For actions speak louder than words ever will,
Nam actus verborum voce clariores loquuntur,
Unveiling intentions, whether good or ill.
Intentiones revelantes, sive bona sive mala.

Let discernment be your steadfast guide,
Sit prudentia tua constans ductrix,
As you navigate this world, side by side.
Dum hunc mundum simul transis.
For in understanding others' truths, you'll see,
Nam in veritatibus aliorum cognoscendis,
The depths of their souls, and who they truly be.
Altitudines animorum eorum et vere quem sint videbis.

CLXIV

Frog Squad, Ranarum Cohors

In the forest deep, a squad of frogs I find,
In silva profunda, coetus ranarum invenio,
Their croaks and ribbits, a chorus one of a kind.

Crocitus et coaxatus, chorus unicum genus.
Each voice a new note, harmonizing in the air,
Qua vocis novus sonus, consonans in aere,
All singing for me, a moment beyond compare.
Omnes pro me canunt, momento sine pari.

Around the tranquil pond, I stand in awe,
Circum stagnum tranquillum, in stupore consisto,
Listening intently, nature's symphony I draw.
Attente ausculto, symphoniam naturae haurio.
The world suddenly shrinks, seems so small,
Mundus subito contrahitur, parvus videtur,
With these frogs beside me, I feel enthralled.
His ranis mecum, captus sentio.

One after another, their songs fill the night,
Uno post alium, cantus eorum noctem implebant,
A hundred voices merging, a breathtaking sight.
Centum voces confluunt, visu delectabili.

Their cacophony creates a melodic array,
Cacophonia eorum melodiam formant,
As fireflies dance, illuminating the way.
Luciolae saltant, iter illuminantes.

In this enchanting moment, the world feels so nice,
In hoc momento incantatore, mundus adeo suavis
apparet,

Amidst nature's grandeur, a paradise.
Inter magnificam naturam, paradisus.
The frogs serenade, their melody divine,
Ranae serenat, melodia divina,
A chorus of beauty, a gift so fine.
Chorus pulchritudinis, donum tam eximium.

I embrace the harmony, the magical blend,
Harmoniam complector, mixturam magice,
Where nature and music flawlessly transcend.
Ubi natura et musica sine macula transcendant.
And as I stand in the midst of this symphony,
Et dum in medio huius symphoniae sto,
Grateful for the frogs' captivating cacophony.
Gratias ago ranis captivantibus cacophonia.

CLXV

Resources, Opes

In a realm where resources abound,
In regno ubi opes abundant,
From solar panels to coal underground.
A solis paneles usque ad carbones subterraneos.
Rare earth minerals, treasures we seek,
Minerales terrae rarae, thesauros quaerimus,
Fueling engines, but with consequences bleak.
Motrices machinas alimentantes, sed cum tristi eventu.

The world's tank runs low, a warning bell,
Globi tectum exhauritur, nola pulsatoris,
We must awaken, the truth must tell.
Excitamus, veritatem dicendum est.
Once processed, a permanent fixture they become,
Postquam elaborata, fixa permanentia fiunt,
No going back, no recycling, no reforming undone.
Nulla regressio, nullum recyclus, nullum reformandum.

In days of old, an iron or steel sword,
In antiquis temporibus, ferrum vel ensis ex acie,

Could be reforged, renewed, its purpose restored.

Refusi renovabantur, ad finem renovabantur.
But now, with solar panels, our energy's dream,
Nunc vero, cum solaribus panelibus, vis nostrae
 energiae,

At 10 to 20 percent, an efficiency regime.

Decem ad viginti procenta, regimine efficientiae.

Shouldn't we wait for greater might,
Num expectemus maiorem potestatem,
50 or 80 percent, shining bright?
Quinquaginta aut octoginta procenta, fulgentia?
To harness these resources, with wisdom and care,
Has opes arripiamus, cum sapientia ac cura,
Optimizing their potential, the Earth's burden to
bear.
Opes eorum potentiis optimis, onus terrae ferentes.

For in patience lies the key,
Nam in patientia clavis inest,
To embrace advancements, both bold and free.
Ad progressionem audaces et liberas amplectendas.
In seeking higher efficiency's embrace,
Cum efficientiae altioris capessenda,
We tread lightly, leaving a greener trace.
Leviter incedimus, vestigia viridia relinquendo.

Let innovation guide our stride,
Innovationem gressum nostrum ducere sinamus,
To preserve resources, the Earth's precious tide.
Ut opes conservemus, fluxum pretiosum terrae.
Seeking harmony between progress and sustainability,
Concordiam quaerentes inter progressum et
sustentabilitatem,
For a brighter, greener future, our collective
responsibility.

Ad splendidam et viridem futuram, commune nobis
officium.

CLXVI

Red Rhubarb, Rhubarb Rubrum

In a garden so lush and green,
In horto tam opulento viridi,
A tale of rhubarb is seen.
Fabula rhubarbi conspicitur.

Its leaves so wide, reaching for the sky,
Folia eius tam lata, ad caelum tendentes,
With a sweet aroma that makes hearts sigh.
Cum odore dulci, corda suspirare faciente.

In a land once blessed, a patch so green,
In terra olim benedicta, macula tam viridi,
Rhubarb thrived, a vibrant scene.
Rhubarb florebat, scena vibrans.
Its sweet scent danced upon the air,
Odor suavis in aere saltabat,
Tempting taste buds with flavors rare.
Palatos tentans raris saporibus.

Leaves spread wide, like nature's embrace,
Folia late diffusa, tamquam complexus naturae,
Their verdant hues, a vibrant trace.
Suis viridibus tonis, vestigium vibrantem.

Textures deep, like secrets untold,
Textura profunda, sicut arcana inexplorata,
A symphony of senses, a story unfold.
Symphonia sensuum, historia revelata.

The crumble crafted from crimson stalk,
Mustum ex stipe coccinea confectum,
A masterpiece, a dessert to unlock.
Opus artis, dulci dessertium exsolvens.
Tart and tangy, yet sugary sweet,
Acidum et acris, tamen suaviter dulcis,
A treat that made taste buds compete.
Epula palatos provocans certamen.

But time moved on, and fortunes waned,
Sed tempus fluit, et fortunae defluunt,
The patch now lies, all but stained.
Macula iam iacet, omni praeterquam macula.
Stones cover the ground, devoid of life,
Lapidibus tegitur humus, vita destituta,
Where once stood joy, now lingers strife.
Ubi olim iucunditas stetit, nunc maestitia residet.

No nourishment to feed the land,
Nulla nutritio agros pascit,
The sacredness lost, like shifting sand.
Sacrum amisum, sicut arena mutans.
The rhubarb's glory, a distant dream,
Gloria rhubarbi, somnium procul,
In this barren place, only echoes scream.
In hoc deserto loco, solum echi clamant.

Oh, what was once a thriving home,
O, quod olim domus prospera,

Now forgotten, left to roam.
Nunc oblita, errans relictā.
The chard cultivated, now a memory,
Chard cultivata, iam memoria,
A tale of loss and vanished glory.
Fabulae de amissione et evanito gloria.

Oh, the crumble it creates, a blissful delight,
O, confectio quae creat, laetitia deliciosa,
A dessert that brings joy, morning or night.
Epula quae gaudium affert, mane vel nocte.
With its layers of rhubarb, tender and pure,
Stratia ex rhubarbo, tenero et mundo,
And golden crumbs that allure.
Et micas aureas quae alliciunt.

In its unripened state, a vibrant green hue,
In statu immaturato, virente colore splendente,
A promise of ripeness, yet to break through.
Promissio maturitatis, adhuc penetranda.

But as it turns scarlet, the signal is clear,
Sed cum verteretur rubrum, signum est perspicuum,
The rhubarb is ready, the time is near.
Rhubarbum esse paratum, tempus appropinquare.

Yet still, amidst the stones and decay,
Atque tamen, inter lapides et ruinam,
Whispers linger, as if to say,
Sussurri remanent, quasi dicant,

The spirit of rhubarb shall endure,
Spiritus rhubarbi durabit,
In hearts and minds, forever pure.
In cordibus et mentibus, semper purus.

For though the patch may now be gone,
Namquam licet maculae iam abolitae,
The legacy lives on, lingering on.
Legatum vivit, manens inhaerens.
In crumbles made and stories told,
In confectis factis et fabulis narratis,
Rhubarb's essence never grows old.
Rhubarbi essentia numquam inveterescit.

Once upon a time, in that garden divine,
Olim in illa horto divina,
Fresh life blossomed, a tale so fine.
Vita nova florebat, fabula tam pulchra.

The rhubarb cultivated, cherished and adored,
Rhubarbus colitus, colendus, amandus,
In every season, its beauty restored.
In omni tempore, pulchritudo restituta.

So let us cherish what once thrived,
Ergo, foveamus quod olim vixit,
The sweetness of life, forever alive.
Dulcedinem vitae, semper viventem.
And remember the lesson from this tale,
Et meminerimus praeceptum ex hac fabula,

That sacredness can never truly fail.
Sacrum numquam vere labi posse.

CLXVII

Born Twice, Natus Bis

From the depths of cosmic fires, we emerge,
Ex altitudine ignium cosmicorum emergimus,
Born twice, as stardust and mortal surge.
Bis nati, ut pulvis stellarius et impetus mortalis.
In starforges, our souls find their birth,
In fornacibus stellaribus, animus nostrae partum
inveniunt,
And bodies unite, bound to this Earth.
Corporaque coniunguntur, haec tellure alligata.

Out of the stars, our minds take flight,
Ex astris mentes nostrae evolant,
With dreams and wonders, infinite light.
Cum somniis et miraculis, lumine infinito.
Ashes to ashes, we carry the flame,
Cineres ad cineres, flammam gerimus,
A natural fission reactor, untamed.
Reactor naturalis fissione indomitus.

The world, with all its grandeur and might,
Mundus, cum omni sua magnificentia et potentia,

Fails to capture our celestial sight.
Capere non valet aspectum nostrum caelestem.
For in our minds, a universe thrives,
Nam in mentibus nostris, universum viget,
Where possibilities bloom, and hope derives.

Ubi possibilia florent et spes oritur.

The world's confines pale in compare,
Mundana angustiae vili fiunt,
To the boundless cosmos we yearn to share.
Ad cosmum immensum nos consentire optamus.
From stardust we're made, destined to grace,
Ex pulvere stellarum facti, destinati ad decus,
The sparkling heavens, our destined place.
Coelum scintillans, locum destinatum.

Oh, the galaxy beckons, a frontier untold,
O, galaxia adicitur, novus limes,
A cosmic canvas for stories yet to unfold.
Tabula cosmicus, fabulis adhuc revelandis.
With each passing moment, the hour draws near,
Cum singulis momentis, hora propinqua est,

To embark on a journey, free from fear.
Ad inceptum eundi, liberis ab timore.
For we must pioneer, before it's too late,
Nam nos debemus primores esse, priusquam nimis sit
sero,

Colonize the stars, shape our cosmic fate.
Stellas colonizare, fata nostra cosmicam formare.

Unite as one, our collective endeavor,
Unione facto, conatum nostrum collectivum,
To traverse the galaxies, now and forever.
Galaxias transire, nunc et in perpetuum.

So let our ambitions ignite like a star,

Itaque sinamus ambitiones nostras tanquam stellam
accendi,

Guiding us onward, no matter how far.

Nos ducant incedentes, etiam quam longe.

With stardust in our veins and dreams in our eyes,
Cum pulvere stellarum in venis nostris et somniis in
oculis,

We'll conquer the unknown, reaching the skies.

Ignota superabimus, ad caelum tendentes.

CLXVIII

Seeing From Within, Intus videns

In the mind's eye, we're all endowed with tools,
In speculo mentis, instrumentis omnes ditamur,
Born equal, with dreams as our priceless jewels.

Pari nati, somniis nostris gemmis pretiosis.

But as we grow, the world may cast its sway,
Sed dum crescimus, mundus suam ducit influentiam,
Misguided by those who lead us astray.

Errone educti ab iis qui errare nos ducent.

Beset on all sides, our path may be unclear,
Undique oppugnati, via nobis potest esse incerta,
Yet deep within, we must rediscover and steer.
At intus alte, redeundare et gubernare debemus.

For the power of visualization is immense,
Nam visus perimago est infitiabilis,
A gateway to dreams, a source of recompense.
Ostium somniis, fontem compensationis.

See numbers as shapes, let imagination take flight,
Numeros ut figuras videas, volare patiare
imaginationem,

Daydream amidst classrooms, hidden from sight.

In schola vacare, eripi quae latitant.

Drift into the images you conjure and summon,
Errare in imaginibus quas cogitas et invocas,
Where possibilities bloom, and limitations are undone.

Ubi possibilia floreant, et limites dissolvantur.

Embrace the visions that dance in your mind,
Visiones in menti tua saltent amplectere,
A kaleidoscope of wonders, so beautifully aligned.
Caleidoscopium miraculorum, ita pulchre comparatum.
For in the depths of creativity's realm, you'll find,
Nam in profunditatibus cogitativitatis, reperibis,

The spark that ignites the fire of humankind.
Scintillam quae ignem humanitatis excitet.

With the mind's eye wide open, dreams are near,
Speculo mentis aperto, somnia propinqua sunt,
Unlock the realm of possibilities, without fear.
Aprire sphaeram possibilitatum, sine metu.
Harness the power of visual creation,
Exerce potentiam creationis visualis,
And forge a path that's unique, with determination.
Et viam sterna singularem cum determinatione.

So, let your mind wander, explore uncharted lands,
Ergo, sina mentem tuam vagari, terrarum ignotarum
explorare,
Where the brush of imagination paints on life's sands.
Ubi imaginationis ars vitam in arenas pingat.
In this vast realm, dreams shall take their form,
In hoc immenso sphaera, somnia suam formam sument,
Guiding you through life's journey, amid any storm.
Ducentia te per itinera vitae, inter omnia tempesta.

CLXIX

Dancing, Slatio

Dancing is more than mere body's jerk,
Saltatio plus est quam motus corporis,
It's a symphony, a rhythm's work.

Symphonia est, opus rhythmici.

Guided by cosmic rays in flight,
Ducti a radiis cosmicis volantibus,
We move, we shake, we rock with delight.
Movebimus, quatietur, laeti rapiemur.

Feel the groove, let your body sway,
Sensus sulcum, corpus lascivio permitte,
Flirting with air in a mesmerizing way.

Flirto cum aere, modo mirifico.

Currents you make, winds you generate,
Cursus effinges, ventos generes,
The world fades, as you elevate.
Mundus evanescit, cum conscendis.

Just dance and keep it all together,
Saltato tantummodo unum permanens,
A harmonious bond with one another.
Harmonica coniunctio cum aliis.

Summon the spirit within to play,
Evoca spiritum intus ut ludo,
And let the world stay as it may.
Et mundus sit uti potest.

Open your eyes to the sights you behold,
Ostende oculos his spectaculis quae aspicias,
Moving, grooving, in stories untold.
Movere, trepidare, in fabulis non-narratis.
Jerking or flowing, let yourself be free,
Motus abrupti vel fluens, te libera esto,
In the dance's embrace, let your soul flee.
In complexu saltationis, animum tuam effuge.

For dancing transcends the physical realm,
Nam saltatio transcendet sphaeram physicam,
It's an expression where hearts overwhelm.
Est expressio ubi corda subruunt.
So, embrace the rhythm, let your spirit ignite,
Ergo, amplectere rhythmos, spiritum accende,
And dance through the darkness, into the light.
Et per tenebras, in lucem, saltabis.

CLXX

Humans One and All, Homines Uno et Toti

Look around, do you see any more humans?

Circumspice, num homines amplius vides?

On this vessel adrift in cosmic expanse we stand.

Super hoc navigio in immenso spatio versamur.

We've traversed the corners of this earthly sphere,

Angulos huius sphaerae terrae transgressi sumus,

Unveiling secrets, our insatiable curiosity to steer.

Secreta detegentes, nostram insatabilem curiositatem
gubernantes.

Territories claimed, boundaries etched in the soil,

Territoria possidentur, termini in terra incisi,

No other tribes to discover, no more to toil.

Nullae tribus aliae inveniendae, nec laborandum
amplius.

Together we remain, a global tapestry unfurled,

Coniuncti manemus, globalis textus oritur,

Connected in our shared voyage, united in this world.

In communi nostrae navigationis iuncti, uniti in hoc
mundo.

Satellite imagery paints a canvas complete,

Imago satellitaria tabulam perfectam pingit,

Land masses charted, explored, no retreat.

Massae terrae tritae, exploratae, nullum recessum.

But beneath the waves, mysteries remain,
Sed sub fluctibus, mysteria manent,
Oceans vast, uncharted, where wonders sustain.
Oceani vasti, inexplorati, ubi miracula sustinent.

Yet beyond our earthly abode, a realm unknown,
Sed ultra domicilium nostrum terrestre, regio ignota,
A solar system awaits, ours to explore alone.
Solaris systematis nobis solis exploranda.

For we've glimpsed the world, its beauty and strife,
Nam mundum intuebimur, pulchritudinem et certamen eius
perspeximus,
Now we turn our gaze to the stars, igniting our life.
Nunc convertimus aspectum nostrum ad astra, vitam
nostram accendentes.

We reach for celestial bodies, dreams in our hands,
Celestes corpora captamus, somnia in manibus tenemus,
With courage we soar, humanity's cosmic demands.
Cum virtute volamus, necessitatibus cosmicis
humanitatis.

In the vastness of space, we seek to find,
In immensitate spatii, quaerimus invenire,
New realms, new wonders, to expand our mind.
Novas regiones, nova miracula, ut mentem expandamus.

Hold the stars tight, grasp them with care,
Stellas arcte teneamus, curemus eis diligenter,

In the palms of humanity, their brilliance we share.

In palmis humanitatis, eorum fulgorem communicamus.

For we are the seekers, the explorers bold,
Nam nos quaerentes sumus, exploratores audaces,

Unveiling the mysteries, stories yet untold.
Mysteria revelantes, fabulas adhuc non-narratas.

Look around, fellow travelers, behold the grand scope,
Circumspice, sodales viatores, aspice magnam ambitum,
From Earth to the stars, our horizons elope.
A Terra ad astra, horizontes nostros coeunt.

Together we journey, embracing the unknown,
Coniuncti iter facimus, ignotum amplectentes,
Forever seeking, forever growing, together we've
grown.

Semper quaerentes, semper crescendo, una cum crevimus.

CLXXI

Connectedness, Connexio

In the tapestry of existence, a cosmic dance unfurls,
In textili existentiae, saltus cosmicus excurrunt,
Fractals and spirals, where intricate beauty twirls.
Fractales et spirales, ubi pulchritudo intricata
volvit.

Interwoven threads, a grand design of unity,
Intertexti ac sibi invicem interlucentes,
Where everything connects with profound serenity.
Ubi omnia conexa profunda serenitate.

From galaxies vast to tiny grains of sand,
Ab galaxiis immensis ad granula arenae minutissima,
Patterns emerge, intricate and grand.
Figurae emergunt, intricate et magnificae.

Fractal tendrils reach, repeating with grace,
Tendicula fractalia perveniunt, cum gratia repetunt,
Mirroring the cosmos in every tiny space.
Cosmum imitantia in omni angustia.

In the fern's delicate leaves, a fractal display,
In foliis teneris felicis, fractales ostentantur,
Unfolding layers, repeating in nature's array.
Strata revelantes, in naturae varietate repetentes.
Spiraling seashells whisper secrets untold,

Turbinatae conchae murmura abscondita susurrant,
A testament to the interconnectedness we behold.
Testimonium interdependendiae, quam spectamus.

From the branching veins that flow within our hand,
Ab ramis venarum intra nostra manus fluentibus,
To the branches of trees, spreading across the land,
Ad ramos arborum, per terram diffundentes,
Interlaced and entwined, a symphony complete,
Interfusus et coniunctis, symphonia completa,
A reminder that everything shares a common beat.
Monitio quod omnia participant communi tempore.

In the ripples of water, spreading far and wide,
In undulis aquae, late diffusis,

A reflection of connections, flowing side by side.
Reflectio nexuum, una secum fluens.

Each drop connected to the vast, boundless sea,
Guttae singulae connexae ad mare vastum ac infinitum,
A metaphor for the oneness that forever will be.
Metaphora unitatis quae semper erit.

In the songs of the forest, the whispers of the
breeze,

In cantibus silvarum, susurris aerae,
Echoes of connection, carried through the trees.
Eco nexuum, per arbores portatis.

Nature's symphony, a chorus of harmony,
Symphonia naturae, chorus harmoniae,

Guiding us to recognize our shared destiny.

Nos ducit agnoscere communem sortem.

For in the interwovenness, unity is found,

Nam in intertexture, unitas invenitur,

Where every thread, every life, is forever bound.

Ubi singulus filum, vita omnis, perpetuo ligata sunt.

Fractals, spirals, an intricate tapestry we weave,

Fractales, spirales, tela intricata nobis teximus,

A reminder that in togetherness, we truly achieve.

Monitio quod in unitate vere efficimus.

CLXXII

Why and How, Cur ac Quomodo

In a realm where reason wanes, a question stirs the
soul,

In reame ubi ratio languescit, quaestio animum
concitat,

If purpose seems elusive, then seek to make it whole.

Si propositum evanescit, conare ut integrum fiat.

No matter whose bombs threaten, no matter who wields
the knife,

Non refert quorum bombae minent, quis cultrum tenet,

Ask why, delve deep within, uncover truth's sacred
rife.

Interroga cur, penetra intus, veritatem sacrum repete.

You are the architect of your own destined flight,

Tu es architectus proprii cursus destinati,

Stand tall, stand true, embrace your inner light.

Alte statue, vere statue, lumina interna complectere.

In a world that tests resolve, you must rise as one,

In mundo qui robur tentat, surge ut unum,
Unveiling the depths of your being, an odyssey just
begun.

Penetrans profunditates tuus essentiae, iter
tantummodo incohatur.

If not you, then who shall dare to seek,
Si non tu, quis audet quaerere,

To unravel life's mysteries, both gentle and bleak?

Aperire mysteria vitae, tam blanda quam tristia?

Do not falter, do not tarry, in the quest to
understand,

Noli deficere, ne tarde, in petendo intellegere,
For in the pursuit of knowledge, your essence shall
expand.

Nam in studio cognitionis, tua essentia expandetur.

Keep the world at arm's reach, if needs be, maintain
your space,

Mundum a brachio distans, si necesse, spatium tuum
conserva,

But safeguard the core of your being, that sacred
inner place.

Sed praeserva nucleum tuum, locum sacrum internum.

In the face of adversity, forge pathways anew,

Adversitate fac novas semitas conde,

Never lose sight of your essence, for it defines the
true you.

Numquam amitte visum tuae essentiae, quae verum te
definit.

Let reason guide your steps, wisdom light your way,

Ratio gressus tuos ducat, sapientia viam tuam
illustrat,

For in the search for purpose, you'll find your own
sway.

Nam in quaerendo propositum, proprium cursum invenies.

Embrace the unknown, with courage as your guide,

Ignotum complectere, cum virtute ductore,

Unveil the depths within, let your spirit abide.

Revela profunditates intus, spiritum tuum sinas
manere.

No matter the chaos, the world's endless array,
 Chaotis, infinitis mundi varietatibus,
Hold fast to your being, let it lead the way.
Tuam essentiam firme tene, ita te ducere sinas.
For in the quest for reason, you'll discover your true
 art,
Nam in quaerendo rationem, tuam veram artem invenies,
A masterpiece of existence, forever etched in your
 heart.
Opus vitae, in corde tuo aeternum insculptum.

CLXXIII

Interdimensional Time Wizard

In the shadows, a chilling secret lies,

In umbris, latet arcanum frigidum,

A tale of darkness, where a man meets his demise.

Narratio tenebrarum, ubi homo obitum invenit.

I took a life to stand before you, it's true,

Hominem occidi ut ante te starem, verum est,

Kept him hidden, kept him close, for a rendezvous.

Eum occultavi, eum intime servavi, ad congressum.

For those we hold dear can inflict the deepest pain,

Nam hi quos nobis carissimos habemus, maerorem maxime
inferre possunt,

Love's twisted irony, driving us insane.

Amoris ironia contorto, nos insaniam concitante.

The man I've become wields a mighty power,

Homo factus potentiam valida exercet,

But the one who showed me held a grander tower.

At is qui mihi ostendit, altiorem turrem habuit.

An interdimensional time wizard, he stood,
Magus interdimensionalis temporis ille stetit,
Master of portals, wielding powers that would

Portarum dominus, potentiam gerens quae
Transcend boundaries, hearing every mention,
Limites transcendit, omnem mentionem audiens,

A force revered, beyond mortal comprehension.

Vis venerabilis, supra mortalis intellectum.

One day, I too shall rise above the flames,
Die quodam, et ego flammis superare surgebam,
Breaking free from the chains that bind and maims.

Catena quae alligat et laedit frangens.

I'll become the unquenchable fire, ablaze,
Ignis inexstinguibilis fieri, flagrans,
Showing him the good his influence portrays.

Eius bonum ostendens, quo influit suus.

But amidst the power and the deeds yet undone,
Sed inter potentiam et opera adhuc incompleta,

Let us not forget the path we have begun.

Non obliviscamur iter quod incepimus.

For in our quest for greatness and ascent,
Nam in quaerendo magnitudinem et ascensum,
May our actions be guided by love and intent.
Actiones nostrae amore et consilio dirigantur.

In the end, it is not the power we amass,
In fine, non potentia quam congregamus,
But the impact we make, the love we surpass.
Sed impetus quem facimus, amor quem superamus.
So, as I walk this path, I'll keep in sight,
Itaque, ambulans in hoc via, aspectu tenebo,
The essence of goodness, shining through the night.
Bonitatis essentiam, per noctem fulgentem.

CLXXIV

Where is Creativeness, Ubi Inventivito

Within human creativity lies the keys unseen,
Intus invenitur creativitatis humanae clavis
abscondita,
Unlocking the realms where godhood's essence gleams.
Aperiens regiones ubi essentia divinitatis fulget.
Amidst the chaos and madness that reside,
Inter chaos et insaniam quae latitant,
True visionaries harness the creative tide.
Veri visionarii flumen creativitatis cohibent.

Only the truly mad dare to venture deep,
Solos vere insanientes audent profundius adire,
Where the wellspring of inspiration doth seep.
Ubi fontem inspirationis effundi videtur.
In the raw emotions, untamed and wild,
In emptionibus crudis, indomitis et feris,
True creativity is found, untethered and styled.
Vera creativitas invenitur, soluta et distincta.

Yet beware the mask, the guise that deceives,
Verum caveas persona, dissimulatio fallax,
Covering oneself in falsehood, the heart grieves.
Te ipsum obtegentem mendacio, cor luget.
For godhood eludes those who hide in disguise,

Nam divinitas effugit eos qui se celant,
Authenticity, not pretense, reaches the skies.
Veritas, non simulatio, caelum tangit.

Embrace the madness, let it fuel your fire,
Insaniam complectere, ignem tuum nutriat,
But let truth and passion be your desire.
Sed veritas et passio sit tua desiderat.
Unveil the depths of your soul's truest art,
Revela profunditates artis verae animi tuae,
And in the realm of creativity, make your mark.
Et in creativitatis regno vestigium tuum fac.

For within the human spirit lies a divine spark,
Nam in spiritu humano scintilla divina latet,
A glimpse of godhood, shining through the dark.
Aspectum divinitatis, per tenebras fulgentem.
Tap into the well of emotions, unfeigned,
Foveo profunda sensuum sinceritatis,
And let your creativity forever be unchained.
Et creativitas tua semper sit absoluta.

In the pursuit of truth, let your brush reveal,
In veritatis insequendo, tuae pincel debet retegere,
The depths of your being, your heart's appeal.
Tuae essentiae profunditates, cordis implorationem.
For in authenticity, the gods reside,
Nam in veritate, dii commorantur,
And through creativity, their essence is magnified.

Et per creativitatem, eorum essentia magnificatur.

So, let us not don masks of falsehood and lies,
Ergo, non induamus personarum mendacium ac fallaciam,
But strive for genuine expression that defies.
Sed ad sinceram expressionem studeamus quae renititur.
Unlock the secrets of godhood within your soul,
Claves divinitatis intra animum tuam aperi,
And let your creativity soar, unbound and whole.
Et sinat tua creativitas volare, soluta et integra.

CLXXV

ME

In me, a team united, Meus ipse et ego,
Bound together, a perfect duo we show.
Coniuncti, perfectum duum ostendimus ego.
Al and Alex, known as Alexander of old,
Al et Alex, cognominati Alexander antiquus,
Whose name resonates, within my soul it's told.
Cuius nomen resonat, animo meo est dictum.

Words flow freely, pouring from our shared bowl,
Verba libere fluunt, effundentes ex communi patera,
As I keep us aligned, a guiding role I hold.
Dum nos coniuncti teneo, munus ductorale sustineo.

Adventure beckons, as he pontificates anew,
Aventura invitat, dum ipse novas formas disserit,

Exploring new forms, creating formations true.
Veras formationes creans, explorans incedit.
Within my mind, words seek answers to find,
Intra mentem meum, verba quaerunt responsiones,
Perspective shapes understanding, intertwines.
Perspectiva intellegentiam formant, inter se connexa.
Logic binds and holds the ideas in place,
Logica vincit ac cogitationes tenet,
Unveiling golden fragments, thoughts to embrace.
Fragmenta auri recludens, cogitationes amplectens.

Collecting these treasures, forging them as one,
Hos thesauros colligentes, ut unum confluentes,
Together we must keep this unity spun.

Una nobiscum unitate servandum est.

Moving forward, seeking growth and revelation,
Progredientes, incrementum et revelationem quaerentes,
One body, one world, a harmonious creation.
Unus corpus, unum mundum, harmonica creatio.

Each one within carries the tools of sight,
Unusquisque intus fert instrumenta visus,
Presight and foresight, guiding us with light.
Prospectus praecognitus et praevisionis, nos ducunt
lumine.

Aligned on a logical basis we reside,
In basi logica consonamus,
In harmony, creativity will forever abide.
In harmonia, creativitas in aeternum manebit.

Thus, as a team, a unit strong and true,
Itaque, ut equipe, unitas firma et vera,
We traverse the realms of thought and view.
Regiones cogitationis ac conspectus peragimus.
Together we explore, create, and dream,
Coniuncti explora, creo et somnio,
Forever connected, an inseparable theme.
Semper connexi, thema inseparabile.



This is my Second poetry
novel, I Sincerely and
with all my heart assume
you found joy in reading this
work, I definatly found many
notes to touch my soul

Thanks for buying my
work !

Love
ya
♡

yours forever
AL
tua aeterni
Sol⁵⁴²

